MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS
THIRTEENTH SERIES

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*Thirteenth Series.*

# MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.*

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# INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"My glass is near unspent, forbear t'arrest
My thriftless day too soon; my poor request
Is that my work may run but out the rest."

ONE of our most accomplished literary critics recently said—"If the office of the poet be the most creative of all human functions, then it is also, I apprehend, the surest witness to the actual vigour of the national life and its general promise for the future." He also says "it would be perilous to attempt stating precisely the extent to which the last sixty years have added to the great and durable performances of the preceding thirty, but manifestly it has been an immense addition." The same may be said in regard to our "Modern Scottish Poets." They, in ever increasing numbers, continue to sing of Scotland's glories; they still keep its patriotism pure, and its memories green. Nature, however, must have rest, and so must *we*, for the present at least, in this field of labour. We have by no means exhausted the mine of poetic wealth; real gems are still—as the reader will find—being brought to the light. But we dare not weary our friends who have stood by us so long. We believe some one will follow in our footsteps and resume the pleasant task of chronicling once more the history and poesy of the sons and daughters of Auld Scotia.

We closed our last "introductory" by rashly asserting that this volume would conclude our undertaking, and that our "foreword" in the 13th Series would include a general preface, with remarks on our experiences during these ten years, and on Scottish Poets and Poetry at the

present day, as well as an exhaustive index and other features of interest and importance. This announcement must have had the effect of creating the desire in numerous excellent writers to appear in our work. Not a few at once submitted contributions for a place in the *last* issue, and the result was that, before many weeks had passed, we had as much material as would make yet another volume. That it is in no way behind any of its predecessors in point of merit, we humbly think our readers will readily admit.

But the *end* of our labours must come, and in proof of this we have now merely to add that the general index has been for months in preparation—this important work, requiring arduous and studious application, having been kindly undertaken by Mr Franklin T. Barrett, Glasgow. The index will be very full and comprehensive, and will include names of poets, titles of poems quoted and mentioned, and titles of volumes by the respective writers. There will also be classified entries of birthplaces and occupations, showing at a glance the distribution of popular poetic fancy throughout the land and through professions and trades. The index will thus show—(1), what poems or books were published by a certain man; (2), who wrote a certain poem or volume; (3), what poets belong to certain districts; and (4), what trades or professions have had their poets, and who these poets were.

The 14th series—to be issued about November 1891—will thus be a bulky one, as it will also contain a number of sketches and selections of pieces now on hand, a lengthy introduction, and several other features of general interest. It will in fact be a repertory—a poetic and biographic encyclopædia and book of reference to the writings of all those included in the entire work. Much additional expense will be entailed in its production, but the price will be the same as for the previous volumes.

D. H. EDWARDS.

*Advertiser* Office,
Brechin, November, 1890.

# MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

## CHARLES MACKAY,

AUTHOR of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Miller of the Dee," "There's a Good Time Coming," and other stirring and genuine songs, died in London in December, 1889. He was born in Perth in 1814, and he tells us that his earliest recollections go back to the time when he was but three or four years old, and lived with his father in a lonely house on the Firth of Forth, near the little fishing village of Newhaven. His boyhood, however, was spent at Woolwich, where he took more pleasure in fairy tales than in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Poetry and mathematics were his *forte*, according to the judgment of his schoolmaster there. In his fourteenth year he was sent to Brussels, where he rapidly became a proficient in French and German, and these acquirements were, he frankly owns, of more value to him than any amount of Greek or Latin would have been. Then he became secretary to the famous Mr Cockerill, who had established the celebrated works at Seraing, and commenced his literary career as contributor in the French language to *The Courier Belge*. In 1832 he removed to London, where he was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle*, one of his duties in connection

with which was to report the Eglinton Tournament. In the course of a visit to Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of Thomson, the correspondent of Burns, Hugh Miller, and Robert Chambers. While on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* he published a volume of poems that brought him praise rather than cash, and a few volumes more or less successful. In 1844 we find him in Scotland editing the *Glasgow Argus*, in which capacity he was engaged for three years, during which time the Glasgow University conferred the LL.D. degree upon him. Dr Mackay, on the establishment of the *Daily News* under Charles Dickens, contributed to that paper a series of poems called "Voices from the Crowd." He was also a contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, and in 1860 he attempted to establish a weekly paper, *The London Review*, but this venture met with little or no success, and he soon abandoned the thankless undertaking to become the correspondent of an English journal in New York, a post which he occupied during the period of the civil war.

Dr Mackay was a voluminous writer both of prose and verse, and, among other periodicals, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Nineteenth Century*. His "Popular Delusions," published in 1841, attracted a good deal of notice. Among his other works we might note—"Lost Beauties of the English Language," "The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language," "Baron Grimbosh, Governor of Barataria," a work on the Celtic and Gaelic Etymology of the languages of Western Europe, "The Founders of the American Republic," and "Through the Long Day, a Memorial of a Literary Life During Half-a-Century." A list of his works credits him with twenty-eight different publications, in addition to which he edited half-a-dozen political collections.

Dr Mackay's literary reputation, however, is mainly based on his work as a poet, or rather as a song-writer.

His songs, once universally sung, have, we fear, lost their popularity, and those that are still favourites—such as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "There's a Good Time Coming"—are sung, we suspect, in total forgetfulness of the fact that their author was none other than poor Charles Mackay. Mr Russell, that eminent vocalist, who sang those songs and made them popular, passed away, and other singers found other songs Hundreds of ditties from his pen have exercised the lungs and charmed the ears and heart wherever British men and women have gathered together. One hundred and twenty of his songs were set to music by Sir Henry Bishop. Thousands of copies were sold in England, America, and the Colonies, with but little profit to their author. "I am painfully conscious," he wrote in concluding his "Memoirs of a Literary Life," "that my worst has been the most popular, and that my best has received but slight or no recognition. The ballads of 'There's a Good Time Coming' and 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' thrown off at a heat in an hour or two, have earned the acclamations of the million; while the conscientious labours of years have been welcomed only by the choice few, whose numbers might be counted by the score." "The Mowers," beloved and quoted by Charles Kingsley, is an extraordinarily vigorous picture of the sanitary condition which invited and fed the cholera. "Boy Ben," "The Phantoms of St Sepulchre," and "The Cry of the People" are quick with popular passion. "Bowing Down" is a brilliant bit of social satire. "Clear the Way" would seem to have inspired Mr Swinburne's similarly named poem against the House of Lords; and "Said I to myself, said I" has been echoed in later years by Mr Gilbert. Dr Mackay, in his due degree, shares the fate of Shakespeare, who placed his sonnets above his plays. His volume of poems and songs,

"Voices from the Crowd," included such stirring strains as "Clear the Way," "The Wants of the People," "The Three Preachers" and "Daily Work." They had a Chartist smack about them, it is true, and they were immensely popular in the more or less "disaffected" times of 1846-48; but they had a genuine poetic ring about them for all that, and the oblivion into which they have sunk is hardly creditable to British taste. Messrs Chatto & Windus published a volume of exquisitely tender poems in 1884 entitled "Interludes and Undertones, or, Music at Twilight," from which we quote several charming little pieces, in which the poet expresses his feelings, if not with the sharpness of an epigram, yet with the force and spirit of a poet's nature.

It was not merely in the journalistic world that Dr Mackay was a link with the past. Early in life he became familiar with the intellectual giants who survived from the great literary epoch of Byron and Walter Scott. He was a frequent guest at Roger's breakfasts, and thus had a place in the brilliant circle collected round the table of the fastidious banker poet. He had joined with his host, Macaulay, Lady Blessington, and Sheridan's beautiful granddaughter—Mrs Norton—then in the prime of her beauty and at the zenith of her intellectual powers—in exploring the fields of literature and history. He had watched the lambent flashes of Sydney Smith's *bon mots*, and had heard O'Connell's sharp repartees and boisterous pleasantries. He was there not as a mere looker on, but in his own right, and was welcomed as one who could add no insignificant contribution to the common stock of wit and learning.

In the beginning of 1888 an appeal was made to the public for contributions to a fund that was being raised on behalf of the veteran poet, author, and journalist, it being stated that Dr Mackay had "fallen on

evil times, and is actually in pecuniary distress." A committee to promote the object in view was formed, Lord Tennyson being president, and Lord Rosebery and the poet's firm and gifted brother bard—Colin Rae Brown—were among the members of committee.

Charles Mackay was one of the earliest pioneers of popular education, and in the cause of temperance he has done grand service.

As a song-writer Dr Mackay has few rivals. His aim was ever to teach and improve—to advance the interests of men and women, socially as well as spiritually, and to help the cause of human progress. In his later years his thoughts were frequently pervaded by sadness, but that sadness was always tinged with the rainbow lines of hope. Thomas De Quincey once said—"He is the purest writer of vigorous English on the British press," while another critic of high standing asserts that his snatches of verse (referring to his shorter poems) "team with the rarest philosophy of life; brilliant gems of the first water, set in the finest virgin gold, and destined to flash and corruscate along the highways of coming time. Such things as these the world will not willingly let die, wag how it may. The truths which sparkle on every page seem, in the aggregate, a final summing up by an ever-observant and painstaking judge, whose whole life has been passed in listening to the evidence of Nature, animate and inanimate. He charges the jury of mankind at large in words pregnant with meaning, and going to the very root and marrow of cause and effect."

Few poets have been so much enjoyed, quoted, and used, and so little rewarded as Charles Mackay. He was essentially a poet of the people, and every line he has written shows his hatred of tyranny and oppression, his love of liberty, and his desire to secure "the greatest good to the greatest number."

## AN ADIEU.

Good night, sweet sorrow,
Until to-morrow,
And then we shall dwell together again ;
I've known thee long,
Like a mournful song,
Till thou'st grown a part
Of my innermost heart,
And a nestling bird on my pillow of pain.
Sweet little sorrow,
Come back to-morrow,
I've learned to love thee—remain, remain !

## THE TWO SLEEPS.

Each night we seek a temporary death,
And are unhappy if it fails to come,
And morning dawns with life in every breath,
And the tongue speaks that for a while was dumb;
And when the longer Death, which none escape,
Conquers our seventy years, or less or more,
Is it not sleep, that takes another shape ?
And shall we not awaken as before ?

## THE DREADFUL MINUTES.

The dreadful, dreadful minutes !
Silent and sure and slow ;
They master and quench and overwhelm
Alike our joy and woe.
They conquer beauty, youth, and strength,
And grind in their cruel mill
Glory and Fame and Power and Wealth,
Alike the good and ill.

The dreadful, dreadful minutes !
They drift and drip and pass,
And shear the generations
As a mower shears his grass,
Till nought remains of Cæsar
Except a floating breath,
A lie on the page of History,
A drop in the sea of Death.

## A WORD AND A DEED.

" A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary man might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink ;
He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death ;
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

## GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play ;
And when they visit poor men's homes
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand ! 'Tis cheerful heart !
The two best friends I know ;
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright ! Come dark—'tis light !
Come cold—'tis warm ere long ;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke,
Merrily sound the song.

Who falls may stand if good right hand
Is first, not second best ;
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties pour'd,
When they sit down to dine ;

The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold;
They lead no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke,
Merrily sound the song.

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear;
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire, their words inspire,
Their deeds gave courage high:
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke,
Merrily sound the song!

## MY BEAUTIFUL.

How many thoughts I give thee!
Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'll count unfailing
The green blades as we pass,
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble
To the sweet wind of the west,
Or the ripples of the river,
Or the sunbeams on its breast,
I'll count the thoughts I give thee,
My beautiful, my best!

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where seas run high,
And count the heaving billows
That break on the shore and die;
Or the grains of sand they fondle
When the storms are overblown,
Or the pearls in the deep sea caverns,
Or the stars in the milky zone,
And I'll count the joys I owe thee,
My beautiful, my own!

And how much love I proffer!
Come scoop the ocean dry,
Or weigh in thy tiny balance
The star-ships of the sky;
Or twine around thy fingers

The sunlight streaming wide,
Or fold it in thy bosom,
While the world is dark beside ;
And I'll tell how much I love thee,
My beautiful, my bride !

## JOHN BROWN, OR A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown ;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown ;
So come and drain a glass
In my arbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown ;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown ;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown ;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown,
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown ;
But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for humankind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown ;

I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown ;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger—
We'll win our battles by its aid ;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.

Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he the more he has—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil
Under or above the soil
In the good time coming,
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger ;
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Let us aid it all we can—
Every woman, every man—
In the good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger—
Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.

## ROBERT DICKSON JAMIESON,

A DISTINGUISHED member of the musical profession in Glasgow, was born in that city in 1834, and is presently engaged in commercial pursuits. He is the author of "The Sacrifice of Praise," an important treatise on congregational psalmody, and the editor of a hymn book for the use of children in Sabbath Schools and other meetings, entitled "The Children's Tribute of Praise." Both of these have been for some time out of print. Mr Jamieson has been precentor in St Stephen's Free Church, Glasgow, for over thirty-five years, He is the composer of numerous psalm and hymn tunes, and he is the conductor of a choir of children which has been long and favourably known in Glasgow and neighbourhood. Our poet is also a lecturer on music; he is presently the secretary of the West of Scotland Branch of the Tonic Sol-fa College, and has arranged many part-songs for choir-singing. Mr Jamieson, in the midst of his busy career, has found time to contribute a number of songs to the columns of the *Mail*, the *Scottish American*, and other newspapers and magazines. He has also written a number of fine pawkie, sparkling songs, for "The National Choir" (Paisley: J. & R. Parlane) several of which we give. As might be readily believed, these are full of pure and tender melody, and have been much admired by lovers of genuine song. Mr Jamieson is very successful in his imitations of the old Scottish ballad. His sentiments are always ennobling, and they are pervaded by remarkable impressiveness.

### DEAR AULD SCOTLAND.

**Land of rivers, glens, and mountains,**
**Where the brave true-hearted dwell;**

Land of freedom, take my blessing,
My own land, I love thee well.

How I love thy peaceful valleys!
Smiling in their sweet repose;
Every stream so softly singing,
As toward the sea it flows.

Every rugged peak that pierces
Through the clouds that float above;
Every hillside clothed with heather,
Every wood and loch I love.

Land of heroes, patriots, martyrs,
Linked in one unbroken chain;
May the spirit of the fathers
With their children still remain.

Over every land and ocean
Shall thy sons uphold thy name;
They shall sing, with swelling bosoms,
Of thy pure undying fame.

Scotland, dear! may heaven still bless thee,
May no ill thy soul enslave;
Be thy daughters still the fairest!
Be thy sons the true and brave!

## CONTENTMENT.

Yestre'en, lane and eerie, wi' toil worn and weary,
I mused, while the fire glimmer'd fitfu' and low;
My troubles, like shadows, cam' owre me sae dreary,
And wae was my heart as they haunted me so.
Then thocht I on yon little birds on the tree,
Wha's wants a kind Providence richly supplies;
He tends them and 'fends them, He cleeds them and feeds them,
And they are mair happy than we, that's mair wise.

Oh why should a man that is weel be repinin'?
Why needlessly add to his burden o' care?
Awa' wi' your whinin', the sun is still shinin',
And soon will burst through the dark clouds o' despair.
Then I will be happy, though Fortune should fail,
And pray wi' contentment I aye may be blest;
Ne'er sighin' nor cryin', I'll bear me and wear me,
Syne to that kind Providence leave a' the rest.

## THE CARLE.

The Carle he cam' owre the craft,
His wig ajee, his beard new shaven;
He glow'red at me as he'd been daft,
And aye o' love he wad be ravin'.
Hoot, awa'! I winna hae him;
Na, na, I'll no' ha'e him;
The silly body isna blate
To think a lass like me wad ha'e him.

He brocht me mony a present braw,
He thocht wi' them to win me tae him;
I ne'er could thole the Carle ava,
And winna tak' a gift frae him.
Hoot, awa'! I winna ha'e him;
Na, na, I'll no' ha'e him;
A frosty morn in early June
Is no' for me; I'll no' ha'e him.

The Carle has nae fau't but ane,
For he has lands and siller plenty;
But, wae's me! he is saxty-nine;
And I am little mair than twenty.
Hoot, awa'! I winna ha'e him;
Na, na, I'll no' ha'e him;
What were a' his gear and lands
To tak' me sic a man wi' them?

My minnie ca's me saucy quean;
She says if only I wad ha'e him
His lands wad sune be a' my ain,
Whene'er the Carle had slippit frae them.
Hoot, awa'! I winna ha'e him;
Na, na, I'll no' ha'e him;
My Jamie's young, he lo'es me weel,
And I will aye be true tae him.

## ROBIN ADAIR.

Art thou for ever gane,
Robin Adair?
While I am left alane,
Robin Adair;
Can I believe thou art
Torn frae my achin' heart?
How can I bide the smart,
Robin Adair?

Still is thy bosom now,
Robin Adair!
Cauld is thy manly brow,
Robin Adair!

Wintry this warld to me,
Pleasure it canna gie ;
I am bereft o' thee.
Robin Adair.

But true love canna dee,
Robin Adair !
Sweet thocht, to comfort me,
Robin Adair !
Soon shall we meet again,
Where joys that never wane
Shall banish ilka pain,
Robin Adair !

## A STEEK IN TIME SAVES NINE.

Oh, weel I min' my boyish days,
When, wi' abandon rare,
I gied mysel' to mischief keen,
And grieved my mither sair.
Sae patiently she sat at e'en,
Owre yon wee breeks o' mine ;
"I'll mend them ere I sleep," quo' she,
"A steek in time saves nine."

And when in manhood's riper years
I faced life's bitter blast,
I aft was tempted to delay
My duty to the last.
But, oh ! sic folly cost me dear,
I've ne'er had peace since syne ;
I rue the day I mindit na
A steek in time saves nine.

And whiles a hasty word cam' oot
That cut like ony knife,
And caused atween the closest frien's
A lang and bitter strife ;
While I, owre prood to say "I'm wrang,
Would sooner frien'ships tine—
Oh, wae's me that I sae forgat
A steek in time saves nine.

How meikle sorrow micht be spared,
How meikle grief and pain,
Did folk on ither's welfare think,
And no' upon their ain.
My guid auld mither earnest strove
That I her words should min' ;
Atweel, I wat I'll ne'er forget
A steek in time saves nine.

## THE BRAW YOUNG LAD.

A braw young lad o' high degree
Cam' here ae nicht sae merrilie—
A weel faur'd lad, as e'er could be—
Cam' seekin' ane to woo.

And, O, he was a braw young lad,
A blythe young lad and a brisk young lad,
And, O, he was a braw young lad,
Cam' seekin' ane to woo.

Nae fleechin' nor fraca' he made,
But ben, wi' blythesome step he gaed,
And to my dear auld dad he said,
"I want to speak wi' you."
And, O, he was, &c.

"Guidman, I've come this nicht to see
Your bonnie winsome dochters, three;
And speir gin ye'd gie ane to me,
An' answer gie me, true."
And, O, he was, &c.

Weel pleased, my dad look'd on the chiel,
"Guid faith, my lad, I like you weel,
Ye'se get the lass wi' richt guid will,
But name the ane ye lo'e."
And, O, he was, &c.

Quo' he, "Guidman, I winna care,
For a' your dochters are sae fair;
I'se tak' the ane ye best can spare,
And she'll be mine, I trow."
And, O, he was, &c.

Up startit then my angry dad;
He stormed and raged as he'd been mad;
And out the door he drave the lad
That kentna how to woo.
And, O, he was, &c.

Now, lads, when ye a wooin' gae,
Tak' tent ye dinna spoil it sae;
Let true love guide ye, come what may,
Sae we will welcome you.
And, O, he was, &c.

## MARGARET SMITH,

THE authoress of the following pieces, is a daughter of Mr Robert Smith, farmer, Grind, in the parish of St Andrews, Orkney. She enjoyed the advantages of an ordinary school education, but nothing more. After leaving school she was employed with other members of the family on the farm, taking her share in all kinds of work. The time at her disposal for reading was not much, but such as it was she has turned it to good account, the consequence being that few in her position are so intelligent and well-informed. Miss Smith is a member of the United Presbyterian Church, Kirkwall, and at an early age both she and an elder sister distinguished themselves in answering the Bible questions that appeared in the United Presbyterian Church Record. The answers were frequently given in poetic form, and showed glimpses of the genius that soon found expression in more ambitious efforts. Several of Margaret's pieces, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Daisy," have appeared in magazines and newspapers, and have been favourably received. A friend who knows her intimately says—"It is as natural for her to versify as it is for a thrush to sing." It is pleasing to add that the poor in her neighbourhood testify to her kindly and benevolent disposition. Many an act of self-denial she performs in order to serve them. Miss Smith, though the poet of the family, has not absorbed all the talent. Her brother, John, by trade a cabinetmaker, has carried off several prizes in the School of Art, and has produced some oil paintings of more than ordinary merit.

### LOW AND SWEET.

See yon bark in beauty rare, now the winds blow soft and fair,
O'er the merry, dancing wavelets safely glide;

But when stormy tempests roar, and wild waves the vessel o'er
Dash, as if their power to harm her was their pride;
Though she may outride the gale, yet her every spar and sail
Show less power to bear the same wild strife again;
And how similar in part aré the passions of the heart
To those storms that rage in fury on the main.
Like the songs of bird and bee, full of richest melody,
Low and sweet, low and sweet let your voices be.

Do not strain yon twining cords by your loud and angry words,
By the frowning cloud of passion on your brow;
For affection's bonds once loosed, like a reed that's bent and
Will not bear the same hard pressure then as now. [bruised,
And wherever music sweet with its varied charms we meet,
Out on hill or vale or leafy woodland born,
'Tis the song-birds' warbling thrill, or the ripple of the rill,
Or the rustling hush of autumn's waving corn.
Like the songs of bird, &c.

For all Nature has combined (though it would not be confined)
To give preference to the soft and gentle sound;
Surely few would wish to dwell where the torrents ever swell,
And their rush and roar from rock to rock resound;
Rather far the pleasant vale, where the fewest storms assail,
But where summer winds and sunshine longest reign,
Where the inmates of the grove sing of peace and joy and love,
And all Nature seems to join the glad refrain.
Like the songs of bird, &c.

Yet no song of bird or bee, or the wave's low melody,
With the music of sweet home can e'er compare;
When the children's laughter ring, and the pleasant voices sing,
And the words of love and kindness banish care.
But when faces speak of gloom, and few pleasant thoughts find
In the breasts, by dark and angry passions crossed; [room
It is then sweet home no more, but a cold and dreary shore,
Where no welcome waits the weary tempest-tossed,
Like the songs of bird, &c.

Never more let angry strife mar the harmony of life,
Leaving trace of wreck and ruin in its wake;
Learn on Nature's open face what is beautiful to trace,
And from every changeful mood a lesson take.
Let the sunshine of your smile pain and weariness beguile,
Bringing light and life to every drooping heart,
And should anger e'er arise like dark clouds across the skies,
Let not rough words following 'vengeful power impart.
Like the songs of bird, &c.

So the days that come and go, though the shades of pain and woe
Mingle oft with peace and pleasure's golden beams,
Will not wholly be o'ercast, but will shine back from the past,
Like a memory of sweet and happy dreams.

## SNOW.

Snow, snow, and the bright faces glow,
And glad voices welcome the beautiful snow,
That clothes the wide country, and carpets the street,
All spotless and pure, until hurrying feet
Press the soft downy web, and its beauty destroy ;
Yet bringeth it little save pleasure and joy
To the healthy and wealthy, the happy and gay,
In palace or hall by its brilliant display.

Snów, snow, but with furs soft and warm,
The sharp frosty breezes can do them no harm ;
And away to the ponds, to the ice hard and strong
For sport and enjoyment, how gaily they throng.
If the cold should be keen, how delightful to know
That the fireside will gleam with the ruddier glow ;
That without or within there is plenty to please,
And supply all the wants of these children of ease.

Snow, snow, and the school-urchin's shout
Makes the passers-by hurry and scurry about,
To get out of the reach of the fun-loving crew,
So sharp in eluding the buttons-and-blue,
To get out of the reach of their messengers swift,
To ears and to bonnets a merciless gift ;
These welcome the snowflakes with frolic and fun,
And many a battle by snowballs is won.

Snow, snow, and the feeble and old
Keep close to the fireside, complaining of cold ;
They are shivering and chill, and their blood runneth slow,
They heed not the charms of the beautiful snow ;
But sigh for the summer, for days that are fled,
For the hopes of their youth, and the friends that are dead,
Or dream of a future, where sorrow and pain,
Earth's trials and tempests come never again.

Snow, snow, and the garment of white
Gleams fair in the sunshine and pure in the night ;
Yet the prospect is dark to the labourer whose heart
Is oppressed with the cares, that are seldom apart
From the bread-winner's lot, when so small is his pay
That he ill can afford to be idle a day ;
And the snow's jewell'd tracery on window and wall
Means pinching and want and stern Poverty's thrall.

Snow, snow, and the searching wind moans
Through tenements old, and mingles with groans
Of the outcast and dying, in want and in woe,
While through rent rag-stuffed casements the pitiless snow
Comes noiselessly creeping, the only thing there
That hath brightness or beauty, alas! it is rare,
A scene such as this? nay, the half is not told,
For who can the depths of its misery unfold.

Snow, snow, and the piercing winds sweep
Along thoroughfare and alley, and snow gathers deep
In each crevice and corner, and freezes the feet
Of the houseless and homeless, the waifs of the street.
O! city, the home of the wealthy and gay,
The home of the homeless, the "waif and the stray,"
How long will it be such a river shall flow
Between as is bridged by the beautiful snow?

## HEROES.

Every country hath its heroes,
  Song and history declare
How above, beyond all others,
  They were brave to do and dare.
And the daily, hourly record,
  By the ceaseless hand of time,
Still show countless deeds of valour
  And self-sacrifice sublime.

'Mid the perils that are ever
  To be met by land and sea,
Some will risk their lives for others,
  Though forlorn the hope may be.
We have called such brave ones heroes
  And they well deserve the name,
Well deserve reward and honour,
  And the coronet of fame.

There are heroes of the battle,
  Of the hard and long campaign,
Who have raised the shout of victory
  O'er thousands of the slain,
Who have led the march of brave men
  In the face of fire and sword,
Caused the rise and fall of kingdoms,
  Or subdued the savage horde.

And men raise triumphal arches
  When these conquerors return;

Music peals a joyous welcome,
Gay illuminations burn.
Or within the hallowed minster,
Where earth's great ones lie before,
Carve their names in snowy marble
When life's battles all are o'er.

But when music swells triumphant,
There are solemn undertones,
There are hearts that throb in anguish,
There are soldiers' dying groans.
Amid bursts of acclamation
There are dirges sad and slow,
From the hearts and homes bereaved
Come the wails of pain and woe.

So the conqueror's crown is tarnished
By the blood that hath been shed,
And the laurel wreath is fading
E'er it clasp the victor's head;
For the glory that is gathered
Where the battle thunders roll,
And by Time's extent is bounded,
Cannot satisfy the soul.

There are other, nobler heroes
'Mid the city's gloom and woe,
Where disease and death are rampant,
Where the selfish never go;
And 'mid slums where vice and misery
Hold the field without restraint,
They are lifting up the fallen,
They are cherishing the faint.

From the depths of degradation,
Where the bravest shrink dismayed,
From the wreckage on life's ocean,
By the wrecker's wiles betrayed;
They are gathering precious jewels
That will sparkle by and by,
There the conqueror's crown is fadeless,
And where sorrow dims no eye.

There are heroes too whose courage
Ne'er to human eyes appear,
Yet who sacrifice for others
That their hearts have held most dear.
Who life's fondest hopes relinquish,
Or on duty's altar lay
That which God esteems the highest,
Him to love and to obey.

There are many humble heroes
In the lowly walks of life,
Who have borne the brunt of battle,
Who have conquered in the strife—
In the strife with sin and weakness,
In the war of want and woe,
Of whose uncomplaining patience
None make mention, few e'er know.

Yet though humble be such heroes,
And unknown to honour now,
There is glory for the victor,
There are crowns for every brow,
If they wage a noble warfare,
If they tread the upward way,
To where angel voices welcome,
And true glory lasts for aye.

## JAMES G. CARTER,

A MAN of wide scholarship and general knowledge, was born in 1854 at Dalry, Galloway, in the midst of a district of great natural beauty. He was brought up by his aunt, and received the most of his education at the Endowed Grammar School there. He went to Glasgow University in 1871, and at the age of seventeen he gained a U.P. scholarship, otherwise circumstances would hardly have permitted his attending there. Want of means, however, interrupted his studies at the end of his second session, and he subsequently acted for some time as one of the masters in Birkenhead College, Hope House Academy, Southsea, Portsmouth, and was assistant in the Rector's department of Dumfries Academy. He was also some time tutor in the family of Colonel Sandeman, Stanley House, Perthshire

—a relation of the late gifted Baroness Nairne. At the end of his engagement there, by Colonel Sandeman's advice, he went to Edinburgh University (in 1877) to resume his studies. There he made the acquaintance of Mrs Barbour of Bonskeid (Colonel Sandeman's sister), who showed him much kindness—meeting many distinguished people from all quarters at her house. At the end of Mr Carter's first session at Edinburgh, his health, always feeble, broke down, and he returned to Dalry, where the family of Professor Sellar had a summer residence. He had made the acquaintance of the Sellar family previously, during one of his College vacations, when he was engaged for a time as tutor to two of the elder boys, so when they heard he was home again, and in weak health, they asked him to undertake the duties of teaching their youngest son. He accepted the offer, and remained in the family for over three years, when his health became so bad that, with all their kindly consideration for him, he reluctantly resolved to resign his situation. Before this was formally done, however, he was taken alarmingly ill, and during the absence of Mrs Sellar he was removed to Edinburgh Infirmary. Recovering somewhat, he, as soon as he thought that he could bear the journey, set out for Dalry, and there he has remained ever since—an invalid, suffering partly from a nervous ailment, and, as he describes it, "an indefinable experience worse than any pain."

Although he often feels writing painful, literary work, and the composing of occasional poems, have been one of Mr Carter's greatest comforts during this long and dreary time. He also takes private pupils for instruction in the higher branches, and preparing them for the local examinations and for the University. He has written a considerable number of literary papers, reviews, articles on current topics, poems, &c., for the columns

of the *Scotsman*, *Dumfries Herald* and *Standard*, *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*, &c. His translations from the Greek, French, and German evince his ripe scholarship and cultivated taste. All his poems furnish abundant proof of his being endowed with genuine poetic sensibility, and he has that power of description which enables the reader to follow him with pleasure and profit.

### BABY.

A bright young soul from spirit land—
What a darling baby !
What innocence, what life command,
A form fair as may be.

Ah ! baby feels the radiant glow
Of life from primal source ;
His spirits, like the flowers that blow,
Will hang their heads perforce.

And tears will start at times we know—
Like sunshine after rain ;
Soon happy thoughts begin to flow,
And baby smiles again.

No lasting cloud can dim his brow—
Not e'en the smart of pain ;
A little while and he will crow
And pout and laugh again.

A sympathetic feeling runs
To him with all things living ;
He feels their life, their joys, the suns
To him and them life giving.

With birds and beasts, the boys at home
And mother he forgets,
And father, too, his thoughts will roam
Among his other pets.

And baby he can say " Good-bye ;'
Tiny hand out over
He'll hold to you, and even try
To slip ere you recover.

The sweetest little baby boy
I ere set eyes upon ;
Long may you feel the innate joy,
No shadow blight thereon.

May all your life be singing time ;
Why sorrow should'st thou know ?
Until you reach the sunny clime
Where such sweet flowerets grow.

## LIFE.

Life is something like a rainbow
Shimmering in the pearly blue ;
Some tints are ruby, 'tis most true,
But watch a little, soon 'twill go.

Nor leave a single trace behind
To show that it was shining there ;
Can such be life ? Beware ! beware !
Lest you expect, and nothing find.

In life so rosy bright and calm
As rainbow's early morning hue ;
'Twill deepen to the darker blue,
Though ruby tints surround the dawn.

As friends and kindreds each depart,
And leave us in the cold alone,
Our hearts would stiffen into stone,
Did not some lingering embers start

And cast athwart the thick'ning gloom
There lambent flashes here and there ;
As if to light the upper air,
And point us to ethereal bloom.

Since all that blooms for us on earth—
Our loves and friends, our hopes and joys
Since one and all fell Death destroys,
And makes sad havoc with our hearth.

Then, surely, in some far-off clime
We'll be repaid for all our woes ;
Our sufferings and our mortal throes
Shall only ope the gate divine.

Whence full upon our tearless eyes
  Our friends, new joys, shall rise to view
  Above the rainbow's purple hue;
While far beneath our feet now lies

This world with all its cares and tears,
  Its sorrows grown so dim and small;
  We look to Christ, the Lord of all,
And wonder at our former fears.

Or shall we by some "silent shore,"
  Sleep on for aye in peaceful rest?
  The good God only knoweth best,
To Him we leave it, say no more.

## THE BOORTREE.

A boortree grows in our kale-yard,
  In summer white wi' creamy flower,
In harvest brown wi' berries red;
  Oh, boortree! boortree! bonnie bower!

Ae autumn day, dank, cold, and bleak,
  When massive clouds embanked the sky,
And Sol shone pale wi' watery beams,
  As often far as they were nigh.

The wind, wi' silvery, harp-like sound,
  Was twanging through the auld boortree;
At times celestial cadence made,
  At times it seemed a wail to me.

A something like the minor chord
  That mingles still with all our mirth,
That pales the light with shadows dim,
  When brightest shines our social hearth.

Oh! tell me vain presentiments,
  Why loom ye now like Fate's decree
Is it because a friend departs,
  A sweet young friend so dear to me?

And must it be for ever thus?
  No friendship here, alas! can last:
The gladness dies from out our hearts,
  And, oh! the shadows fall so fast!

But here no dark cloud intervenes ;
The union of the soul must last ;
Since based on all that's fair and pure,
How can it e'er be overcast ?

Unless some devious, sad mischance
Should mar the beauteous hopes of youth,
And wreck the joys and bring the cares
That fill the weary days with ruth.

Yea, even as the auld boortree
Soon sheds its berries, leaves, and flowers,
Its moaning branches seem to grieve
Through leafless winter's sunless hours.

Yet soon 'twill bourgeon forth again,
When May returns with vernal breath ;
So blasted hopes may yet revive,
To bloom in heaven, if not on earth.

## THE RIVER KEN.

Swift-rushing Ken, upon thy braes
We wandered out on balmy days
Of childhood's joyous prime ;
The vernal groves with songs are cheer'd
Of mavis, thrush, and cuckoo-bird,
As in the olden time.

And yet you seem so changed to me,
Though sparkling streams run 'down to Dee
As limpid and as clear
As when, in former years, I strayed
Along thy marge, or in the shade,
Without a sigh or tear.

When under summer suns the bee
Has murmur'd o'er thy verge to thee
In search of fragrant flowers,
Thy murmuring waves sent back the tune,
And in the "leafy month of June"
How green were all thy bowers !

Where are they now, the youths that played
Along thy banks, or fords did wade,
To catch the sportive trout ?
Ah ! some are lulled in death's long sleep
By murmurs of thy waters deep—
No more you hear their shout.

And others sailed to foreign strands
To spend their days in far-off lands,
Oblivious of thy streams;
But yet perchance, when life is sad,
Some thoughts of Ken will make them glad,
Or cheer them in their dreams.

In vain I look for change in thee;
Alas! the change is all in me,
Or else in time who brings
To some health, peace, and better days,
To some disease and sad decays,
And memory that stings.

On clear, calm nights, with stars abroad,
You still may hear Ken's sounding flood;
From Earlston's foaming fall,
All downward to fair Kenmure vale,
It seems to travel o'er the dale,
As waters unto waters call.

And aye the dark empurpled hills
Adown the green slopes send their rills
To swell Ken's glassy wave;
And aye the spangled salmon leap
Among the rocks and linns so steep,
And in his cauldrons lave.

While boys and girls together there
With mirthful voices fill the air
As in the time of yore,
Unmindful of the toil and strife,
And all the evil ways of life,
The future holds in store.

Thus, long-loved Ken, thou art a theme
For poet's lay, or painter's dream,
But chiefly dear to me
Because of sunny memories sweet
That thronging come so fast and fleet
Across life's stormy sea.

## JAMES M'QUEEN,

AUTHOR of "Beauties of Morayland and other Poems and Songs," was born in the parish of Edinkillie, Moray, on the banks of the Dorbock, about 1862. His grandfather was a miller, and held a mill on that stream, about two miles below Lochindorbh, where stands the ruins of the castle famed as the Keep of "The Wolf of Badenoch." The great spate of 1829, known as "the Moray floods," swept away all his belongings—mill, house, and furniture—and left him for a time very destitute. The father of our poet was a cartwright not far from the site of the mill, and died when James was seven years of age. The family removed to Forres after the death of the father, and the mother struggled bravely to bring up her young family of four. Our poet, whose only education may be said to have been acquired in his contact with the world, started life as an outworker, but not being very robust, he had to turn his attention to music. He taught for some time in the north, having for his pupils several members of the leading families. In this manner he supported his mother for a number of years. As a violinist he is well known as a splendid player of Scotch solos. He is a man of high character, and is held in high esteem—a hearty, joyous man, and as full of music as a fiddle, with this difference, that you get the music out of him without screwing him *tight*. His volume, already referred to, was printed in Elgin in 1888, and it has, by its own merits, met with a kindly welcome. His verses are full of melody, and are mostly on homely, reflective subjects, treated in a simple, direct way. It is clearly seen, as he tells us in the preface to his volume, that he is a devoted lover of nature in all its aspects, and "it is

from this love of the beautiful, together with the charm of the poetry of our country, that the desire to cultivate the muse has sprung, and which from small beginnings has reached the 'Beauties of Morayland.'"

## THE GLEN WHERE THE BLAEBERRIES GROW.

Oh! for the land of the kilt and the feather,
The high-soaring eagle, the deer, and the roe;
Oh! for the evergreen pine and the heather,
The thistle and blue-bell, the rowan and sloe.

Give me the glen where the pibroch is sounding—
Oh! there let me wander when nature's aglow,
By streamlet and hamlet thickly abounding
With primrose and brackens where blaeberries grow.

Fair is the rose in the dew of the morning,
Blythe are the lambkins that skip to and fro;
How sweet the heather the hillside adorning
O'erlooking the glen where the blaeberries grow.

How brave are the hearts whose home is the mountain,
Ever daring and true wherever they go—
In far distant climes, where sparkles the fountain,
Or at home in their glens where blaeberries grow.

Mark yonder shepherd at dawning of day
Come forth from his cot in the valley below,
Piping and whistling as he wends on his way
That leads through the glen where the blaeberries grow.

There let me ever in musing thought wander,
No sorrow or sighing my young heart shall know;
Give me the music of streams that meander
Down through the dear glen where blaeberries grow.

## WHEN BEAMS OF MORN THE HILLS ADORN.

When beams of morn the hills adorn,
An' gloomy shadows westward flee,
I'll seek the bower where blooms the flower
That brought love's first young dream to me;
And there once more, as oft of yore,
Enjoy the bliss of secret love,
With artless Jean, blythe Nature's queen,
Arrayed in virtues from above.

The costly gem that decks the hem
Of princely robe may envied be,
And misers may with scorn survey
That which brings floods of joy to me ;
But, ah ! how small to me seem all
Their jewelled gems and treasured gain,
When by my side my fond heart's pride
Pours on my soul love's sweet refrain.

While cooing doves in lonely groves
Awake the echoes of the morn ;
While warbled lays from dewy sprays
Upon the perfumed gale are borne ;
While blooming birch with graceful arch
Adorns the streamlet's rocky bed,
A child of love I'll ever rove
Where Nature's choicest gifts are spread.

## BY THE CLEAR WINDIN' MOSSET.

By the clear windin' Mosset how aft hae I strayed,
While the sang o' the mavis was heard in the glade ;
My foot then was licht, and my heart free frae care,
An' sweet were the pleasures that welcomed me there.

'Neath the shade o' the hazel an' scented birk tree
Wi' youthful companions I've sported wi' glee,
Nor thocht o' the hours that flitted away,
Till eve drew around us her mantle o' grey.

Then the blithe face o' Nature was charmin' to me,
Her brightness and beauty how dear to my e'e,
For in youth, be it summer or winter sae cauld,
We see her aye fairer than when we grow auld.

O ! weel dae I min' o' the bonnie wee path
That led us alang through the flooer-scented strath,
By the velvety fit o' the auld Chapel brae,
To the glen whaur the Mosset comes wimplin' frae.

How sweet in the gloamin' enraptured to rove
When the stillness o' nicht had o'ershadowed the grove,
When perfumes were wafted frae blossom an' tree,
To ravish the senses o' Mary an' me.

O ! saft were oor kisses an' kindly oor grips,
An' sweet were the wordies that fell frae oor lips ;
Ah, me ! the remembrance comes burdened wi' pain,
For ne'er shall I see thee, my Mary, again.

But Mosset, sweet Mosset, I'll aye sing thy praise,
Though humble my lot an' untutored my lays;
Thy clear windin' stream I can never forget
Till the sun of my life shall for ever be set.

Though noo I am far frae thy floorie-clad braes,
Where aft I hae gathered the rowans an' slaes,
Yet memory forgets not the charms that are there,
An' fain would I look on thy beauties ance mair.

## ENIGMAS.

My first in every parish you'll see,
My second encircles the jail,
My whole is a town in the north countrie
That cannot be entered by rail.

—KIRKWALL.

My first on a schoolboy's back you may see,
My second is laid on the street,
My whole in the Highlands ring loudly with glee
When clansmen each other do meet.

—THE BAGPIPES.

My first is a sister to mirth,
My second's the heart of a cherry,
My whole is a statesman of worth,
Come answer me quick now my query.

—GLADSTONE.

## TO MUSIC.

Ye warblin' throng, come noo an' sing
For a' the kirks hae got the thing
That made the saints to virtue cling
In days o' yore;
Assist the ancient lyric string,
The conquest's o'er.

The whistlin' kist is gaun to thrive,
Sae tune yer pipes, be a' alive,
An' mak' them, like a bum-bee hive,
Be heard abroad,
An' gar fouk frae their ingles drive
Views that are odd.

For music is the thing indeed
That cheers life's precious siller thread,
Especially fouk that haena greed—
It's their delight;
The weary pilgrims on it feed
Throughout the night.

There's music in the vera win',
There's music in a bit o' tin,
There's music when a wife can spin
An' ca' her wheel;
It's in a noddle steam'd wi' gin,
An' in a steel.

There's music in my wifie's tongue,
There's music in a hazel rung,
There's music in a barrel bung,
An' mair than that,
Ye'll get it in a pint o' fung,
But nae fan 't's flat.

Then sing awa', ye warblin' throng,
Pour forth your notes baith lood an' long,
An' gar the richt flee frae the wrong
Sax thousan' miles,
Till ancient steeples ring ding-dong
Wide in our isles.

## MYLES MACPHAIL

WAS born at Edinburgh in 1816. For many years he was a bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh, and, along with his older brother William, started and conducted with great ability the monthly ecclesiastical magazine bearing their name. This periodical was maintained in the interests of the Church of Scotland, as opposed to the Disruption party, and championed the cause with great vigour and discretion. While Myles acted as the nominal

editor, much of the original matter was contributed by William. Both brothers were possessed of considerable mental power and literary culture, but, becoming involved in financial difficulties the business was broken up, and Myles emigrated with his family to Australia in 1864. He soon obtained a situation in the General Post Office, Melbourne, which he held till his death, which took place at Brighton, a marine suburb of Melbourne, on the 10th October 1883. His brother William, with one or two inconsiderable interruptions, spent the rest of his life as a bookseller in Edinburgh, where died in 1884. He wrote some poetry which remains unpublished, while Myles wrote and published "Burns' Vision of the Future," (Edinburgh 1859), a second edition appearing in the same year. This is a poem of great excellence, and said to be "greatly superior to the numerous odes and verses which appeared about that time on the same subject." He also issued from the Melbourne press in 1874 a volume entitled "This World and the Next, a Dramatic Poem," which contains several powerful and strangely interesting passages. Macphail also contributed some of his poetical pieces to the *Melbourne Leader*, and other colonial papers. His only son, a clever young man of the same name, largely employed by Ferdinand Bailliere the Melbourne publisher in compiling "The Squatter's Directory" and other manuals of a similar character, predeceased his father. A daughter alone survives. As illustrating the restless energy, physical as well as mental, of the two brothers, we might mention that they made a tour to Rome about 1848, travelling the whole way on foot, and returning in a similar manner. In this way they visited all the principle towns of interest, both in France and Italy, and were thus enabled in future years to draw profitably from the knowledge gained by their own experience and observation.

## ADDRESS TO THE COMET OF 1882.

Thou mystic wanderer through the realms of space,
What art thou doing here,
That thou in thy wild and erratic race
Should visit us so near?

Art thou a portent of some ill to come?
Mankind view thee with fear—
Thou speak'st no message—thou art bright but dumb,
Nigh to our atmosphere.

Art thou a protest 'gainst the crime of war,
To stay the loud alarm
All peoples feel in this distracted star—
Dost mean to do us harm?

Strange visitor! Art thou on mischief bent?
None doth thy presence hail,
And in thy wild flight o'er the firmament
The frightened stars grow pale.

There is a law, which e'en thou must obey
In thy wide reaching course,
Thou terror of the nations, though to-day
We shudder at thy force!

What art thou, Comet—what's thy business here,
Where life is but a span?
Thou'rt not a star of Bethlehem to cheer
The pilgrimage of man.

We know that everyone that's born must die—
Fly on thy star-lit road,
For in the unknown dread eternity
We own no power but God!

## THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL TO ITS BODY.

Farewell, farewell, for ever fare thee well,
Thou that I've lived with for so many years
Of mortal time, with all its hopes and fears.
Our tie is severed. List! thy funeral knell!
But thou art deaf and cannot any more
Hear, see, smell, taste, feel—all is o'er!
Yes, as I gaze on this unconscious head
To ache no more, I see that thou art dead.
Dust! but how dear thou wert old home,

So long thy tenant ; I was part of thee.
I could have leased thee longer, though to me
Thy seamy sides showed signs of cracks to come—
Rents that would let the cold in, and the wind,
And thou began to totter like one blind,
The full clear eye looked through a borrowed light ;
The golden locks were turned to snowy white,
And thy supports were shaky, old and frail ;
My lease was up, and there was no entail.

But as thou liest there, that I loved so,
I shudder but to think where thou must go.
To earth the effigy is rudely hurried
Out of the sight as hideous to behold.
No fancy dar'st conceive thee buried—
By death's foul agents horribly dissolved ;
Close coffined with corruption—dreadful sight—
With the ghoul revellers of the ghostly night.
To see the brain where thoughts immortal played,
Consumed by crawling vermin till the head—
The temple of God's spirit, long its home,
Is eaten out and filled with dirty loam ;
And where the windowed eyes looked on the day,
And mirrored to the mind the grand display
Of nature in her loveliness and light,
And starlit heavens—these watchers of the night—
Foul, ugly worms the eyeballs eat away,
And batten on the quick and eloquent tongue,
Where congregations and where senates hung.
Oh ! barbarous custom of a bygone date,
Would I could save thee from this horrid fate.

Light up the lustral flame, the funeral pyre,
And let it to its elements return ;
And let the ashes from that vestal fire
Find a meet home within the sacred urn.
A silent monitor, a household god,
Round which affection, with its magic sway,
Could cling, when the rainbow of love had passed away.
'Tis so sad to think of the beaten sod ;
Alas ! it may not be,
Here comes death's heraldry !
The tolling bell proclaims thy funeral hour ;
My hearse is at the door in pomp and power.

## JEANNIE DODDS,

A REFLECTIVE and graceful writer, was born in 1849 at Hillhouse, parish of Channelkirk, near Lauder, where her father was a farm grieve. After several changes incident to agricultural life, the family removed to Fifeshire, finally settling down in Kirkcaldy. After her schooldays were over, and before she was twelve years of age, she entered the employment of a well-known firm (Henry Horn, Son, & Co.) as message girl, in whose service she rose to be head over the dress and mantle-making department. After fourteen years' faithful service, which was much valued by her employers, she began business on her own account, in which she has been very successful, being well-known and highly esteemed in the town and neighbourhood.

It is now about twelve years since Miss Dodds first began to write verse, and it is only very recently that she was induced to offer any for publication. Occasionally under her own name, and also the *nom-de-plume* of "Ruth," her pieces appear in the *Fifeshire Advertiser* and other newspapers. These show the ardent lover of Nature, and the cares of business and the close devotion to home interests called forth by the weak health of her much-loved invalid mother evidently give tone and colour to a number of her poems. Her mind is naturally reflective, and her feelings deeply religious—a hopeful and elevating sentiment pervading all her writings.

### A PAUPER.

Upon the kerbstone of a city workhouse
An old man sat one day,
The sweat, like beads, was standing on his forehead,
His hair was silvery grey.

His well-worn shoes could tell a tragic story,
Wandering from town to town ;
The weight of years had crushed his lonely spirit,
And bowed his shoulders down.

With trembling hands he loosed an old, red napkin,
Ate up his scanty fare ;
None left to him of all his earthly loved ones,
His present grief to share.

"I've done my best to earn a decent living,
Honest I've been and true ;
And now I sit and wipe the scalding tear-drops—
The workhouse in my view.

"Oh, it is hard indeed to be a pauper
When verging on fourscore—
For hope dies out, and every genial feeling,
Within the workhouse door.

"My chequered life will soon come to an ending,
And it is better so—
Shadow and sunshine, care and disappointment,
Is all we know below."

Ah ! many such there be upon life's highway,
By want and care oppressed—
Many such, when life's long struggle has been ended,
Find perfect, blissful rest

## THE ARTIST.

The sun was setting, as an artist stood,
Watching the beauty of a lonely wood,
With brush in hand.

The trees were softly rustling overhead,
Murmured the brooklet o'er its pebbly bed,
Low sang a bird.

He tried to paint the various shades of green,
Purple and yellow, and the gorgeous sheen
Of autumn sunset.

But paused, for to the canvas he could not convey
The thoughts that filled his soul that autumn day,
And looked to heaven.

One long, long look he gave the earth and sky,
Before he laid his brush and easel by,
And left the spot.

O, artist ! far removed from noise and strife,
You blend the colours, but
You ca'nt give life.

## A MOTHER'S TEST.

There lay in the palm of a mother's hand
A beautiful bunch of flowers,
And she said to herself—" I will try the strength
Of this darling child of ours."

The little one bounded forth with a smile
On her radiant, dimpled face,
And a chubby, soft, white hand held out
With innocent, childish grace.

Just as she touched the stem of the flowers,
The mother closed her hand,
And the little one pulled and pulled in vain,
And could not understand.

The mother did not wish to withhold
The flowers from the child that day—
But to test the power of the little one's faith,
And the strength that in her lay.

Like children, we reach out eager hands
For gifts kind Heaven denies ;
But an unseen hand is holding them fast,
Just to test what in us lies.

If we got all we longed for, and never were crossed,
Our hearts would grow selfish and vain—
The finest of gold by the fire is refined,
And pleasure made purer by pain.

## CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Who has not gazed with awe and ecstasy
Upon a lily's spotless purity ?
Unique in loveliness its heart of gold,
O, thou vain one ! come hither and behold.

Here is a study for an eastern king,
Whose glory is a stale insipid thing,
Mocked by the simple beauty of this flower—
Why does it charm, why hold such magic power

It stands alone midst grasses of the field,
Its perfect symmetry and grace revealed,
A simple lily on a fragile stem;
Here lies the charm—its modesty of mien.

From this chaste flower the Saviour bade us learn
That earthly wants should give us no concern,
But seek a kingdom that will not decay
When all material things have passed away.

## "NOTHING THAT DEFILETH."

Rev., 21st and 27th.

Nothing that defileth shall ever enter there,
None may pass the pearly gates except the good and fair,
None but those who trusted in a dying Saviour's love
Shall wear the white robe, bear the palm, and see His face above.

Nothing that's unholy shall enter in their song,
None but holy voices shall the glorious notes prolong,
None but those redeemed by blood can sing the joyous Psalm,
Or ever lisp the chorus—"All worthy is the Lamb."

None but those in white robes, redeemed from all their sin,
Can understand the depth of love the Saviour bears for them,
Can trace the marks of many thorns upon His glorious brow,
Can cast their crowns down at His feet, and lowly, humbly bow.

Can gaze for ever on that face which makes all heaven so bright,
And as eternity rolls on, new joys will then delight;
Bliss, untold bliss, without alloy, from Christ their Bridegroom, King,
And joyous never-ending praise that whole bright throng shall sing.

## JAMES SHEPHERD

WAS a native of Banff, and died at Edinburgh in 1887, when about sixty years of age. He served his apprenticeship in a bank in his native town, and afterwards followed the calling of a law clerk in several of the leading offices in Edinburgh. For a number of years he was engaged as such in the Register House, but for the last fifteen years of his life he suffered many hardships and privations, though these were considerably alleviated by friends who respected him for his varied gifts. Mr Shepherd wrote poems from his early years, and was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the *Elgin Courant*, *Punch*, *Fun*, and other newspapers and magazines. Many of these have been lost sight of, and we have selected the following from a manuscript book in the possession of a friend.

### GOOD BYE.

"Good bye"—it has a mournful sound
When uttered by a friend,
It speaks of happy days gone by,
Of pleasures at an end;
It tells of lonesome days to come,
And though the years may fly,
True hearted friends will not forget
That last—that sad good bye.

"Good bye"—it has a heavy sound
When spoken from the heart,
A fervent prayer of blessings on
The friends from whom we part,
To wish them well where e'er they dwell
Or be it far or nigh,
That God be with you is the thought
Of every true good bye.

"Good bye"—it has a joyful sound,
If God be with us here
Will He not lead us home at last,
Though life be long and drear;

Then if we no more meet on earth,
We may beyond the sky
In realms that know no parting hour,
That never say "Good bye."

## THE LILY.

Fairest flower of tender beauty,
Nature's fair and lovely child,
Clothed in all your virgin glory,
Growing in the garden wild;

Sweet to smell your balmy fragrance,
Lovely flower of bridal hue,
White as winter's dreary snowflake,
Or the swan so spotless too;

Spreading forth your queenly lustre
With a sweet and genial smile,
Graceful flower of favoured fortune,
Freed from burden and from toil.

Kings and Queens may robe in splendour,
Eastern monarchs shine afar,
But thy raiment far excels them—
Modesty's your guiding star.

Scriptural flower, embalmed forever
In the treasured book divine,
Even the earthly king of wisdom
Bowed before your glorious shrine

In the promised land of glory—
World unseen beyond the grave—
In lily wreaths of heavenly beauty
Let flowers of love immortal wave.

## LIFE.

Life is dear, but short and fleeting,
Like the rainbow's passing ray,
Basking in the summer sunshine,
Fading as the light of day.

Life is lovely, pure, and spotless,
As the flowers in early spring,
Spreading forth sweet buds and blossoms,
Parents' hearts around it cling.

Life is deep ; maternal fondness
Watches o'er its youthful bloom ;
Lulls its sick and languid moments,
Sheds soft tears upon its tomb.

Life s noble—in the battle
Proudly fights on stormy wave,
Falling in the hour of victory,
Sinks into a sailor's grave.

Life is like the trees in autumn—
Blighted hopes oft cross its way,
And its opening blossoms shaken,
Withered leaves around it stray.

Life is calm, like evening sunset,
Gradually its powers decline,
Closing like the lovely sunflowers—
Hope and joy around it twine.

Life is endless in the future,
There no tears bedim the eye ;
Happy life to those who gain it,
Eternal life beyond the sky.

## WILLIAM AITKEN,

THE author of the subjoined pieces, was born in Glasgow in 1865. Although the Metropolis of the West is a city of tear and wear, we have given ample proof that it has produced many sweet-souled minstrels who have been able to soar above the grimy atmosphere, and warble not a few exquisite notes in the azure of heaven. The city which produced Thomas Campbell, Motherwell, William Miller, and Hugh Macdonald—not to speak of later and honoured names to be found in "Modern Scottish Poets"—occupies a prominent place in the poetic Valhalla.

The subject of our present sketch, though still only entering on manhood, has already done much to give him a fair position on the bead-roll of singers. Mr Aitken received his education in the Hutchesons' Grammar School, under the efficient tuition of Rector Menzies, a gentleman who has turned out some of the ablest students of which Scotland can boast. After our poet had finished his academic training, he entered on mercantile pursuits, in which he is still engaged. From his boyhood he has, however, wooed the muses, and already he has written much that merits preservation. Mr Aitken has largely contributed to the press, including the *Weekly Herald*, the *Glasgow Citizen*, the *Scottish People*, and the *Scots Magazine*. His power is evinced in his work. It compasses all the complexions and phases of the human soul, from the deepest threnody of sorrow to the highest notes of joy. One of the pieces we quote—"The Gloom of Death"—was written shortly after the loss of his loving and gifted mother. The fact that he can touch the tenderest chords of human existence is an honour of which any of our poets might well be proud. Mr Aitken, as we have said, is only yet beginning life, but there is rich promise in what he has already written.

### GLOOM OF DEATH.

A gloom that is more dread than night,
A pang, intenser far than pain,
Great tear-drops, holier than rain,
Cry out for one dear vanished light,
O, gloom of death!

That face—the dearest one on earth,
A heart—the tend'rest one and true,
A mother—none her better knew—
Is borne from her fond cherished hearth,
O, gloom of death!

How severed? one who is so dear,
From many fond ones she so lov'd?
Ah! fought well, maybe, then remov'd
To life's true victor's higher sphere;
But how this gloom?

Say, shall it fade like mists of morn,
And break into the perfect day?
Shall sorrow's flame light up that way
Where hopes nor souls shall feel forlorn
Beyond this gloom?

To bid her children heav'nward stare,
And think not mother's love so great
In gloomy death could terminate,
But keener make to join her there,
O, happy hope!

So, gracious God, if death but means
That space of time between two spheres,
Shall we then dry our sorrowing tears
For dear past thoughts and future scenes?
Most precious scenes!

O, sweetest mem'ry! every page
Of that dear life so nobly writ,
Enough we cannot cherish it—
Our dearest, purest heritage,
Great heritage!

## EVENING.

What means the evening? as the day
Yields silently its light,
Until its last and flickering ray
Is swallowed up in night!

What means the evening? ah, my soul!
It speaks of heart-joys gone,
Of pleasures, treasures, reached their goal,
Without a morning dawn!

Oft as I watch night's mantle fall
Upon the radiant day,
I see death make his solemn "call"—
A mortal light give way.

I gaze upon the setting sun
In all his bright array,

And think of glorious hopes undone
And left without one ray.

Of lives that beamed in dazzling light,
And stood in smiling fame,
Now compassed in the hidden night—
Unseen, nor heard by name!

I see by yonder vacant nook,
Where lovers fondly dwelt,
Whom fate their happiness forsook,
That evening makes more felt.

. . . .

Sadness alone creeps with the night,
And hopes and joys forlorn;
But all will vanish in the light,
Of the Eternal morn!

## YE TENDER, PANTIN', DEEIN' THING.

Awa'! ye white-washed faces, gang;
That strap yer waists doon to a spang,
An' fain be neat—
The least bit scuffle or a bang
Wid gar ye sweit,
An' ding yer wee bit hearts a' wrang—
Richt aff their beat!

Wi' wire an' paddin' roun' an' roun',
To mak' yer shrinkit banes abune
The ord'nar' size,
An' fascinate the am'rous loon,
An' feast his eyes;
But, michty! should the cage fa' doon—
Yer beauty flies.

Ye tender, pantin', deein' things—
Wha's chirpin' voice nae music sings—
Ye'd fain be angels, but for wings
An' chokin' pains;
Tak' aff the steels, straps, sacks, an' strings,
An' keep the shape Dame Nature brings
Upon yer banes.

Yestreen, I dauced a buxom maid,
Wha's bloss'min' cheeks wid put in shade
The bloomin' rose,

An' soncy looks the ha'-arrayed
Wi' healthy glows ;
She lauched an' danced as'ithers gaed
To rest their toes

Nae flimsy grasp, or pent-up waist,
Nor white, parched lip o' gaudy ghaist
Wi' me there sped ;
My arms were clutchin' something chaste
An' neatly cled ;
Her honest form it pleased me maist
Amang the spread.

## MY DEARIE: A SONG.

Let wealth speak loud o' birth an' gear,
And poverty look drearie,
I envy not—nor yet do fear—
I only lo'e my dearie.
I only lo'e my honest lass,
Wi' face sae sweet an' bonnie ;
Wi' face sae sweet, sae trim an' neat,
I lo'e her best o' ony.

Proud lordlings bend to ladies fair,
And woo by fashion's order,
And ladies, haughty, glance an' stare,
Each bridled by her warder.
I only lo'e my honest lass,
Wi' face sae sweet an' bonnie ;
While lordlings ape, an' ladies gape,
I lo'e her best o' ony.

## THE JADED "CUP."

O, jaded "cup!" O, frequent "damn"
That temp'rance tongues upon ye slam,
Hoo aft they say in ye there's daith,
Though, fegs ! ye aft'ner streetch the braith,
An' gar some quate an' douce-like men
Rin garrulous ayont their ken ;
An' deeper as they keep yer "faith"
Still less wad seem the sign o' daith,
For then they're reelin', roarin' fou'—
A rantin', stampin', daithless crew !
O, gods ! what pow'r is in the bowl,
Revealin' mysteries o' the soul ;
'Twould seem ye had some dev'lish airts
For fetchin' oot men's safter pairts ;

The very acts their habits shun
Come trottin' foremost every one.
O' common-sense ye mak' the fule,
An' dunderheids wi' wisdom fill ;
The things avoided maist in life
When fou' are uppermost an' rife—
The wanton rogue gets godly guid,
An' pious men wad doot the flude ;
The crackit voice persists to sing,
An' stiff auld legs wad dance a "fling";
Guid humour aften tak's to greet,
While dour men's laughs ring ower the street ;
The barb'rous wretch a hurt disdains,
The kindly flogs his wife an' weans ;
An' gifted aften lose their fame,
While others inspiration claim ;
But greatest is yer pow'r o' a'—
The strachtest man ye'll twist in twa !
O, jaded "cup !" O, frequent "damn"
That temp'rance tongues upon ye slam !
Let them be carefu' while they spurn,
In case ye tak' a sleekit turn,
An' catch them tipplin' wi' yer "airts"—
Then will ye tilt their safter pairts !

## AN "IDEAL."

Thou'lt be no charmer, with that gay and flaunting air
To daze the impassioned gallant's senses o'er ;
A modest virtue and pure sweetness be thy share,
With righteous guiding for thyself—and more !

No ! thou'lt be no gaudy, flippant, mindless thing,
Whose life is soul-scant, luxury and pride ;
Who seize the thing that's flimsy, vain, if glittering,
And shun life's simple and more noble side.

In thee I fain would see the woman and the child—
The latter, in thy blissful innocence ;
And yet, to bear a dignity possessed, though mild,
With sympathies, as if from long-aged sense.

Oft have I gazed admiring on the works of man
On canvas, stone, and many a treasured art ;
But tell me, pray, a higher, godlier work to scan
Than woman chaste, who acts her noble part !

Though I should prize the friendship of great goodly men,
And flattered feel by favours of a king,

Yet treasured greater far in all my earthly ken
Is what one maiden in my praise should sing.

Sweet maid! I long to see, in truth, thy kindly face—
The very thought, I swear, makes me rejoice,
That rich delight of one truth-teeming, fond embrace,
The music of thy sweet, enchanting voice!

Soon may we meet! that I may cherish in thy grace,
And feel that queenly influence of thee;
To roam for ever 'neath the summer of thy face
Would be indeed earth's happiest heaven to me!

## SAMUEL WILSON.

DR ALEX. TROTTER, Blyth, in a series of delightful sketches in the *Kirkcudbright Advertiser*, entitled "Galloway Worthies," showing fine literary taste and unwearied research, says—"No tract of country in the Stewartry has more interesting associations than the parish of Crossmichael, and few can show a larger proportion of cultivated land, a more beautiful blending of wood and water, or more picturesquely situated farmhouses, mansions, and villiages. A small headstone against the wall of the kirk of Crossmichael bears this inscription—'In memory of Janet Wilson, daughter of Samuel Wilson of Upper Clarebrand, born 1811, died 1838. The above Samuel Wilson, who died at Upper Clarebrand 9th January, 1863, aged 78 years.' This marks the last resting place of an individual who in his time was recognised as one of the greatest of the numerous poets who sprang into existence in Galloway during the latter part of the eighteenth and early portion of the nineteenth centuries, and who, with perhaps two or three exceptions,

has no successors in poetic genius in the province at the present day." Dr Trotter has a very hazy recollection of Samuel Wilson, but his impressions relate to a middle-sized man stumping out of Castle-Douglas on a wooden leg on various market days in the direction of Clarebrand, sometimes hallooing at the top of his voice at a parcel of ragamuffin boys who were taking advantage of his infirmity to torment him. He was born at Burnbrae, a small landed estate near the top of the Dee incline of the parish of Crossmichael, the village of Clarebrand topping the ridge about half a mile distant. The Wilsons of Burnbrae are the oldest landed proprietors in the parish, appearing in the Valuation Roll in the time of Charles I. ; and what is more remarkable, the family property is the only one in the Roll of 1819 which has not changed hands since the latter date, all the other estates in the parish having either been sold or transmitted to female heirs, nearly in every case the former accrued. His uncle, and afterwards his father, owned Burnbrae, and he was born 26th May, 1784, was educated at Ringanwhey Public School, also at the parish school of Crossmichael, and for a session or two at the University of Glasgow. On the death of his uncle he abandoned an intention of entering one of the learned professions, and returned to his native district. He embarked in various kinds of businesses, and was in a flourishing way as a wood merchant at one time, but when busy in a wood at Balmaclellan he had the misfortune to be injured by the axe of a companion, and the amputation of his leg was found necessary. Previous to this he he had travelled a large portion of Scotland in pursuit of his calling, and possessing antiquarian tastes, he visited all places of archæological and historical interest that came in his way, thereby adding to his already large stock of information. When in the Highlands he acquired such a knowledge of the Gaelic

language that he could both speak and write it correctly, and he also became an excellent performer on the Highland bagpipe. He could 'play the flute and fiddle well,' and was otherwise an accomplished musician. His father died in 1810, and left him a property of houses and land at Upper Clarebrand, in one of the former of which he opened a grocer's shop, which he kept as a current going business between fifty and sixty years.

He early began to write poetry, and some of his pieces appeared in the *Castle-Douglas Miscellany* and *Dumfries Courier* of his time. His ballad, descriptive of the murder of M'Lellan of Bombie by the Black Douglas, and his song 'Mary of Craignair,' became instantly popular, and were frequently reprinted in local works such as *Barbour's Lights and Shadows*, 1st series, in which the former appears; along with another piece entitled the 'Gaberlunzie Man.' Another ballad called 'The Galloway Raid' was published in *Nicholson's Galloway Tales*, and is finely descriptive of a mosstrooping battle on the banks of the Orr, not far from his place of residence. 'The Battle of Spearford' is descriptive of a traditional fight between the Gordons of Kenmure and the Glendonyns of Parton. Other pieces and various prose anecdotes, which he was an adept at telling, have been published in 'Gallovidiana,' and form interesting additions to the folk-lore of the Stewartry.

In his latter years he dropped out of notice, his pen having comparatively early become silent; and when he died at Upper Clarebank on 9th January, 1863, his old acquaintances had almost forgotten him. I remember, says Dr Trotter, one of them reading the announcement of his death, and remarking, 'I was acquainted with that bodie many years ago. He was very clever, and I thought he had been dead long since.' He was a charitably disposed man, but was

considered one with whom it was better to be friendly with than the opposite. To those whom he considered to have claims upon him, and who kept in his good graces, it is said he would have given away the last shilling he possessed.

In Wilson's writings, while it is frequently evident that he had caught inspiration from the sweet influences of the beauties of Nature—such passages being marked by their gentle grace and simplicity of diction —themes of dramatic and historic interest clearly afforded him the richest scope for his vigorous imagination.

### THE GALLOWAY RAID.

The reivers of Eskdale were mounted for weir,
And Annandale moss-troopers graspèd the spear,
And the blades that they bore in the sun glittered bright,
And breastplate and helmet reflected the light.
They spurred the fleet charger through bog and through brake,
To the yell of their slogan the echoes awake;
The Johnstones and Jardines cry—"Lads, we'll away,
And we'll foray the pastures of fair Galloway."

The men were determined, their steeds they were strong,
And eager for plunder they prancèd along;
The clang of their weapons rang loud on the dale,
And their helmet-plumes waving aloft on the gale.
The swamps of the Lochar they passed in their pride,
A moment they paused when they came to Nithside;
But the tide of the Nith could not stop their array,
And they entered the borders of fair Galloway.

O'er Cairnsmoor's brown summit the sun had gone down,
And on eastern Helvellyn the rising moon shone;
Dark red was her visage and sullen her gleam,
As the blue wave of Solway reflected her beam;
The woods waved their branches by fits to the blast,
And faint was the light on their tops that she cast;
As if bodeful of blood to be shed before day,
She scowled on the green dales of fair Galloway.

All silent the march of the moss-troopers now,
Save their steeds' hollow tramp on the wild mountain's brow;
They scared not the wildfowl that swam on the lake,
Nor in hamlet nor hall did the sleepers awake.

Says Gilbert of Ravenscleugh—"Gallants, come on ;
The dames of the Orr shall have wooers anon ;
We'll spoil their soft slumbers before it be day,
And we'll sweep the green pastures of fair Galloway."

But, thou bold border reiver, thy boasting forbear,
For little wot'st thou of the Galloway spear ;
On the mail of the foe has its temper been tried,
When the Black Chief of Dee his proud sovereign defied.
Behold'st thou the beacon lights gleaming afar
On misty Glenbennan—the signal of war ;
Bengairn and Caerlochan their blazes display,
And they warn the bold spearmen of fair Galloway.

On the shores of the Solway they have mounted the steed,
And the clans of the Dee are advancing with speed,
O'er the green haughs of Orr the broad banners wav'd high,
And the flash of their fighting gear brightened the sky.
The Gordons of Airds were for battle array'd,
And Trowdale and Corbieton brandished the blade ;
But Wudsword of Clarebrand was first in the fray,
To encounter the foemen of fair Galloway.

O rudely came on the bold borderers then,
And the spearmen of Galloway charged on the plain ;
And the clash of their weapons and clang of their mail
Were mingled with groans of the warriors that fell.
The steed and his rider lay gasping in blood,
On the wounded and dying the combatants trod ;
There was hacking and slashing till dawn of the day,
Ere was ended the conflict in fair Galloway.

Stout Gilbert of Ravenscleugh's steed had been slain,
And on foot with a broadsword he wasted the plain ;
Nor met he a foeman to rival his might,
Till he matched with the arm of Wudsword in the fight.
Oh ! firm were their hearts, and their steel it was keen,
And a bloodier conflict was seldom ere seen ;
For equal in skill and in valour were they,
The bravest on Esk, and in fair Galloway.

The bank where they fought it was narrow and steep,
Beneath them the Orr tumbled darksome and deep ;
A damsel came running as swift as the wind,
And unseeen she approached the bold borderer behind ;
Round his neck in an instant her 'kerchief she wrung,
And Ravenscleugh headlong in Orr has she flung.
'Twas the daughter of Wudsword had mixed in the fray,
And a fairer maid was not in wide Galloway.

But the damsels of Esk and of Annan may mourn,
And in vain may they look for their lovers' return.
On the green dale of Dryburgh they rest in their graves,
And o'er them the hemlock and rank nettle waves;
And few have escaped from the Galloway spear,
That followed the flying and glanced in their rear;
And the mosstroopers' widows are ruing the day
Their husbands departed for fair Galloway.

## LOCH ROAN.

To the bught on the hill stole the fox frae his cover,
When the mantle o' night o'er the moorland was thrown;
Low 'mang the heath couch'd the wild mountain plover.
And the erne to his cliff by the lone lake had flown.
Cauld blew the blast o'er the desert sae drearie,
Dim shone the moon through the grey mist uncheery;
Lang by her lane wandered true-hearted Mary
Her Sandy to meet on the banks o' Lochroan.

Aye and again as the wind whistled o'er her,
Sae eerie it sighed through the brown wither'd brake;
Loud and amain dash'd the wild wave before her,
And white to the shore row'd the foam o' the lake.
Fast to her arms was her true love repairing,
When, red o'er the lake's troubl'd bosom appearing,
Dismal the flash o' the death-light was glaring,
And faint from afar came the wanderer's shriek.

Oh! was it the falcon that scream'd o'er the heather?
Or heard she the cry o' the lanely sea mew!
Or howl'd the hill fox down the dark glen beneath her?
Ah, no! 'twas the voice o' her Sandy sae true.
And sair may she mourn him wi' tears unavailing,
For 'wildered he plunged 'mid the dark waters swelling;
And soon to the spot where the maid stood bewailing
The waves o' the lake bore his bonnet o' blue.

Her fond throbbing heart beat with wildest disorder
As toss'd to her feet the lost relic she spied;
Weel ken'd she the ribbon was bound round the border,
Weel ken'd she the love knot her ain han' had tied.
And lang heav'd her bosom the deep sigh of sorrow,
But tears, hapless maiden, restored nae her marrow;
Now oft where the heath crowns the bank steep and narrow
A maniac she wanders alang the lake side.

## THE BATTLE OF SPEARFORD.

Loud rang the slogan the clansmen to gather,
It roused the dun deer in the wood o' Glenlee ;
Gleamed the bright axe and broadsword on the heather
From darksome Loch Doon to the holms of the Dee.
Wild from his native glen rush'd the bold spearmen then,
Rude as the storms on his mountains that blow ;
Bandrel and pennant stream bright on the morning beam,
Dark'ning Loch Ken in the valley below.

Proudly paraded the hardy Glenkensmen,
Their broad tartans waved in the wind of the hill ;
Gordon's loud pibroch cheers on his bold clansmen,
The turrets of Kenmure resound to the peal.
Swiftly Maculloch came, Maitland and all his men,
Stout Craigengillan and haughty Knockgray ;
Kennedy's bowmen true muster'd on Lowran's brow,
Ken's rocky shore ne'er beheld such array.

Flashed the broad battle-axe clear on the river,
The shouts of the war-men were heard from afar,
Loud was the banner cry—"Gordon for ever !
Gordon of Kenmure, and Lord Lochinvar."
Dark as the winter cloud sweeps o'er the Solway's flood,
Scour they the valley and forage the plain ;
Hamlet and village burn, widow and maiden mourn—
Red were their hands in the blood of the slain.

Rough was their raid o'er the Lowlands extending—
"Arouse thee, Glendonwyn," his warder did cry,
"Fierce from the moors are the Gordons descending—
Drumrash and Glenlaggan blaze red to the sky !"
Smiling, the chieftain said—"Gordon shall rue this raid ;
Keen are the lances of Orr and the Dee.
Wide spread the war alarm, Telford and Herries warn
Livingstone, Duchrae, and hardy Macghie."

Yelled the war-blast over strath and green valley,
The troopers of Dee sprang to arms at the sound,
Helmet and lance in the sun glittered gaily,
And swift o'er the lea did the war charger bound ;
Louder the bugle sang, hauberk and buckler rang,
Battle blades glanced on the banks of the Orr ;
Foremost the chieftains rode, waving their falchions broad,
Briskly o'er dale and down, onward they bore.

Dee's sable stream, in the vale gently flowing,
Was hid by the hazel and poplar so gay ;

Red on the holms was the western sun glowing,
The grey rocks on Lowran's brow mirrored his ray:
Clansmen, your plunder leave, see how the banners wave
Broad o'er Glenlochar, they float to the sky;
Dalesmen in jack and spear ranked on the plain appear—
Gordon, beware thee! Glendonwyn is nigh!

Dark o'er the lea were the dalesmen advancing,
Glendonwyn in front brandished high his broad sword,
Haughty Macghie with his troopers came prancing,
And fierce was the fray at the stream of Spearford.
Loud swelled the bugle blast, broadsword on buckler clashed,
Spear and light axe rung on helmet and shield;
Hissing the arrows fly, war steed and rider die—
"Gordon for ever!" resounds o'er the field.

Mark ye yon chief, like the wild wolf of Lowran
That tears the young kid on the banks of Loch Ken,
'Tis Lord Lochinvar—see, his eagle plume towering
Where the best of his foemen lie wounded or slain.
Briskly Glendonwyn then called to his merry men,
On rushed the sons of the Dee and the Orr;
Lances in shivers flew, battle-blades keen they drew—
Tinged was the stream with the dark purple gore.

Long was the bloody field fiercely disputed,
Till brave Lochinvar fell, by numbers laid low.
Loudly Glendonwyn the victory shouted,
As towards their mountains retiréd the foe;
Sullen the evening star scowled on the field of war,
Dying groans murmured on Dee's sable wave;
Still as the water-sprite screams through the gloom of night,
Hov'ring are seen the pale forms of the brave.

## ALISON HAY DUNLOP,

A LADY of exceptional power, and a typical Scotchwoman, the bent of whose mind was ever in the direction of the study of the old Scottish manners and customs, was born at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, in 1835. From a sympathetic sketch of her life prefixed

to a volume of deep interest—"Anent Old Edinburgh" (Edinburgh : R. & H. Somerville)—we learn that her parents were connected with the Border counties, and she spent many of her early days at Kaeside, on the Abbotsford estate, where her uncle was a farmer. Reared thus in the midst of a country teeming with historical and literary traditions, her taste for antiquarian lore was rapidly developed, and throughout her life she betrayed a keen appreciation of the traces of the past as exhibited in the present, and was known as a careful student of other times. To amuse her during a long illness, the result of an accident during a summer residence at Kaeside, her aunts, all deep in Border ballads, witch and fairy stories, riddles, and "auld warld" customs, took turns in unfolding to her their stock. What her aunts omitted, her mother was well able to supply, on her return to Edinburgh, from even ampler stores,—for had not she been an "eident" student, a graduate, at the feet of the famous Peggy Waddie, a humble but eminently successful collector of "freits," "ballants," and "Once-upon-a-time" stories so far back as the famous '45. At Moray House she carried off a valuable prize for an essay on "The Covenanting Times,' the history of which, as well as that of the period of Queen Mary, she afterwards thoroughly mastered. Her school education and the so-called "finishing classes" over, Miss Dunlop pursued her studies as vigorously as ever. In the course of years she mastered most of the languages of Western Europe. She divided English and Scottish history into epochs, and was not satisfied till she had made herself intimately acquainted, not only with the political events, the biographies, and the chief literary works of the period with which she was engaged, but also with the dwellings, the style of furniture and decoration, the accessories of dress, and the details of daily life. Sometimes she busied herself for days, and kept her brothers ransack-

ing libraries, public and private, to verify some clause of a sentence which she believed to be important and true. When the scheme for the higher education of women was inaugurated, Miss Dunlop attended Professor Masson's class of English literature, and carried off the first prize.

In the autumn of 1869 she lost her father; and Thomas Davidson, the genial and gifted "Scottish Probationer" (see our second series), to whom she had been betrothed for some years, died in the spring of 1870. Under this double sorrow, her health began to give way. Miss Dunlop, however, entered her elder brother's business, and the tests of excellence in cabinet work; the relative value of the "marks" on china and engravings; the merits and demerits of specimens of *bric-a-brac*; and the quality and probable age of antique oak-carvings—all henceforth became matters of moment in her life. Her brother's business as cabinet-maker, house factor, and dealer in antiques brought her into contact with every grade in the social scale. She developed great powers of adaptability, and soon seemed as much at home when having a "rally" with some "furthy," outspoken goodwife, out upon a house-hunting raid, detailing the tribulations and experiences attendant upon the possession of a small house and a big family, as when discussing points of taste and art with some æsthetic successor in the wareroom. Almost every afternoon literary, artistic, and other friends found their way to the "Glue Pot," as she had named her office, to enjoy a chat. Many and various were the subjects discussed in that room, and much was the vigorous Scotch that was spoken. Miss Dunlop was frequently employed as the almoner of others, and she was not slow to give herself, but she rarely, if ever, bestowed in charity without inquiry. One forenoon a friend entered the wareroom and found her pre-occupied. Asking if any-

thing was wrong, she answered, "I'm trying to think where I can fa' in wi' a pair o' breeks." "Breeks!" exclaimed her friend. "Yes, breeks," she replied, now fully alive to what she was saying. "You would meet an auld man, fair niddert wi' cauld, as you came in. I've lang kent he was puir; but how ill he has been off I had no idea till I almost howked it oot o' him the day—for he's ane o' the rare folks that never complain. Everything that I had to give away is gone, and when you first spoke to me I was trying to devise some plan to get him a pair of breeks for the winter."

Children also made the discovery that she was a friend worth knowing. Upon condition that they did not come oftener than once a week, and that they left pleasantly when she told them, she was prepared to tell or to weave for them fairy and giant stories without end. The poem we quote, "The great snuff cure," was written at intervals to amuse a little invalid friend. If her interest in her native city was not deepened, certainly her knowledge of its buildings was extended through her traversing the Canongate twice daily while she was a pupil at Moray House. She used to tell how she and her companions frequently entered all the closes in the district, and so became familiar with the external configuration of each. Many a Saturday afternoon she and her elder brother—who had possessed a strong interest in such matters from his boyhood—used to visit, and minutely examine, the buildings given over to demolition in the city improvement scheme of Lord Provost Chambers. Both became experts in detecting carved oak underneath abounding coats of oil-paint and white-wash. Her Old Edinburgh lore, held so long in solution of ever growing potency, began to crystallize after her elder brother's appointment to be Joint-Convener of the Old Edinburgh Section of the International Exhibition of 1886. As convener, he undertook to provide a guide-book for

the portion of the building with which he had more immediately to do On talking ever matters with his sister, however, they resolved to produce a volume of more enduring interest than the usual descriptive catalogue. *The Book of Old Edinburgh* was the result. Miss Dunlop's desire to secure the widest interest in the history of Old Edinburgh, and its bygone life and customs, led her to contribute many of her historical papers to the *Scotsman*. She planned a work—the fruit of reminiscences she had noted down from her mother—on Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott. For several years she had also been collecting material for a book against what she styled the idolatory of John Graham of Claverhouse. But none of these purposes was to be carried out. Her health gave way, and it was found that she must undergo a critical operation. After this she rallied for a time, but graver symptoms again appeared, and, after many weeks of almost unbroken agony, she found peace in death in December 1888. The "Biographical Notes" close with these words :—"Long before her last illness she was in the habit of saying—'Doctrines give me little trouble now—but O these Christian graces! If ever I am to come up to the Bible standard, there must be a hantle o' het days and a big hairst mune in store for me.' We know now that there were both."

In the volume "Anent Old Edinburgh"—which, as the title shows, consists of papers on some of the antiquities of the city, and which, in the columns of the *Scotsman*, where they originally appeared, attracted the attention of all who could appreciate real literary genius—the following note is given to the poem we quote, "The Oak Tree" :—"For no one had Miss Dunlop a more loving reverence than for her friend Dr John Brown (*Rab*). They had many tastes, and even more sympathies, in common. Not simply as a record of Dr Brown's appreciation of these

verses, but also as affording a characteristic glimpse of the man himself, we transcribe two sentences from a letter found among the author's papers. The doctor writes :—'I don't know when I have had such a sweet greet into my een as when I read and re-read the fourth double verse beginning "Ae nicht." "For she was mine, and she is mine," and "But at the Pearly Gates I ken she's waitin' me, she's waitin' me," might have been written by Burns in his more solemn moods.' Her comment upon the letter, given in the home Doric after a few minutes' thought, was :—"That sentence about "Burns in his more solemn moods" is—weel, friendship. But, at the same time, the verses maunna be waur than some ither sangs that are published, or Dr John wadna insist sae strongly on my printing them. The "Friendship" would keep him from letting me mak' a fule o' mysel'.'"

## THE GREAT SNUFF CURE.

The Rajah's great war elephant
Has sore bronchitis taken,
A hard cough racks his brawny chest,
And he is spent and shaken.

The Rajah frowns, that stolid man,
His brow grown black with care;
The Ranee weeps and bids her maids
Make haste to rend their hair.

The Court Physician feels the pulse,
Pokes with a stethoscope,
Then shakes his head and orders pills,
But speaks few words of hope.

The Court talk of a marble slab
To tell in letters plain
How "long he bore affliction sore,
And doctors were in vain."

But Sandy Watt, that canny Scot,
Jeered at the awful tale:

"Gie me a week, I'll cure the beast,
My lugs t'ye gin I fail."

He put a "pirnie" on its head,
A striped Kilmarnock "coul";
'Twas his grannie's cure—she lived in Ayr—
He went by rote and rule.

He *creeshed* its nose with candle-ends
Till it shone a coat of mail;
He "stood" its four feet for a bath
In the Ranee's best foot-pail.

He pinned three stockings round its throat,
And rubbed with all his might;
Then pree'd his "sneeshin' mull" for luck,
And nodded "That's all right."

It's little recked that gallant Elph,
Twisting his trunk in pain,
That snuff is dry 'neath Indian sky;
He sniffed it might and main.

"Stop, stop, ye beast; twa ounce at least
Ye've in yer ell-lang nose.
Quick, tak' my napkin," Sandy cries,
"Be wi' us, what a dose!"

Then shook the Elph, and blew and gasped
In throes of anguish there,
And tears poured from his eyes like rain
That instant of despair.

And then he sneezed—and such a sneeze!
'Twas like a cannon's roar;
It blew the Court Physician off
A good Scotch mile and more.

Again he sneezed—and such a sneeze!
Oh, it was loud and free;
It blew the band, drums, shalms, and all,
High up upon a tree.

Again he sneezed—and such a sneeze!
Oh, it was wild and shrill;
As from a bow the courtiers go
Swift o'er the highest hill.

But canny Sandy, safe the while,
Albeit his heart did quail,
Just made his rear position good,
And grasped the patient's tail.

"Puir man, its owre noo," Sandy cries;
"As lang as ye're in heat,
Gang to your bed, and I will bring
A bottle to your feet."

The obedient beast did this behest,
For he knew Sandy well;
And while he sleeps, I'll take a breath
To tell how this befell.

II

A gardener lad was Sandy bred,
A skeely, clever loon;
To push his fortune he had left
Auld Ayr, his native toon.

But how he chanced so far from home
May none but Scotchmen tell,
He's now head-gardener to the Court,
And lines his pockets well.

It chanced the Elph's new bungalow
In Sandy's garden lay,
And Sandy came and stroked its nose,
And brought nuts every day.

And long sly cracks the twosome had,
And ofttimes Sandy swore
His friend had far the longest head
He'd met on Indian shore.

"Guid kens he has nae gift o' tongues
To answer 'Yea' or 'Nay,'
But he's a perfeck polyglot
In kennin' what ye say.

"I speak high English—and his nose
And tail begin to twitch;
I skirl up Gaelic—then he claws
As gin he had the itch.

"I try broad Scotch—then—see, he stands
As douce as ony doo,
Syne wi' his nose he'll ripe my pouch
To fill his gaucy mou'."

III

The Elph slept on, and on, and on,
Amid the deepening gloom,
And Sandy laughed a cunning laugh,
And tip-toed from the room.

And straight returned with—whisht! speak low,
This secret must not spill—
A greybeard of the real "peat-reek"
From "Cheat-the-Gauger's" still.

"Bring some het water," Sandy cries,
"Lassie, as fast's ye can!
We're no' a toddy-kettle rich,
So bring it in a pan."

Therewith began the mystery
Of that pure Scottish brew;
He cocks his eye, he smacks his lips,
Tastes after tastes ensue.

And the Elph arose and shook his limbs—
Another Elph felt he—
He sniffs the air, a connoisseur,
And eyes the "barley bree."

Then scarcely waited "by your leave,"
But tossed the cheerer up.
"Your health," cries Sandy—and the pair
Had each an empty cup.

Syne Sandy fills to Granny's health:
"May she see ninety-nine,
She's keept the lugs upon my head
She often cuffed lang syne."

Cosy and couthie grew the crack,
And blyther grew the glee,
Till Sandy roared a good Scotch sang,
While the Elph blinked jollilie:

"We arena fou, we're no' that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley-bree."

"I'll no' affront ye," Sandy cries,
"I ken ye canna sing;

We'll fill our glass, then do our best
To dance the Hieland fling."

But O that dance! It's past the power
Of mortal tongue and pen!
They double-shuffled, heel-and-toed,
Twirled, cut, and twirled again.

And on they leapt till Sandy fell
Exhausted on the floor,
But the Elph went on in bounding mirth
Three houlachans and more.

The *doch-an-dorach* last of all
They drank with softened glee.
Both Sentiment and Whisky claimed
"The drappie" in their e'e.

Then "Auld Lang Syne" was chaunted through
In rather weeping guise;
At the awful fibs that Sandy sang
His friend glared with surprise.

Yet he no contradiction made—
Mischances might befall;
But "paidlet burns" and "gowans pu'd,"
Sandy believed in all.

"Sae gie's your hand," so Sandy sang,
The Elph thrust out his nose;
And each wrung each right fervently,
Which makes my story close.

## L'Envoi.

Sandy grew Minister of State
All by that dry rapee,
And Cheat-the-Gauger's "peat-reek," fetched
By ship across the sea.

He served the Rajah, swayed the Court,
And smiled, and toiled, and planned;
Then slipped away one canny night
Home to his own Scotland.

Broad lands he bought in Kinekame,
A castle on Carrick shore—
An Eleph's head, snuff-mull in pale,
Are carved above the door.

## THE OAK TREE.

There grew an oak at our house door,
The hame my auld een fain would see,
But miles o' gait and years o' life
Lie 'twixt my native land and me.
Our oak it was the country's pride,
Ne'er grew there sic a gallant tree ;
Wi' memory's een I see it yet—
It saddens me, it gladdens me !

Beneath its shade I dreamed I played,
Through bairn-time's lang, bricht summer day ;
Oh, bairn-time's years ! oh. bairn-time's frien's !
They're wede away, they're wede away.
In dreams I hear the toddlin feet,
The blythesome laugh, the flichterin' glee,
As hand in hand we danced around
Our auld oak-tree, our ain oak-tree.

When winds soughed through our theekit roof
At dead o' nicht, I woke in fear,
Our oak-tree crooned me calm again—
I felt my father's God was near.
When winter's storms blew loud amain,
It tossed its michty airms abroad,
Like some auld patriarch strong in faith,
Prayerful wrestlin' with his God.

Ae nicht the sun was sweer to set,
Switherin' he kissed ilk leafy spray,
Beneath whose shade I socht and found
A love that will be love for aye ;
For she was mine, and she is mine,
Alone I closed her soft black e'e,
But at the Pearly Gates I ken
She's waitin' me, she's waitin' me.

Sunlicht and shower, and blink and blast,
Have found us baith, my ain auld tree ;
But strength is given by might of Heaven
To bear and wear richt gallantlie.
I feel thy sunshine and thy shade,
Though miles across the saut, saut sea,
Methinks I hear thy branches roar,
It heartens me, it heartens me !

# WALTER BUCHANAN.

THE Scottish muse, when she draws her votaries to her (says Mr Thomas Morton, in furnishing us with particulars of the career of this sweet and thoughtful writer) is gloriously indifferent to the surroundings of the subjects of her choice. She enters the Court of the kingdom, and bids the royal James forget the luxuries of his lofty station in the joy of her companionship. She touches with patriotic fire the lips of poor "Blind Harry," the mendicant, and throws her matchless glamour over all his misery. Town and country are alike to her. Ferguson she finds in the streets of Edinburgh; Burns at an Ayrshire plough; one time she sets Tannahill a-singing at his loom; at another she inspires the Ettrick Shepherd on a Selkirk hillside. The smoky city of Glasgow might be thought to forbid her presence, but there she discovers Thomas Campbell ready to beat the rolling drum with inimitable skill, and furnish battle songs for all the English-speaking world. So vigorous is her vitality, she seems to scorn surroundings, and flourish in any atmosphere with equal strength and beauty. The bleak county of Lankarkshire, as we have already shown, has given birth to many poets who have sung as sweetly as if their birthplace were in Arcadia, as if the clear well-spring of thought were undefiled by one taint of sordid things.

The subject of this sketch first saw the light in these smoky regions some five-and-thirty years ago—in the neighbourhood of the great sooty city of Glasgow, within sight of which he has almost ever since resided. His father—a shrewd, intelligent man—sent the boy Walter early to school, having a great faith in the virtues of getting plenty "lair" for his children in their earliest youth. He was just three and a half years of age when he entered school, and it may be

imagined it was not the master's fault if he learned little for a time. Here he passed through the usual curriculum of a parochial school—got the elements of mathematics; "a little Latin and less Greek"; a thorough grinding in English grammar, according to Lindley Murray; and, above all, a love of reading and a thirst for knowledge, which he never lost. The lad was soon apprenticed to the pen, and entered the colliery office of Mr J. P. Kidston, of Newton, where his father was then a manager. Our poet afterwards joined the office staff of James Dunlop & Co., Clyde Iron Works, where he continued his commercial career. These works are famous as the place where the discovery of "hot blast," by James Beaumont Neilson, took place, which revolutionized the iron trade of Scotland. They are, with one exception, the oldest establishment of the kind in the kingdom, having been over 100 years in existence, and they will be remembered as the inspiring of Sandy Rodger's lines—

> The moon does fu' weel when the moon's in the lift,
> But, oh! the loose limmer tak's mony a shift—
> Whiles here, an' whiles there, an' whiles under a hap;
> But your's is the steady licht, Colin Dunlap.

Mr Buchanan at present holds the responsible appointment of Secretary to the Company there. It is worthy of note that on Mr David Wingate (an honoured name in our minstrelsy) coming some years ago to reside in the district, the two poets, naturally enough, got acquainted with each other, and a warm friendship sprung up between them, which culminated in our young poet marrying a daughter of the esteemed and worthy Scottish bard.

Mr Buchanan has from his boyhood been a pushing, go-ahead worker in the walks of journalism and poesy. While yet a lad at school he contributed verses, under assumed names, to various local papers—verses which

evinced wonderful talent and literary finish in one so young. Drifting on to higher work, with that earnestness of purpose and perseverance which have characterised his whole life, he then began writing special articles for the *Glasgow Daily Herald* and other leading newspapers. Though sharing much success as a writer of prose, he never forgot his early love for the muse, his poems appearing at regular intervals in high-class magazines. Indeed, it is as a poet he is most generally known. To "Good Words," "Life and Work," and other well-known journals, he has contributed many poems that stamp him as a sterling and accomplished poet. As showing the versatility of his muse, it may be mentioned he has also done not a little for one of the leading comic journals of the West. His poems are always chaste and beautiful; his language, though often vigorous, is always choice. Indeed, it is characteristic of him that no verse leaves his pen without receiving the highest literary polish and artistic finish that his finely cultured intellect can bestow upon it.

Mr Buchanan is an esteemed member of the Glasgow Ballad Club, many of whose sweet singers have been noticed in this work. He is also President of the Cambuslang Literary Association, and takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to the intellectual welfare of the district in which he resides. The poems appended to this sketch—"Three Score and Ten," and the beautiful lines, "The Sower," were contributed to "Life and Work;" "The Harvest Sang" and "The Minister's Coo" are from a volume still in manuscript.

## THREESCORE AND TEN.

There isna a hame, unless it be heaven,
Nae haine was there e'er like oor wee but an' ben,

Where love lichts the e'e, an' faith fin's a blessin',
In a' that befa's us at threescore an' ten.

Some fifty lang years ha'e seen us housekeepin';
Aft warstlin' wi' fate, an' wi' little to spen',
But puirtith sits licht on the honest and carefu',
An' oor aumry's no' toom e'en at threescore an' ten.

Twa sons ha'e lang lain in the cauld clay o' Kirkland,
While ane's fand a grave far awa' yont oor ken;
Oor ae bonnie dochter death tore frae oor bosom,
And left us fu' lanely at *twascore* an' ten.

Yet life's but a day, frae the dawn to the darkenin',
So sunshine and shadows maun be to the en';
But the Lord's been aye kin', e'en in trials the sairest,
An' He hasna forsook us at threescore an' ten.

Ah, it's no routh o' gear that can mak' auld hearts happy,
Nor walth o' guid frien's, though wi' baith we may fen,
For it's grace an' contentment that life's bitters sweeten,
An' cheer us, when dowie, at threescore an' ten.

In the gloamin' o' life we've haen rest frae oor sorrows,
Unvex'd by the fears a dark future may sen';
Though the nicht's drawin' near, hope cleaves its grim shadows,
An' points us still upwards at threescore an' ten.

Death's ca' at the door is but seldom made welcome,
For pairtin' is what we a' seek to forfen';
But ower lang ha'e we waited an' watched for his comin'
To be frayed by his presence at threescore an' ten.

## THE MINISTER'S COW.

The minister's cow, the hale parish can tell,
Is big, broon, an' kin', like the minister's sel',
An' twa glowin' een, 'neath a grave, solemn brow,
Blink a welcome to a' frae the minister's cow.

Weans, clappin' her whiles as she stauns in the byre,
Hae seen in her een their ain faces on fire!
An' the saft, glossy hair, that their fingers gang thro'
Mak's it gran' to get straikin' the minister's cow.

Quate an' canny at milkin' time ever is she,
Nor fashious when oot on the glebe's open lea—
Though dougs barkit lang, an' flees roun' her flew,
She aye kep' her temper, the minister's cow.

An' her big-hearted bachelor maister likes weel
Frae his study an' sermon at gloamin' to steal,
To keek in an' ca' for a cog reamin' fu'
O' the rich warm wine as it comes frae the cow.

'Tis said, too, in daytime, when walkin' alane,
Heart-wearit wi' worryin' cares o' his ain,
An' cares o' his flock, neither lichtsome nor few,
He'll gang an' mak' frien's wi' his ain patient cow.

Ay, an' mony's the lesson she reads him, he says,
When fain he would yield to the warl's grumblin' ways,
A calm an' content whiles 'ill come like the dew
On the mind, as he stauns by his quate, canny cow.

We mortals, wha think oorsels maisters an' mair
Ower the lower creation in earth, sea, an' air,
When wild passions move us, an' quarrels ensue,
Micht do waur than—like him—tak' a thocht on his cow.

Contentment an' peace in her dumb face are seen,
An' kindness is pictured fu' deep in her een ;
The warl' sair needs these to better't, I trow,
Sae let's a' tak' a swatch frae the minister's cow.

## AWA' WI' SANGS O' SORROW.

### A HARVEST SONG.

Awa' wi' sangs o' sorrow,
  When a' the earth is blythe ;
When in the gladsome meadow
  There swings the gleaning scythe.
Let's wed to happy measure
  A canty sang the while,
And lilt its gleefu' ripplin'
  To cheer the reaper's toil.
Sae banish dule an' trouble
  That fain oor joys wad steal ;
Be blythe as hares in stubble,
  As mice amang the meal !

For autumn's golden comin'
  We sighed ilk ruddy morn,
And aft at dewy gloamin'
  Lang watched the ripenin' corn ;
The anxious hours, slow passin',
  Hae brocht us joy at last—
They flood the haughs wi' plenty,
  An' bid oor fears be past !

Sae rhymes we'll freely double
To shape the strain we feel ;
As fond as hares in stubble,
As mice amang the meal !

What though, wi' leaves thick fa'in,
The woods are gettin' thin,
The harvest birr and bustle
Should droon a' ither din.
Oor store is sure for winter,
Oor barns are burstin' fu' ;
Could mortal heart, resistin',
Keep back the thanks that's due ?
Let's sing, though Hope's soap bubble
Aft breaks on Fortune's wheel,
As prood as hares in stubble,
As mice amang the meal.

" Life's reapin' time is comin',"
Some hear the harvest say ;
" An', think ye, will the threshin'
Expectit ootcome ha'e ?"
Sic thochts will come unca'd for,
As if to check oor mirth ;
But let us face them manfu'
An' learn to bless their birth ;
For aft they'll cheer in trouble,
An' help life's braes to speil,
E'en blythe as hares in stubble,
As mice amang the meal !

## "THE SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW.

The Sower went forth to sow,
Laden with golden grain,
While the soft south winds did blow,
And the furrows were moistened again,
The Sower went forth to sow.

And the seed in the sweet springtime
Touched the earth with a thrill,
While the Sower, with musical chime,
Sang and sowed with a will
The seed in the sweet springtime.

And this was the song he sung
All to the listening land,
As over its generous breast he flung

The seed with generous hand,
This was the song he sung :

"O, the Lord, He cometh again !
Life and joy He brings,
With sunshine, and shadow, and rain,
Abundant to bless all things—
The Lord, He cometh again !

' And, Mother of Green, to thee
Glory of birth is given,
To succour those germs of life, and be
The bearer of bread from Heaven,
Mother of Green, by thee.

Till over a jubilant world
Plenty and beauty are seen,
And the banner of love once more is unfurl d
Where often that banner hath been,
Over a jubilant world !"

So, in the sweet springtime,
Touching the earth with a thrill,
And so, to a musical chime,
The seed was sown with a will
And a faith, in the sweet springtime.

## GEORGE WILLIAMS.

REV. GEORGE WILLIAMS is one of the many worthy, gifted, and distinguished Aberdeenshire men who think Scotland would not be Scotland without their native county. He was born forty-four years ago in the parish of Leochel-Cushnie. This upland parish has been singularly prolific of men that have "breasted the blows of circumstance," and attained positions of influence. The old parochial school paved the way to the University, and the University of Aberdeen has made not Scotland only,

but the world, richer in men of learning and usefulness. Leaving the parish school of Cushnie, Mr Williams entered the University soon after the junction of King's and Marischal Colleges. On completing the arts' curriculum, he received an educational appointment in North Wales, which he filled for three years. Returning to Aberdeen, he commenced the usual course of study for the ministry of the Free Church, of which Church his father is an ardent adherent and elder. He was licensed by the Free Presbytery of Alford, and sent out to undergo the inevitable ups and downs of the Scotch probationer, "frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats." Eleven years ago he was ordained as colleague and successor to the Free Church minister of Norrieston, in the beautiful vale of Menteith.

Almost all Mr Williams' poetical pieces have appeared from time to time in the Aberdeen *Weekly Free Press*, which is edited by one of the best Scotchmen living—Dr Alexander, the author of "Johnny Gibb." He has written a number of very tender and thoughtful "guidly ballants" in the expressive Aberdeenshire dialect. These, by their warm sympathy and delicate preception of character, remind us of George Macdonald's beautiful ballads of the same nature, and they afford clear evidence of a soul keenly observant of life's experiences, and imbued with true poetic feeling. His miscellaneous verse are marked by a rich vein of quiet humour, lively fancy, and a hearty appreciation of Scottish character.

### FA'S MY NEIPER?

A dominie, fu' pert an' prood,
Lap up an' spiert afore the crood
  Foo he cud win salvation?
Quo' Christ, "Ye needna come tae me;
Gyang till the Bible, there ye'll see—
  Ye'll ken God's Revelation?
'*Love God the first; thy neighbour next,*''

An' like a buik he said the text—
His catechis he kent.
"Ay, ay," said Christ, "love God an' men,
An' 'mon' the leevin' ye'll win ben—
Ye'll nae be left ahint."

The dominie noo plainly saw
He ne'er had soucht to keep that law;
An's hert the tither read.
He micht hae owned sae, frank an' free,
But aye remained the dominie,
An' "Fa's my neiper?" said.
An' syne the story Christ begood
To teach the man, forby's the crood,
Whilk list'nin' stud aroon':
There was a chiel, it maksna wha,
In riefin' times wha set awa'
To reach a muckle toon.

His road led thro' a fearsome wud,
A howff o' highwaymen wha stud
Demandin' purse or life.
'Twas far fae mows to gyang that wye,
For they made sikker o' their prey,
The men o' sturt an' strife.
Weel, as the traiv'ller trudged alang,
Oot owre the dyke the robbers sprang,
An' gripped fate'er they not;
Syne leeshed awa', an' left him there,
Bumbaized an' birsed an' bleedin sair
Wi' dirds an' dunts he got.

Noo in a jiffie by there cam'
A parson sweatin' in a dwaum
For fear o's claes or purse;
Fane'er he saw the wounded man
He tuik till's heels, an' aff he ran—
He thocht he micht get worse.
A poor inspector neist cam' by,
And saw the sicht, but leet it lie—
It wasna in his pairish.
"Some ane," quo' he, "sud interfere;
But, sang! I daurna daccle here,
Sic things gar us be warish."

An auld horse couper syne appears,
Fouk ca'ed him roch, but ilk ane hears
Fat winna stan' the test;
An' showdin' on his shaltie saw,
An' bann'd the robbers ane an' a',

An' loupit aff his beast.
He lifts the body up, an' said—
"Peer stock! O tell me, are ye dead?
O' woun's ye've got your share.
There's life! there's life!" He dichts the mou',
An' ties a napkin roon' the broo,
An' bann'd the rascals mair.

The couper hadna muckle can,
But couthie hert mak's skeelie han',
An' daes instead o' leir.
He tuik a flaskie, heeld him up,
An' coupit owre his throat a sup,
An' doctor'd him wi' care.
He heised him on the pownie's back,
An' syne he gae his whup a knack—
The pownie joggit on.
He fuish him till an inn, an' said—
"I've brocht a man I fan' half deid
Near by the Reivers' Loan.

"I'm sayin', landlord, 'ten' him weel,
An' dinna grudge him aucht, peer chiel.
Gweed saif's fae fat he got!"
A puckle shillin's he flang doon,
An' promised mair fan he cau' roon',
Gin ony mair were not.
Spiers Christ—"Noo, whilk o' a' the three
Was neiper?" Quo' the dominie—
"The couper I wad say."
"Awa', an' help faever needs,
An' min' that by sic kin'ly deeds
Salvation ye will hae.'

## THE PEER BLIN' MAN.

My neipers were tentie as neipers cud be,
An' nane o' them a' grudged a kin'ness to me,
They len'd me their een—feint a styme cud I see
But they pitied the peer blin' man.

I link'd here an' there, an' scaff'd up and doun,
I was kent till ilka guidwife i' the toun,
An' the laddies an' lassies a' roun' an' roun'
E'en pitied the peer blin' man.

I gaed forth ae mornin' inten'in' to sit
Till the licht gart my blin' een blink a bit,
Fan' some o' my neipers cam' speed o' fit,
'Cause they pitied the peer blin' man.

"Yon Ane has come to the village," they cried;
"Get up, man, an' haste ye—He's nae like to bide—
An' He'll bore oot the blin' holes, binna ye fleyt,
Ay, He'll pity the peer blin' man."

They tuik baith my airms to rug me alang,
Sae we scoured owre the road as fest's we cud gyang,
Till they brocht me to Him i' the mids' o' the thrang,
To pity the peer blin' man.

He tuik hauds o' my han' an' led me awa'
Oot o' the toonie a rig len'th or twa;
By the grips o' His fingers brawly I saw
He had pitied the peer blin' man.

The deemie wha keeps her hoose snod an' right,
Rubs an' scrubs up the lozens to lat in the licht,
An' gyangs owre them again gin they dinna look bricht,
Sae He pitied the peer blin' man.

I was blecket at first to ken fowk ava,
They seemed timmer sodgers steed up in a ra',
Or meevin' like sticks even up an' doun a',
But He pitied the peer blin' man.

Wi' His fingers again He rubb'd owre my een,
Syne pointed oot something, or some Ane abeen,
An' bade me nae mouban' fat he had deen;
Sae He pitied the peer blin' man.

## JOHN ROBIESON'S CAIRT WHEEL

John Robieson bides in a hoose by him lane;
'Twad ding ye to ken the but frae the ben;
The wyte wasna his, for it lay wi' the wife
Whilk Johnny ne'er soucht a' the days o' his life.

His pownie was auld, an' the graith was the same,
An' the cairtie ahint was the marrow to them;
Its axle was booed sae 'at this gart a wheel
Gyang wigglety wagglety roon like an eel.

Said ane o' his neibors, "John something's amiss;
Fat is't sets the wheel awamblin' like this?"
Quo' John wi' his usual familiar nod,
"It's e'en walin' oot the best bits o' the road."

Guid luck to ye, John, may ye thrive at yer trade,
An' luck to the lassie whilk ye micht hae wed!
An' a thro' life's journey, fan oucht hauds us doon,
We'll aye try an' min' hoo yer cairt wheel rins roon.

### HAME—FAT AN' FAUR IS'T

Three sons o' men fell in wi' Him
'At was the Son o' Man—
"I'm gyaun to gyang wi' ye, ' quo' ane ;
In token here's my han'."
Fairforth the gate the Maister taul'
Foo ill-aff he mith be ;
God's warkmen hae to work ; their hame
Is faur there's wark to dee.
Foxes hae holes, an' birdies nests—
Hames they can ca' their nain—
But e'en the Son o' Man Himsel'
Has neither but nor ben.
He ca'ed the second till His side,
An' said, "Come ye wi' Me."
"Na, nae e'enoo : my fader's deid,
An' beeriet he maun be."
But him He taul' to come an' lea
The deid to beerie their deid ;
For leevin' men wi' deein' souls
O' help steed maist in need.
The servant sud aye ready be
To lea' baith kith an' kin
An' a'thing else, to gyang an' fesh
The bonnie kingdom in.
The third ane cam', cries "I'm yer man,
For wark I'm ready aye ;
An' sae I'se set my waas hame
To bid my fouk good-bye."
Till him He said, "Pit tee yer han'
An' grip wi' a' yer micht,
For owre yer shooder gin ye luik
Ye canna haud aricht "

## P. J. M'MAHON.

MR M'MAHON, though he cannot claim Scotland as the place of his nativity, having been born at Carrickfergus, in the North of Ireland, in the year 1860, has virtually resided in Scotland all his life, coming hither with parents in 1864, and has resided

in Glasgow since 1874. To his mother's familiarity with, and hearty appreciation of, the poems and songs of Burns, which she was never weary of reciting or singing to him in his childhood and early youth, Mr M'Mahon considers that he is mainly indebted for any facility he may possess in writing Scottish verse; and we have to say that in this respect he has achieved more than mediocrity. His first published verse was in the *Bailie* about the year 1880, and since then he has found leisure, while busily engaged in commercial pursuits, to contribute with welcome acceptance, under various "pen-names," both pathetic and humorous songs and verses to a considerable number of journals and periodicals, such as the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, the *People's Friend*, the *Scottish Nights*, the *Hamilton Advertiser*, &c. While Mr M'Mahon modestly disclaims any pretensions to being "much of a poet," yet all who are acquainted with his compositions must admit that he is really gifted with no small degree of the poetical faculty, altogether apart from "the mere mechanical trick" of writing good rhyme. For he has a distinctly keen eye for the beauties of Nature, "in a' her shows and forms," which our great Scottish poet tells us has charms for all pensive and feeling hearts. This is evinced by his descriptions of cycling tours through different districts of Scotland. The fact that Mr M'Mahon gained the first prize in a cycling song competition offered by the proprietors of the *People's Friend*, among some formidable rivals, is of itself very significant. One of his happiest pieces is his "New Year's Greeting" to his cycle, *a la* Burns, which appeared in the *Scottish Cyclist*, and in which there are some fine tender touches, as well as a certain pawky humour. Mr M'Mahon's prize cycling song, "The Knights of the Wheel," is also a felicitous specimen of his abilities as a spirited writer of easy flowing verse. His pathetic pieces—"Wee

Jeannie" and "Mary"—have a peculiar charm of their own, while "Oor Ain Kailyaird" is a sample of his happy Scottish vein, and "The Blacksmith" is also a pleasing specimen of one of his most popular pieces, and shows his dexterity in musical rhythm and rhyme.

Mr M'Mahon has not yet published his compositions in book-form, having hitherto been content with the approval of his private circle of friends and acquaintances and any temporary reputation that might be gained by the occasional appearance of pieces in the local papers. But it is to be hoped that he may ere long make a collection of his songs and poems—most of which, as we have already mentioned, were written during rare and brief intervals of leisure—and thus delight a much wider circle of lovers of genuine Scottish verse.

### WEE JEANIE.

Sweeter than the clover, waving on the lea,
Brighter than the morning, blythe as any bee,
Airy like a fairy, fanciful and free—
Joy of the Ingleside was she.

Cheerful as a cherub chanting in the skies,
Love's own light illumined both her beaming eyes;
Blinks of heaven's brightness 'sooth they seemed to be—
Joy of the Ingleside was she.

Joy was in the patter of her fairy feet,
Mirth and music mingled in her accents sweet.
Just a little jewel, glowing, full of glee—
Joy of the Ingleside was she.

But the fairest flow'ret is the first to fade!
Now, alas! wee Jeanie sleepeth in the shade—
Sleepeth 'neath yon weeping, woeful, willow-tree—
Ah! joy of the Ingleside was she.

### MARY.

When summer was blending her odours and sending
A breath of sweet incense o'er hillock and plain,

No balm-breathing flower in meadow or bower
Was sweeter or brighter than Mary Macmayne.

When linnets were chanting in valley and planting,
And swallows flew wanton o'er tower and tree,
No linnet was blyther, no swallow was lither,
Nor lark in the heavens sang sweeter than she!

But when autumn tendered what spring had engendered,
And slowly surrendered to winter's chill sway,
With swallows then flying, to brighter lands hieing,
And sweet flowers dying, she vanished away.

Ah! why did you follow the flow'ret and swallow?
Ah! why has thou left me thine absence to mourn?
Sweet spring brings the flowers all back to the bowers,
But Mary, dear Mary, thou'lt never return.

Now wild winds are sweeping, where Mary lies sleeping,
The winter-clouds deepen Dalbeth's awful gloom;
And cold is her pillow beneath the lone willow,
That weepeth in solitude over her tomb!

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL.

Sweetly the incense of summer's ascending,
Meadows and woodlands are blooming and gay;
Throstle and linnet and laverock are lending
Voices of sweetness to wile us away.
Highways again are seen
Fringed in the freshest green,
Meet for the cyclist's fleet charger of steel;
Let every cyclist then
Take to the road again—
Houp la! hurrah for the road and the wheel!

*Chorus*—Houp la! Three ringing cheers
Give for our chevaliers—
Knights of the cycle, all gallant and leal;
Make the wild echoes ring,
Let every cyclist sing—
Houp la! hurrah for the knights of the wheel!

Onward, my lads—here we go altogether,
Speeding by hill and dale—roaming afar;
Seeking the blaze of the broom and the heather,
Viewing each rugged hill—noting each scar.
On, where pellucid rills
Tinkle adown the hills;

On where the roaring, wild torrent doth reel,
Heedless of rood or mile.
Onward, and shout the while—
Houp la! hurrah for the knights of the wheel!

Fleetly we fly by the fall and the fountain,
Blythely we dash by the far-spreading lea;
Gaily we glide by the moorland and mountain,
Swiftly we sweep by the side of the sea.
Fleet as the lordly stag
Bounding from crag to crag,
Onward career our good chargers of steel,
While over hill and plain
Rings forth the glad refrain—
Houp la! hurrah for the knights of the wheel!

Fleet is the steed that the Arab c resses,
Deeming it dearer than all else beside;
Swift is the steed that the Indian possesses,
But fleeter by far are the steeds we bestride.
Yet neither whip nor thong
Urges our steeds along,
No goading rowel need we at our heel;
But free as air we fly
Over the road, and cry—
Houp la! hurrah for the knights of the wheel!

## "OOR KAIL-YAIRD."

We had a braw bit gairden, the brawest in the toun,
It aye bloomed sweet an' bonnie whan the simmer time cam' roun';
For curlies, neeps, an' syboes it never was compared,
An' mony a bonnie flower bloomed in oor kail-yaird.

We'd speerymint an' roses, an' southernwood an' thyme;
We'd bonnie lilies drooping sae tenderly sublime,
An' blooming berrybushes against the wa' were reared—
Oh! I couldna name the flowers a' in oor kail-yaird.

Sae witching were the flowers, sae tempting were they a',
That whiles some lad or lassie wad pilfer ane or twa;
My granny never bothered, but like a sage declared—
"Oh! there's mony a bonny flower yet in oor kail-yaird."

Just five-an'-twenty simmers hae shed their gowden rays,
Sin' first I heard my grannie articulate the phrase,
An' aft sin' syne I've used it, in great an' sma' regaird—
Oh! there's mony a bonnie flower yet in oor kail-yaird.

In "dools and disappointments," when things gang to the wa',
An' fortune, fickle hussy, begins to twist an' thraw,
Oor hearts may yet cling to a hope, when words like thae are heard,
Oh! there's mony a bonnie flower yet in oor kail-yaird.

To ilka jilted lover—ilk unrequited swain,
Whose love was love in earnest, but yet was love in vain,
There's consolation in the words—their balm should ne'er be spared—
Oh! there's mony a bonnie flower yet in oor kail-yaird.

The lassies are like flow'rets, an' varied is their bloom,
An' gin they be ower saucy, then never fash your thoom,
Nor raise a murmur should ae jaud your feelings disregaird,
For there's mony anither flower yet in oor kail-yaird.

An' should ye put *the* question—the question o' your life,
An' ask some winsome lassie to be your loving wife,
An' gin you're unsuccessful in getting nicely paired,
Sing—There's mony a bonnie flower yet in oor kail-yaird.

## "BANGIN' THE BA'."

*Air*—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

Oor daddies lang syne, wi' an auld clouty ba',
Aft played at the rounders an' shinty an' a';
Wi' swirlie auld shinties, baith runkled an' lang,
The sooty auld clooty gat mony a bang.
Ilk rooshoch young birkie wad strive for the "hail,"
An' gar his auld cudgel flee roun' like a flail;
Or rinning the dules he ay joukit wi' glee,
Inviting the creischer to put oot his e'e.
But noo oor gleg swankies an' swathels an' a'
Hae new-fashioned capers when bangin' the ba'.

Nae shinty or cudgel is noo ta'en in haun'—
The days o' the duddy auld clouty are gone;
Ilk geglet and billie noo tries his best leg
On a ba' that wad stap up the gab o' Mons Meg.
Their *shins noo* are shinties, their taes are the runts,
That gie the guid blether some flochtersome dunts;
They kick it, an' breist it, an' buff it an' a'—
They've gotten sic ways noo o' bangin' the ba'.

Oot ower the gowans like maukins they rin,
To sen' the ba' up cheek-for-chow wi' the mune;
Gin the day be a wat ane they plout in ilk pouk,
Like eels in a dub they a' wiggle an' jouk.

For win', weet, or cranreuch they care no' a feg,
But face a' like deevils, an' never tak' fleg.
They dunsh, spritt, an' sproozle wi' great wirrablaa ;—
L'd, man ! ye sud see them when bangin' the ba'.

Ma fegs ! 'tis a sicht when some spawl drochie chiel
Gets on to the ba' an' scoots aff like the deil ;
He spanks thro' the ithers as gin they were straes,
The ba' seemin' tethered the while to his taes,
Till nearing the timmers he gies it a blaud
That nane but the deevil in person could haud ;
What hurlie-go-thorow ! what brag an' what blaw !
Comes oot o' this wee bit o' bangin' the ba'.

There's ae thing displeases an auld man like me,
An' that's when some billie gets dung craigagee,
Or spun like a peery, or cuist in the glaur,
When fechting up brawly in siccan a war.
There's aye twa'r three couts wha hae gotten the trick
O' takin' the *man*, no' the ba' when they kick ;
And sic, I wad say, should be hung in a raw—
They're fitter for that, sirs, than bangin' the ba'.

Then lang may auld Scotland hersel' haud the lead,
An' aye ding the callants wha dwall Sooth the Tweed,
An' may her escutcheon undented aye gleam—
The pride o' ilk player, the joy o' ilk team !
Let nane bring dishonour on her or the game,
But haud to this motto—fair play is a gem ;
Tho' *foes* for the meenit, we're brithers an' a',
Sae let nane forget that when bangin' the ba'.

## THE BLACKSMITH.

Cling, clang, clong !
In the smithy
All day long,
With steady beat and pithy,
The merry, merry smith he
Plays a tune :
Clang, clong, cling !
The intonations ring,
Ding, dong, dell !
Like a bell.
And his clinging, clonging clangour
Dispelleth care and langour ;
To the weary
And the dreary,
'Tis a boon.

Ting, tong, tang !
And a tingle ;
Cling, clong, clang !
A jangle and a jingle,
And many sounds commingle
Beneath the shaky shingle
Of his shed.
Cling, clong, clell !
Hear his music swell ;
Clang, clong, cling !
Hear him ring ;
Oh, his joyful anvil chorus
Somehow bringeth up before us
The pleasures
And the treasures
That are fled.

Cling, clang, clong !
Ever scorning
To lie long
In his bed in the morning,
He waketh with the warning
Of the cock.
Blow, blow, blow !
Then his bellows go ;
And their raving and their roaring,
Their snorting and their snoring,
Send glancing
Sparks a-dancing
Up the stalk.

Cling, clong, clang
Hear the clamour ;
Twang, twang, twang !
From anvil, sledge, and hammer,
Such a pæan throws a glamour
O'er us all.
Ting, tong, ting !
The deep vibrations bring
Back old rhymes
Of old times.
Ah, how many scenes of childhood,
By river, mead, and wild wood,
The glamour
Of his clamour
Somehow doth recall !

## A NEW-YEAR'S GREETIN'.

Guid morn to ye, my farrant meere,
Guid morn, an' eke a guid New-Year ;

Lang be ye spar't, unspavined, fier,
An' souple still,
That ye may e'en outspeed the deer
That range the hill.

Tho' new'rday morn, I may be statin',
I've brocht ye nocht for masticatin',
Nor e'en a drap invigoratin',
To warm your gums—
For weel I ken ye're hybernatin'
Till spring time comes.

I stabled ye in bleak November,
An' cauldrife socht the warmin' ember;
But soon as died dull, dank December
I cam' to see ye—
Your service guid I thus remember,
An' praises gie ye.

You've cost me naething for your feedin',
Nor fient a haet e'en for your cleidin',
But day by day ye roamed unheedin',
The flaunts o' style;
An' only whinnied low when needin
A wee drap oil.

A braver naig was ne'er bestrode,
A fleeter ane ne'er ta'en the road;
Nae huntsman ever tally-hoed
Astride a better;
Abroad thou needst nae spur to goad,
At hame nae fetter.

Tho' some folk sneer because you're "wee,"
You're big an' swift eneuch for me.
Some leuch because nae tail they see
To scaur the clegs,
But 'neath your hide nae vampire flee
Shall e'er lay eggs.

Far hae we roamed baith morn an e'en,
By woodland wild and meadow green;
An' whaur the ramblin' river's sheen
Shone siller bright;
An' true an' sicker thou hast been—
Morn, noon, an' night.

## NELLIE JOHNSON AGNEW.

MISS NELLIE JOHNSON AGNEW was born in Glasgow in 1868, and resided there till the death of her mother, whom she lost when a girl of ten. She then removed with the family to the little ancient rustic village of Torphichen, Linlithgowshire, where she spent six years very happily, attending the village school, developing a decided taste for painting, poetry, and music, and rambling delightedly amid the beautiful scenery of that rural district. In a characteristic letter to a friend, Miss Agnew thus describes the locality:—"In the country, our house was situated, I think, in the loveliest possible spot, and, for miles around, we had unrestricted freedom to romp about. We were half a mile from the village of Torphichen, hemmed in on two sides by plantations, skirting the base of low-lying hills, plentifully abounding with wild fruit, game, foxes, and warbling birds, whose chanting from morning to night by the brooklet's side used almost to set my heart on fire with wild joy. In front of our house flowed a pure crystal stream of water, overhung by a great hawthorn hedge, a tangled mass, crowned in early summer with a wealth of creamy blossom. On the streamlet's banks were our own never-to-be-forgotten gardens—four very curious little patches—where our nurse taught us to spend an hour or so every morning, before leaving for school, weeding, watering, and tending our flowers. My garden plot enclosed a pretty rockery, the collecting of rare stones, pebbles, shells, and curiosities for the decoration of which occupied many of my spare hours."

When sixteen years of age, the family returned to the city, where Miss Agnew has since resided for about one half of each year. This change she much regretted;

for the quiet beauty and the solitude of country life have always had great attractions for her sensitive, imaginative, and reflective spirit. After school days, at home, she continued diligently to prosecute her literary studies—Shakspere, Burns, Scott, Goldsmith, Hogg, Charles Lamb, and Dickens being among her favourite authors. With a view, even then, to a literary career, from the age of twelve she has continuously kept a diary, embodying incidents, stories, thoughts, and suggestions for possible future use, and a valuable mine it may some day prove.

From almost her earliest years her love for nature and poetry has been intense; but although she attempted verse—writing it on her slate when at school—she was eighteen before she penned her first poem—on "Night,"—as it was afterwards published. Her verses have appeared in the *Weekly Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, the *Weekly Mail*, the *People's Journal*, &c., and we hope to see them ere long collected in volume form.

We would call special attention to one interesting feature of her writings; for, as many ladies now a-days, among other forms of healthful exercise or recreation, along with their brothers, take kindly to the art of good old Isaac Walton—who in his prayers always thanked God for "leisure to go an angling"—we have much pleasure in introducing one who not only herself follows the gentle craft, but ably sings the praise of that thoughtful pastime which some of her sisters choose to indulge in by loch and river. Miss Agnew is also the authoress of a brilliant prize paper in prose, called "Angling in the Highlands," giving a lady's vivid and picturesque view of the rivers and lochs in the romantic district through which the Oban railway runs. In her paper we have information and practical details relating to the handling of the rod, and also descriptions of the surrounding "grand varied scenery

of rocky mountains, wild pouring rivers, fairy glens, and lovely lochs," with allusions to their stirring historical associations and weird legends. Miss Agnew is at present engaged on a romance of Avonside, called "Rob Gib's Castle," the scenes of which are laid in Linlithgowshire about the time of Flodden, and founded on the traditions and legends of the district. The cultured reader will appreciate her delicate, yet firm, artistic touch, in the following poems, particularly when describing nature; while her fishing songs would not be out of place in Walton, or Wotton; and the fine poem called "The Thunder Storm" is a powerful creation, skillfully modulated with all the artlessness of high art, so that it produces a pleasing effect on the mind, not unlike a grand symphony of of Haydn or Mendelssohn.

## THE THUNDERSTORM.

### BEFORE.

Quiet, oh! so quiet; in death's own sleep
Nature appears entombed;
No sound pervades the solemn air,
Heaven's brilliancy seems doomed.

Clouds, motionless, like curtains drawn,
Obscure the azure dome,
The noontide sun no gleam imparts
From its celestial home.

No zephyr stirs the woodland leaves,
Or frets the frowning sea;
The soft, gray mist, like gauzy veil,
Drapes mountain, glen, and lea.

'Mid sheltering bowers, whose glossy leaves
Droop sad and wearily;
The plumaged warblers of the wood
Cower mute and eerily.

---

O, night! O mighty tempest! glorious in your wrath,
Ablaze with vivid lightning, mountain, sea, and strat

Lo ! the curtained vault of heaven, like a fiery plain,
Flashing, glowing, waning, then darkened all again.

Darker, blacker, grows the sky, fearful silence reigns,
Hark ! upon the curtained air, from its mystic chains,
Rolls the awful thunder through the deepening gloom,
Like a gleam of peace and light issuing from the tomb.

Behold ! the dull clouds sever, down a deluge pours,
Blending with its fury, mountain torrent roars;
Woful, rustling, sighing winds, troubled moaning sea,
Mingle with the thunder's loud roar of revelry.

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AFTER.

Bright, oh ! so bright ; the storm is past,
And Nature smiles once more ;
Rich music fills the fragrant air,
The tempest's strife is o'er.

Float now o'er the blue sky's bosom,
Clouds like silvery isles ;
From that radiant pavilion
The golden sunbeam smiles.

Soft breezes stir the leafy bowers,
Begemmed with raindrops still ;
Rippled, the dimpled humming sea
Sings with the turbid rill.

The misty shroud of the mountain
Melts like a dream away ;
While woodland minstrels loudly chant
On every gleaming spray.

## THE STREAMLET.

Sparkle, little streamlet, in the morning sun,
Through the bright green valleys, from the hills you run,
Singing with the laverock soaring in the sky,
Trickling past the dewy flowers, o'er the stones you hie.

Flow on, little streamlet, through the sunny noon,
By the shadowy woodlands, to your own sweet tune ;
Dashing quickly all the way till the sea you reach,
Flashing on the golden sands of the shining beach.

Shine on, little streamlet, afternoon is here,
Twilight shadows soft and deep now are drawing near ;
Gleam a little longer in the farewell rays,
To the glorious setting sun, chanting golden lays.

## COME WITH ME IN MY LIGHT-BUILT BOAT.

Come with me in my light-built boat,
Down the stream let us slowly float,
Steering our course with gentle hand,
Eyeing with rapture the beauteous strand.
The rustling trees entwined o'erhead,
Flower and bracken and foliage dead,
Young nestlings fledged, and upward flown,
All mourn for summer dead and gone.

Golden the grain this autumn day
Gleams in its ripened majesty,
Glittering the tints of hill and vale,
Changing in hue as on we sail.
Pale yellow leaves, sere, red, and brown,
Withered and dead, fall softly down ;
The purple heath, each wild flower gay,
Hath sunk 'neath death's imperious sway.

Swallow and swift have fled away
To southern climes of brighter day—
Grieving to gaze on faded flowers,
They sought the haunts of fresher bowers.
Saw they no beauty in yellow corn,
In scarlet hip, or crimsoned thorn ?
Could hazel nut or forest sere
Not tempt these birds to linger here ?

Nature forbade that they should pine
O'er waning autumn's drear decline,
Or face the winds of winter drear,
The saddest time of all the year.
But soon the gladsome spring will smile,
And, back once more, the wanderers wil
Back to haunt their natal clime,
And revel in mid-summer's prime.

## THE QUEEN OF LAKES.

Come, Donald, launch your swiftest boat,
On Lomond's lake, I love to float,
My flies are here, my rod and reel,
And ready, too, my empty creel.

Her bosom calm reflects the sky,
Inverted pine-woods, mountains high.
Paddle our skiff 'tween fairy isles
Whose witching, vernal, beauty smiles.

Cloudy the sky, the breeze is soft,
The cliffs sublimely frown aloft;
Moaning, the rippling waters clear,
Surely the silvery trout lie here?
Troll with phantom by Marrin's edge,
Where roams the wild deer, grows the sedge
Listen! the torrents noisy pour
Down dark ravines where eagles soar.

Hark! mountain echoes far resound,
Grouse from the moorlands whirr around;
Haste to yon bay with charming view—
Height, glen, and lake of varied hue.
Row while I cast my tinselled fly,
And shadows deepen across the sky,
For ere we leave this fairy scene
I'd bank a salmon's glittering sheen.

## ANGLING SONG.

Come, join me in my little boat,
Before the wind we'll slowly float,
Casting our flies with gentle hand,
Eager the speckled trout to land.
Overhead is a cloudy sky,
And favouring breezes wander by,
Musical ripples sweetly flow—
There's angling luck this day, I know.

Nature's garden is fair and gay,
Now laverocks tune their spring-tide lay
Trout are leaping in sprightly glee,
They're on the take, as you may see.
My heart is waiting by the strand
Of pebbles rare and golden sand;
Let's trail our flies o'er wavelets slow,
We'll have a rise ere far we go.

Harmoniously our voices blend,
And gaily forth our song we'll send,
Perchance arresting on its way
Some weary labourer of the day.
But at this hour, when free from care,
Why think how poorer creatures fare?

Is't not enough that we should hail
Each splashing trout as on we sail?

When twilight shadows softly fall,
And birds set up their evening call,
We'll bid farewell to trout and stream,
And of our sport go home to dream,
With well-filled baskets, happy minds
(For angling ever pleasure finds),
With fondest hopes to meet again
By river, far from haunts of men.

## JOHN DRAKE,

AUTHOR of "The Crofter and Other Poems" (Glasgow: Gillespie Brothers, 1888), a volume that met with a warm welcome, and which was "out of print" in the course of a few days, was born in Edinburgh in 1846. After receiving a limited education, he was sent to work at a very tender age. He first started life as a tailor's boy, and, as we are informed by Mr Ford in his "Poet's Album," he subsequently had his energies directed to many things by turns, and to nothing long. When about twelve years old he migrated to Glasgow, and there, as previously in his native city, took a turn at whatever came most readily to his hand, deeming no honest labour, however humble, a disgrace, and preferring to wheel a shop porter's barrow along the street rather than accept a fancy situation which would have yielded him a shilling or two less a week. In 1863 he lost his father, and ever since he has been the sole stay and comfort of an infirm mother. For some time he has acted as book-keeper in a wine merchant's establishment in Glasgow. Mr Drake has not drunk deep at the fount of poetic

inspiration, neither has he studied the works of the masters, ancient or modern, either to his own detriment or advantage, but, judged from his book, he has rhymed simply from his own inner consciousness in response to the promptings of a wholly untutored muse. In every instance Mr Drake's heart is in his verse. As Professor Blackie says, they are "pervaded by a healthy feeling for all that is good and beautiful, and his graceful fancies are calculated to sweeten the cares of life."

### "LIFT THE VEIL."

Lift the veil and look behind it,
See yon woe-worn haggard face,
Full of all that makes life cheerless—
Cheerless to the human race.
Suffer not the good, the noble,
To succumb to dire disease,
Ye who dwell in stately mansions,
Help their sufferings to appease.

Lift the veil and view life's picture,
See its agony and strife;
Watch the struggle for existence
To prolong some weary life.
Weave no webs of careless sorrow,
Show but pity and remorse
For your fellow mortals hurrying
Onward on their downward course.

Lift the veil and view the sufferings
That around your pathway lie;
Hark, the bitter, awful wailing,
Hear the wild despairing cry
Of some brother in misfortune,
Spotless in his life and pure,
But he cannot break the barrier
Placed between the rich and poor.

Lift the veil and look around you,
Study well the scenes you see,
For they tell a dismal story—
Things are not as they should be.
Mark the lesson that they teach us,
For it should our actions guide;

There's an end to human suffering,
And an end to human pride.

Lift the veil, let nothing daunt you,
Draw the curtain's folds aside,
Heed not though no eye behold you,
Scatter blessings far and wide.
Make no mockery with your giving—
Give with open hand and free,
And the prayers of the helpless
Shall ascend to heaven for thee.

Lift the veil, and let the present
And the past together meet,
Bring us back the long-lost faces,
Hold with them communion sweet.
Let the friends who long hath vanished
Only but return a day,
And the world's vain empty pleasures
Would not tempt them hear to stay.

## JAMIE'S COMIN' HAME TO ME.

By the river sadly sitting
Sang a maiden at her knitting,
While the sang-birds fast were flitting
To their hame in yonder tree;
Sweet her silver voice was singing,
Thro the vale the echo bringing;
This the burden o' her singing—
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Oh, the days are lang and dreary,
Ance sae happy and sae cheery,
And my life is sad and weary,
Sin' he gaed across the sea.
He has left me lonely, mourning,
Longing for his safe returning,
Love within my bosom burning;
But he's comin' hame to me.

Fast the summer leaves are dying,
While the autumn winds are sighing,
And the ship is homeward plying;
Soon I will my laddie see—
See his face my cares beguiling,
Welcome him frae danger toiling;
Soon I hope to see him smiling;
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Oh, the tenderness, the feeling,
Like angelic music stealing;
Oh, the love the face revealing,
As she sang her melody.
And the strain so sweetly flowing,
Mingled with the soft winds blowing,
Singing 'mid the sunset glowing—
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

## AWA' WI' THEM A'.

I'm fair deaved wi' suitors a' seeking my hand,
And some hae got riches and some hae got land;
They a' say they'll mak' me a leddy sae braw;
I care nae for ony—awa' wi' them a'.

There's wee Sandy Murray, a bletherin' chiel,
He's forty and mair, and as thrawn as the deil,
A tailor to trade, he's decrepit and sma',
I care nae for tailors, awa' wi' them a'.

An auld lawyer body, he vows he's sincere,
And aye when I meet him he ca's me his dear,
He drives in his carriage and dresses fu' braw;
I care nae for lawyers, awa' wi' them a'.

There's Kirsty M'Nicol, she married young Tam,
He aye was ca'd lazy and fond o' a dram,
I wadna hae him, for he's no worth a straw,
I care nae for drinkers, awa' wi' them a'.

Young Jock has got naething but twa willing hands,
They're better than lawyers wi' riches and lands,
I'll rather hae him wi' a shilling or twa
Than tailors or lawyers—awa' wi' them a'.

I care nae for riches, sma' pleasure they gie,
They canna bring health nor enjoyment to me;
Young Jock's won my heart, and nae ither ava—
A fig for the rest, then awa' wi' them a'.

## THERE IS A WORLD OF MEANING.

There is a world of meaning in sweet childhood's happy hour,
A world so full of meaning, all have felt its magic power;
A power so full of happiness, and free from care and pain,
That some would almost like to live their childhood's days again.

There is a world of meaning seen on the poor orphan's face,
A heavy load of sorrow, heirloom of the human race ;
No father's hand to guide him and no mother's voice to cheer,
He looks forth into the future and all seems dark and drear.

There is a world of meaning in yon lovely maiden's smile,
As blooming into womanhood, devoid of care and guile,
She dreams of future happiness which we can only guess ;
There is a world of meaning deep that words could not express.

There is a world of meaning when two faithful lovers meet,
And basking in each others joys they hold communion sweet ;
But the thoughts that animate them are hid from mortal ken
By Him who rules the universe and guides the steps of men.

There is a world of meaning strongly marks the downward course,
So full of pain and anguish, of keen sorrow and remorse,
To one who thinks regretfully of many a wasted hour,
Curses the day when first he fell beneath temptation's power.

There is a world of meaning when age comes like summer glow,
Ripens the fruit, and brings to earth the steps that faltering go ;
Look at the aged traveller upon life's weary road,
His feeble steps are bending 'neath the burden of his load.

There is a world of meaning in the tears that trickling flow
When death's cold, unrelentless hand has dealt a cruel blow,
And one we loved has vanished, left behind a vacant place,
There is a world of meaning on the weeping mourner's face.

## NORVAL SCRYMGEOUR,

A YOUNG poet and prose writer of versatile fancy and great promise, was born in Dundee, and is the youngest son of the late Mr James Scrymgeour, the well-known temperance advocate and philanthropist, whose name was a household word in Dundee, and is still fondly remembered by thousands of the poor in the city, to whom he was ever ready to lend a helping hand in the hour of need. Our poet

has inherited much of his genial nature, his desire for public usefulness, and his love for literature. At the Tay Street Academy he received his education, distinguishing himself in all his classes.

Mr Scrymgeour originally aimed at an art career, for which he early evinced both talent and taste, but entering commercial life, he turned his thoughts to literature, and began contributing verses and prose sketches to the local and other newspapers, which were well received. In the columns of the *Piper*, the *Punch* of Dundee, conducted by his brother, Mr George Scrymgeour, his name is well known as the laureate of that popular journal. Under the title of "Wayside Flowers" he recently collected a few fugitive pieces in a booklet. The little brochure, which was intended as a Christmas greeting to his friends, was kindly spoken of by the local press.

Mr Scrymgeour displays fine poetic feeling, a fertile imagination, and has a poet's eye for the beautiful in Nature, especially for the wild flowers, of which he has formed a good collection. His poetry partakes of the music of the woods and streams, is often tender and pathetic, and breathes a pure sentiment and warm sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity. Having tasted of the sweets of literature, he is now animated with a strong desire to enter the ranks of journalism, a line of life for which he is rapidly gaining experience.

### FOUND DROWNED.

"They got him out of the dock, sir,"—King William, I think he said—
And I hurried after the men who bore the covered, dripping dead.
The day was gloomy, o'er the docks a misty darkness hung,
While out from the noisy shipyard the clanking hammers rung,
Sounding like requiem for the dead by martial voices sung.
It was a motley crowd that walked beside the dripping bier—
There were the saddened, thoughtful face, and drunkard's tipsy leer;

The woman's face, with sorrowing look, that told of little joy ;
The mother's, tearful, as she thought upon her wayward boy.
Along the quays we slowly move, and scarce a word is said ;
We feel we could not speak to mar the slumber of the dead.
See, from the face the sheet hath fallen, the pale cold face is bare—
A haggard face, with strange sad look, and dark, wet, curly hair;
The eyes are open, and they seem to look on all around,
And somehow all the crowd's are bent upon the dripping ground.
We cannot face the dead one's look, we tearful gaze away ;
Our hearts are heavy, eyes are dim, and Fancy is at play
Weaving a web of history round that lifeless form of clay.
She tells a mother's hand once smoothed the dark and curly hair,
And o'er his infant couch did breathe her earnest loving prayer.
O, could that mother see her boy, as cold and still he lies ;
And yet he could not calm her grief, he would not hear her cries.
Up through the busy streets we go, and folks stand still to gaze
Upon the crowd, as on it moves up through the misty haze.
At last we reach the graveyard gates—they creak, and open wide
To let the eerie dead one in, the poor waif from the tide.
Along the paths, by shadowy stones, we silent move along—
No flowerets bloom, the grass is damp, we hear no bird's sweet song.
At last they lay him gently down upon the chilling flags,
They leave the dead one slumbering there—the poor one in his rags ;
And yet I feel, though mean his couch, the chamber dark and bare,
Though no friend lingers o'er his form, angels will watch him there.

## MEMORIES.

Only a few old letters,
Faded and dim with age,
But Time binds with golden fetters
My heart to each tear-stained page.

Only a faded flow'ret,
Its sweets all gone away,
But memories linger o'er it
Of a long gone summer day.

Blue was the sky above us
As we strayed by the riverside,
And the birds sang a joyous chorus
To me and my winsome bride.

Fair was the face beside me,
Under the bonnet shade,

Bright eyes and cheeks so rosy,
As if they could never fade.

Soft were the grassy meadows
As we trod them hand in hand;
And the trees cast cooling shadows,
And our faces soft breezes fanned.

Daisies jewelled our pathway,
The hawthorn bloomed o'erhead;
And light were our hearts that summer day
As we roamed where the pathway led.

And we talked of the days before us,
Sunny and fair they seemed,
While the birds sang in sweetest chorus,
And the hawthorn blossom gleamed.

But her cheeks grew pale, the brightness
Faded from out her eyes;
Now she walks where the day is endless,
And no one weeps or sighs.

As I sit 'mid the twilight shadows,
Listening to evening chimes,
I roam o'er the same old meadows,
And live o'er the dear old times.

From out the darkness falling
Breathe voices sweet and low,
And I feel they are angels calling
Me to arise and go.

## A SHELL FROM THE SHORE.

A tiny shell from the pebbly shore,
Aglow with the tints of the rose,
Echoing faintly the ocean's roar,
Or the rippling of the tide that flows
By the dreamy twilight shore.

From its rosy lips I hear again
The murmurings of the tide,
As it rippled low on the pebbly main,
Or thundered in its wild mad ride,
Singing its weird refrain.

And the shades of evening fall, dear,
And the lighthouse gleams from far,
And the tide is murmuring low, dear,
As I stand by the harbour bar
Watching the lights at sea.

But I wait in vain for thee, dear,
Thou com'st not to me as of yore;
O, say, art thou watching me, dear,
As I stand on the lonely shore
By the faintly murmuring sea?

The shades fall heavy o'er the sea,
The lingering tide ebbs from my feet,
And my heart is sore with the days that be,
For I never more will fondly greet
My loved one by the sea.

## REV. P. ANTON.

THE writing of poetry has neither been the work of Mr Anton's life nor the recreation of his leisure. He has been, in the strictest sense, only an occasional poet, filling with verse certain chinks and crannies of time which otherwise might have remained unoccupied. We understand that he has never courted the lyrical Muse—the fickle goddess having rather forced her favours upon him. Notwithstanding this, he has written a very considerable number of poems and songs, several of which have become extremely popular. Their wide favour is not surprising when we think of their genial humanities, their open-air freshness, their racy humour, their evangelical tenderness

and breadth, and their originality and marked poetic grace. He has spent an exceedingly busy life, and amongst the younger clergy there are probably few possessing a more extensive knowledge of English literature, a more retentive memory for verse, or that have passed a larger quantity of manuscript through the hands of the printer.

Born in the parish of Errol, nearly forty years ago, for several generations Mr Anton's family circle had still its centre at the village of Kinnaird, a beautiful but sequestered retreat among the Sidlaw Hills, overlooking the Carse of Gowrie, and the estuary of the Tay skirting the slopes of Fife in the distance. In the course of his life his father had followed after a variety of callings. His mother was the only daughter of James Thomson, one of the last representatives of an industry once extensively prevalent, but which has now entirely passed away. He was a manufacturing weaver, and on his own farm he grew the lint, prepared and steeped the fibre, did the heckling, spun and bleached the yarn, and wove the linen. He was also an enthusiastic arboriculturist, and Mr Anton's earliest years are filled with associations of his grandfather's orchard, and the cherries, apples, and pears which he grew with extraordinary success. His parents being possessed of means, he received an excellent education. He attended two schools in the city of Perth—Stewart's Boys Free School, which enjoyed a good reputation for primary teaching; and the Perth Academy. At both these schools he took a high place in the mathematical sections. A large portion of Mr Anton's boyhood being spent at the Mill Farm of Gray, near Dundee, he was transferred to Dundee Academy, from which, at an early age, he went directly to the University of St-Andrews. In the literary classes he was first prizeman, and he has written excellent sketches of the professorial lights of his time—Principal Tulloch, Principal

Shairp, and Professor Baynes, who have all died since his leaving College. Mrs Oliphant, in her "Life of Principal Tulloch," gives a short extract from Mr Anton's essay, and his account of Dr Baynes is the fullest and most appreciative that has yet appeared of the talented editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

In his College days Mr Anton possessed a symmetrical physique combining, in a singularly rare and notable manner, elements of strength, agility, and nimbleness seldom united in one individual. He took the first prize in the gymnasium, and the silver medal for pole-vaulting at the Inter-University sports competition. He was also elected—a much-coveted honour—several times to play in the great international Rugby football match between England and Scotland. Too bookish to be an enthusiast, he only elected to uphold the honour of his country on one of these occasions. Mr Anton's nearest College friend was Mr A. C. O. Lonie, than whom there had not appeared at St Andrews for years a young man of richer promise. The son of Dr Lonie, of the Madras College, he was distinguished as a poet, painter, geologist, and writer. He became a contributor to *Mind*, and received an appointment on the Geological Survey. Resigning this post through ill-health, he was taken on the staff of the *Britannica*. At his death Mr Anton made an effort to get his poetry published, but eventually this was rendered impossible through the loss of the manuscript volume in which it was written.

Immediately after being licensed by the Presbytery of St Andrews, Mr Anton was appointed assistant in St Paul's Parish—the South Kirk—Dundee. After a few weeks he received a presentation from the elegant sonneteer, the Earl of Rosslyn, to the parish of Dysart —he being the last Scottish clergyman presented by a patron to a benefice in the Church of Scotland. Dysart Parish Church holds nearly two thousand worshippers.

Notwithstanding its large size, however, it became necessary—such was the pressure on the accommodation—to build another Church, a mile off, at St. Clairtown. This fine Church, built during Mr Anton's incumbency of Dysart, holds 850, and cost about £2500. Having been six years minister of Dysart, he received an unanimous appointment to Kilsyth. In that quiet but famous parish his chief work has been the restoration of the congregation and the whole ecclesiastical buildings. The restoration of the buildings involved a long case in the civil courts, in which he successfully acted as his own advocate and solicitor.

Mr Anton has published two books—"Masters in History" and "England's Essayists." He has also written "The History of Steel" and "The History of Electrical Invention," but these two works have not been issued in collected form. The "Historians" and "Essayists" are now published in a cheap reprint by Messrs Ward, Lock, & Co. These works had a flattering reception from the press, and have had a wide circulation. The essay on Addison, which fills the half of the "Essayists," is now sought after by students studying the Augustan age of our literature. In Dundee Mr Anton wrote to the *Advertiser* and *Courier*. Amongst other magazines, he has contributed to *The Scots Magazine* (when edited by Dr Story), *The Scottish Church*, *Life and Work*, *Fraser*, and the *Christian Treasury*. To the *People's Friend* our poet has contributed seven series of literary papers, and all on subjects of permanent interest; while a number of his sermons have appeared in *Sunday Talk*. He has also done a large quantity of elocutionary and lecturing work. His longest poem, "At the Grave of David Gray," was contributed to the *Scots Magazine*. Some of his angling songs may be lacking in finish, but this cannot be said of "Piscator Dolorosus" and the "Sea Daisy," which are not surpassed by anything of the

kind in angling literature. Many of Mr Anton's poems are redolent of the spirit of true piety and devout earnestness, expressed in language at once clear and graceful. His descriptive pieces are also admirable and full of richly varied imagery; while his command of the Doric is thorough and wide, and his knowledge of Scottish life and character makes his more humourous pieces touchingly natural and brimful of our native spirit.

## PISCATOR DOLOROSUS.

Ye see them a' there—
Twa dizzen an' mair,
Fillin' up half o' the creel;
They're bonnie an' fair,
But they canna compare
Wi' th' monster that broke frae my reel.
Deep, deep the stream in
I saw his sides gleamin',
He was four feet lang, an', nae boast,
Was twal pun' at least;
Look'd a salmon amaist,
This wonderfu' troot that I lost!

'Twas doon by the rushes
Whaur the stream hushes
Its sang for a moment awee;
Whaur in the still deep
It tak's a bit sleep,
E'er it sets its face to the sea:
Abune the greystane
That lies there its lane,
As my Flee was sailin' across't,
Far doon it was sookit,
And sair he was hookit,
This terrible fish that I lost.

Wi' a wallop and splash,
A rush and a dash,
He snuved doon the river fu' braw;
O sair was my trouble,
My rod it bent double,
And my breath it swarft clean awa'.
Hoo he lap an' flang,
And wi' a great spang

Ten feet in the air he was tost ;
My heart gae a sten,
My hair stood on en',
A playin' that big fish that I lost !

His back fin—a sail ;
The breadth o' his tail
Wad measure twal inches an' twa.
A great muckle felly—
And O what a belly,
'Twas just like a hillside o' snaw !
And as for his length,
And as for his strength,
Thae baith I'ken to my cost ;
My line's a awa',
My rod's broke in twa,
Wi' that awfu' fish that I lost.

In the stir and the strife
O' the river o' life,
This is what folks tell us fu' aft,
They mak' the lood maen—
"Their fish that are gane
Are no' like the fish that they've gaft."
When runnin' a race,
When gettin' a place,
Or landin' some canty bit post,
Keep still an' say naething.
But be sure o' ae thing.
It's aye their best fish that they've lost.

But hover a blink,
I'd hae ye to think,
When 'wailin' lost battles ye've foucht,
Hae ye nae a doot
The loss o' yon troot
Was mair for your gude than ye thocht.
Your mind it was on't,
Your heart set upon't,
O' gudes it wad bring ye a host ;
But your courage up pluck,
And thank mair than your luck
That yon braw "speckled beauty" ye've lost.

## THE FEET THAT JESUS WASHED.

"Did I hear you speak ? Oh ! my father,
Your face is so calm and sweet ;

Dreamt, I am sure, you have not; but rather
From your words did I rightly gather
That Jesus had washed your feet?"

"My child!! He came when the night was late—
My Saviour, with love replete;
And, forgetting all His royal state,
With basin and towel in homely gait,
With His blood He washed my feet."

Hush—hush—speak low, O, never a word,
Let the stillness be complete;
Let neither harsh chord nor note be stirred,
For hath he not told how his risen Lord
Stooped lowly to wash his feet.

Stained by the mire, by the brambles torn,
Blistered and sore with the heat,
Smirched by the mud, and pierced by the thorn,
Still this is his joy, though sadly worn—
His Jesus hath washed his feet.

Marred by the clay, by the fowler gripped,
Cut by the stones of the street,
Caught in the thicket, by creepers tripped,
Hurt by the rain, and by frost winds nipped,
Still Jesus hath washed his feet.

The way has been long, and the path been wild;
Wrap round him the snowy sheet;
For though he was once a wandering child,
To-night he is pure and undefiled,
For Jesus hath washed his feet.

Reader, look down; or cut by the blow;
Or chilled by the driving sleet;
Or hacked by wanderings to and fro;
Or white and pure as the driven snow;
Has Jesus washed your feet?

The heavenly courts, oh! would you tread,
And the blood-redeemëd meet;
See the Lamb that was to slaughter led,
And the hands and side that for you bled,
Then Jesus must wash your feet.

Be this my boast when my journey's done,
And I've found life's last retreat;
Be this my boast when my race is run,
And my spirit sinks at setting sun—
My Jesus hath washed my feet.

## THE BEE IN THE BONNET.

Is he black? Is he grey? Is he brown? Is he green?
There is nae man can tell for he never was seen:
He's the greatest enigma at which ever men wondered,
For he never was skepit, nor smeekit, nor plundered.
Some Natur'list Fellows, though closely they watch him,
Yet with salt on his tail they never can catch him;
So weel he may serve for a sang or a sonnet
This wonderful beastie, *The Bee In The Bonnet.*

The wee brown fuggy-toddler that bums through the field
In the moss o' the moor has his ain cosy bield:
And the wasp loves his nest in his grey swingin' ba'
And the honey bee dwells in his palace o' straw;
But this Bee that I sing, was there ever the like?
The brain-pan is his skep, and the noddle his byke;
Whaur a scull-cap is toom be sure he is in it,
And bum, bummin' like mad this *Bee o' the Bonnet.*

To steal from my neighbours I aye thocht was far wrang,
But the Socialist blade sings a different sang;
O' the gowd o' his ain he can take the best care,
But be richer than he, ye maun gie him a share.
He's braw open in han' and has Love for his Law
When it's *your* siller or *mine* he is gien' awa'.
The shame o' oor wealth—you should hear him upon it;
And then how he bums—*The* big *Bee In His Bonnet.*

For nae gude does he live, and for nae honest wark;
He gathers nae honey in the garden or park,
But in hummin' and bummin' he spends a' his powers,
Sucks the heads o' M.P.'s, no the blooms o' the flowers!
When oor Member brings forward his wonderful Bill
To make heaven o' the earth wi' his politic skill,
Or comes down frae London to tell us he's done it,
How brawly we lauch at the *Bee In His Bonnet.*

The Man who the Motion Perpetual has found;
Or the Creed Universal but lives to expound;
Or has made the machine that will fly through the air;
Or has found the equation the Circle will square;
Or the potion that will rid your flesh o' a' ill;
Or to heal Erin's woes has drawn up the Bill;
Or has penned an Epic—and asked you to con it,
Has this sair affliction—*The Bee in the Bonnet.*

L'ENVOI.

Now if ae thing be true, this experience tells,
Let's be slow in our judgments and think o' oorsels;
So tak' unco tent when your head-gear ye don it,
Ye dinna find oot there's a *Bee in* YOUR *Bonnet.*

## THE LAUCH IN THE SLEEVE.

There's a smile that is bitter, a smile that is sweet ;
There's the coarse loud guffaw of the taproom and street ;
There's the smile the maiden gives to her lover,
The smirk that the hollow heart helps to discover.
At the jest of the wise there's the smile that comes after ;
And hark to that thunder, 'tis Teufelsdrockh's laughter !
But with Sara's I pass them, and give them their leave,
To sing the best o' them a', the lauch in the sleeve.
The lauch in the sleeve, the lauch in the sleeve,
It's skellin' wi' meanin', the lauch in the sleeve.

Is your heart ever sair wi' folk's stories and lees,
With their tweedle dee-dums and their tweedle dee-dees ?
Or broken in twa wi' their pride and assumption,
Their plenty o' cheek, and scant rummelgumption ?
Is your ear ever sick o' their chit and their chat,
Wi' their reasons for this, and their reasons for that ?
Fash ye never your thoomb, nor clench ye your neive,
But just up wi' your elbuck and lauch in your sleeve !
Aye lauch in your sleeve, aye lauch in your sleeve,
Just put up your elbuck and lauch in your sleeve.

Are you ever sair tempted a letter to pen,
A just cause to mak guid in the sight o' a' men ?
Are you ever inclined at a word or a worry
To raise up your rung, or to get in a flurry ?
Is your brain ever burnin' some fool to expose—
To shut up his coarse mouth, to disjoint a' his nose ?
Sic designs put awa' wi', and find your reprieve
In that good ancient comfort, the lauch in the sleeve.
The lauch in the sleeve, the lauch in the sleeve,
A glorious comfort's the lauch in the sleeve.

There's a story that comes frae auld Grecian days
O' twa * wise men weel kent for their saws and their says—
For the fauts o' his fellows the ane's heart was aye het,
And his cheeks wi' his tears they were never but wet ;
But as for the ither—what a pawky auld man !—
Not to greet, but to lauch, he aye found the best plan ;
The ane soon dwined awa', for he ceased not to grieve,
But the ither lived lang, for he laucht in his sleeve.
He laucht in his sleeve, he laucht in his sleeve.
It's the way to lang life, to lauch in your sleeve.

To flee in a passion at you hardly ken what ;
To gang argie and bargie wi' this ane and that ;

* Heraclitus and Democritus.

To see nae way ava your wrongs how to heal up,
But gie this man a clour and that man a keelup—
Such thochts are a' vain. Brithers, ponder it well.
The far better plany—the lat lauch to yoursel'.
Take you what scheme you like your fu' heart to relieve—
But you're sure to do weel if you lauch in your sleeve.
Lauch in your sleeve, if you lauch in your sleeve,
Aye victor you'll be if you lauch in your sleeve.

## THE SEA-DAISY.

With my reel on the shelf, and my rod in the rack,
And a good angling season just over,
I fill up a bowl—while fond Memory looks back—
'Mid my books this last night of October.
And this Daisy of Ocean that shone in the light,
Which I pluckt from the close-nibbled grass;
From its place in my fly-book I take it to-night,
And dip it o'er head in my glass.

Has a spell from the Daisy struck into the bowl?
Has its spirit bewitched the liquor?
All the bright scenes of glad sport flash back on the soul,
And a pulse in my fancy beats quicker.
The rod's nodding point and the line running free—
The clouds darkening the stream as they pass—
Coot, Kingfisher, Kelt, and horrid line-tangling tree—
I see them again in my glass.

All my triumphs once more this night I recall,
As this Daisy I touch with my finger;
The rush of the Stream and the roar of the Fall
And the glade where 'twas pleasant to linger;
The Pick of the Basket, the trout of the year—
A Beauty which none could surpass;
What? a Rise! a Rise! upon my word it is queer,
He gulps down my Fly in the glass.

Old Walton, and Cotton, and Gay through the door
Glide in, from sport in green English valleys;
Paley, Davy, "The Shepherd," Burns, Wordsworth—a score;
And Kit North with the patriot Wallace!
And the hearty good fellows I've met by the stream,
Or who have "reeled up" their life-line, alas!
They salute me to-night through the white curling steam,
As I pledge them all in my glass!

Hush! "Professor" and "Parson" and "Doctor in Blue"—
How they talk while this song I'm inditing!

What a stir 'mong the leaves! Can it really be true
That "Jock Scott" with the "Miller" is fighting?
And in that silky corner, apart and away,
The "Coachman" dotes on "Red Spinner," his lass:
Go now, sleep through the winter, Flies dusky and gay—
I drink your bright dreams in my glass.

And sound, sound be your sleep, till I wake you again
Where the flowers of the Springtime uncurl,
And where, o'er the black pools at the root of some Ben,
All your Colours once more I unfurl.
Give the huntsman the cover, the racer the field;
Give the merchant his wealth to amass;
But me the streams and the lochs which those Big Fellows yield
That I toast to-night in my glass.

So, with storm in the chimney, rain lashing the pane,
Gaff on peg, and good basket in cover,
I fill up a brimer, and go angling again
By old streams, this last night of October!
And this Daisy of Ocean that shone in the light—
Which I gathered from the sheep-nibbled grass—
From its place in my Fly-Book I take it to-night,
And dip it o'erhead in my glass.

## WE ARE CHRISTIANS A'.

What a happy bit hame Auld Scotland wad be
If the kirks that are in't wad only agree,
And ilk said to ither, whate'er might befa',
Gang on, and God bless you, we're Christians a'.

I kenna why kirkman wi' kirkman should fight,
Nae reason I see for this wonderfu' spite;
Let's say when we meet—it's the best word ava—
Gang on, and God bless you, we are Christians a'.

Your kirk may be little, and mine may be big,
I rich, and you poor—but I carena a fig;
We airt the same gait, obey the same law,
So let us join hands, we are Christians a'.

We love the same God, to the same Spirit pray;
In Christ we acknowledge the same Truth and Way;
And since frae the same Book the same Hope we draw,
Let us join hands again, we are Christians a',

Ye gie what ye can—we might whiles a' gie mair—
And a' for your Faith your life-blood ye wad spare;

And so would we too—and carena a straw ;
Let us join hands again, we are Christians a'.

Let's dune wi' this rancour, this passion, and strife,
And this new motto take for the aim o' oor life—
The Cap for the Gully, the Hand for the Claw—
And so will God bless us, we are Christians a'.

When the nation was wranged, Scots aye stood together;
When worshipping God, how should they do ither ?
Come, round the Auld Altar, withoot ony fraca',
Let us join hearts again, we are Christians a'.

The devil will rage, the infidel sneer,
The politician scoff, the atheist jeer ;
But the angels will shout from their heavenly ha'—
"Gang on, and God bless you, ye are Christians a'.'

## J. JOHNSTON, M.D.,

AUTHOR of a number of very thoughtful poems and melodious songs, is the eldest son of William Johnston, builder, Annan, Dumfriesshire. He was educated at Annan Academy, studied medicine at Edinburgh University, and graduated as M.B.,C.M. in 1874, and as M.D. in 1876—his thesis being on "Tubercular meningitis in children," for which he was commended by the Medical Faculty. Dr Johnston has held the appointments of house surgeon in the West Bromwich District Hospital, and of resident medical officer to the Birmingham Children's Hospital. He has practised his profession in Bolton, Lancashire, since 1876—still, however, a thorough Scotchman, as is evinced by his tastes and writings. Our poet has published several very valuable and instructive pamphlets, the most noteworthy being on "Health and Long

Life," and "Alcohol from a Medical Point of View"; and has contributed numerous papers on professional subjects to the medical journals. He has also written a series of papers descriptive of a "Continental Holiday," and of a "Summer Holiday in Norway," which appeared in the *Annandale Observer* and the *Bolton Guardian*.

## A WINTER PLAINT.

I'm a-weary, weary, weary,
And my heart is weighted down
With the melancholy dulness
Of the sombre, grimy town.

For dreary is the winter
'Neath these sullen, sunless skies,
And cheerless is the prospect
That spreads before my eyes.

I'm longing for the sunshine,
The song birds and the flowers,
The brightness and the beauty
Of the golden summer hours.

Oh! for the freshening breezes
That sweep o'er hill and fell!
Oh! for the fragrant zephyrs,
And the happiness they tell!

Come, haste, to burst earth's fetters,
Soft breath'd, awak'ning Spring!
To Nature's heart, slow beating,
Rejuvenescence bring!

Command the grass and flowers
To clothe the naked land!
The trees to don their raiment,
The sheath'd leaves to expand.

But what are those blades of green,
Just peeping through the earth?
They are crocuses and snowdrops,
The heralds of thy birth.

Hurrah ! the Winter's going,
The Spring will soon be here,
And the glories of the Summer,
The crown of all the year !

## A SUMMER SONG.

A song let me sing of the halcyon days,
Of summer time joyous and sweet,
When from morning to night
I am filled with delight,
In this charmingly rural retreat.
The golden sun in the glory of noon
Floods the world with his life-giving rays,
And warms the earth's great
Throbbing heart, now elate
With pæans and anthems of praise.

*Chorus*—Hurrah for the summer !
The glorious summer !
When nature is radiant and gay ;
The birds in the bowers,
The trees and the flowers,
Rejoice in the glad summer's day.

The larks soaring high in the heavenly blue
Trill forth their matins of praise,
The thrushes and wrens
In the copses and glens
Are merrily chanting their lays.
The robins and chaffinches hid 'mong the trees
Have joined the aerial choir,
And all the day long
Do they pour forth the song
Which the bright days of summer inspire.

The roses are wooing the scent-laden breeze
From the sweet honeysuckle that blows,
And from fragrant hawthorn
To the ripening corn
On the slopes of the uplands that grows.
The gossamer butterflies flit to and fro,
Like winged and vivified flowers,
And from chalices bright
Sip honeyed delight,
Through the beautiful sunshiny hours.

The tender-eyed kine, knee-deep in the mead,
Crop the herbage so juicy and sweet,

While the bees hum and hover
'Mong the red and white clover,
And the nectar-filled cups at their feet.
The long meadow grass, now mellow and ripe,
Is falling beneath the sharp scythe,
As with rhythmical sweep,
The mowers time keep
To the song they are singing so blythe.

Let us hie to the woods where the sun visions dance
Round the foxgloves like elfins of light,
And reclining at ease
'Neath the shade of the trees,
We shall "loafe and our souls we'll invite."
If we're friends with the birds and the starry wild flowers,
They will whisper this message divine :—
They are tokens of love
From Our Father above,
That to goodness our hearts may incline.

## A SNOW THOUGHT.

Scenes that are wondrous fair
This morn are everywhere,
For snow hath fallen in the night
And robed the slumbering world in white.

On street and roof it lies,
An essence from the skies,
Pure as the Angel's feathery down
Transfiguring the dingy town.

It seems as if, in love,
Our Father from above,
His mantle of forgiveness vast
Upon a guilty world had cast.

Alas ! that men elect
His mercy to reject !
And trample it beneath their feet,
As snow is trodden in the street.

## ANDREW BARNARD,

SON of the well-known and respected poet noticed in the 10th series of this work—Mr F. Barnard, Woodend, Armadale—was born at Grangemouth in 1860, and was only a year old when the family removed to Armadale. When he left school, at the age of twelve, he was considered a good arithmetician and penman, and was remarkably proficient in Bible knowledge. After being a message boy for some time, he went to work as a coal-miner with his father. He was scarcely a year at this work when he received a severe injury, which laid him aside until he was nineteen years of age. For four years he could not be removed from his bed, and during the remaining three years he was wheeled about in a perambulator until he was able to walk with crutches. When able to sit up in bed, he took to knitting and lace-making, and so proficient was he in these that his work was much in demand. He also amused himself with an old fiddle, and ultimately he became a good player on that instrument. Our poet also tried his hand at joinery, fret-work, and tailoring, all of which have since been of much use to him.

As might be supposed, during this time he forgot much of the little education he had. After getting "on his feet," however, he began to attend science, and vocal and instrumental music classes, and was able to carry off certificates in chemistry and physiology. The knowledge he then got of chemicals gave him a thirst for photography, of which, as an amateur, he has considerable skill. Though he has now fully recovered, he has not again entered the mines, and he is presently engine-keeper at a brickwork, where he is much

esteemed for his intelligence and high moral character. He is an occasional contributor of thoughtful and tender verse to the columns of the district newspapers. It is interesting to be able to add that, while he was laid aside from the effects of the serious accident we have referred to, the late James Ballantyne, noticed in Eleventh Series, paid frequent visits to his bedside; and when it came to Ballantyne's turn to be prostrated, his brother bard did not forget him in his sorrow. They often rhymed and talked together, and occasionally Andrew would take his fiddle along, and cheer his comrade into momentary forgetfulness of his affliction with a few auld Scotch tunes.

## MY LOVE AND I.

My love and I sat under a bough
When our daily work was done,
While the smiling flowers around us closed
In the setting summer sun.
We talked of the hills and valleys fair,
And lands that are far away,
As we sat in our sweet and flowery dell
In the peace of the closing day.

The moon with her pale and silver beams
Shone out in the clear blue sky,
The myriad stars were twinkling bright
In the spangled heaven on high.
The murmuring stream rolled gaily on
Through the rocky bushy glen;
The clock of the distant village church
Was striking the hour of ten;

But still we sat in the soft moonlight,
While the fleeting moments flew,
And we saw the soft green mossy bank
All wet with the sparkling dew;
But little we thought of the hills or vales,
Or the twinkling stars above,
Or the fields or flowers, or the dewy grass,
For our thoughts were all of love.

## OH, HASTE AWA' WINTER.

I sigh for the summer wi' a' its bricht beauty,
I sigh for the birdies to sing on the trees ;
The short winter day is sae cheerless an' cauld aye,
I sigh owre again for the saft summer breeze.

How heartsome to rise on a gay summer morning,
The sun 'boon the hill in a deep rosy hue,
An' cull the sweet flow'rets that grow in profusion
Awa' in the meadows a' covered wi' dew.

I lo'e weel the summer, but lo'e nae the winter,
Wi' a' its fierce cauld blasts o' snaw, sleet, an' rain ;
The summer brings pleasures, the bee wi' its treasures,
But cauld winter nocht brings but sorrow' an' pain.

I'm wae for the bairnies, the wee things are gnarled,
An' shiver wi' cauld 'mang the frost an' the snaw ;
Their wee hearties tremble, an' aft nip wi' hunger,
But what care the pitiless cauld blasts that blaw.

Oh, guid-hearted mammies be kind to the bairnies
That seek their bit bitie at ilka ane's door ;
For need drives them out frae their hovels, puir lammies,
An' dool to their hearts wadna pity the poor.

Be kind to the birdies that seek our protection—
The robin, the shilfa', an' wee cutty wren—
Aye feed them in winter, and then in the summer
They'll pay us weel back wi' their sangs in the glen.

Oh, haste awa winter, an' come ye back summer,
An' come back ye birdies noo far, far, awa' ;
An' sing in the gloamin' your blythe lays to cheer us,
For lanely an' sad are our hearts 'mang the snaw.

## THE SPARROWS THAT BIDE I' THE LUM.

I'm comin', puir birdies, I never had min'
O' the wee bits o' bread that you get,
An' tho' ither things aften rin i' my heid,
That's ae thing I maunna forget.
Oh ! what wad I dae in this dull, dreary place
If it werena the cheery bit hum,
An' the visits I get ilka mornin' an' nicht
Frae the sparrows that bide i' the lum.

The wee, gutsy gourmans, they tumble an' fecht
For their meat like a hungry wee wean;
But we maun forgi'e them—they're only wee birds,
An' hae scarce a bit mind o' their ain.
Sae thankfu' are they when their crapies are fu',
They carena the reek nor the coom,
But dicht their wee nebs, an' awa' they will flee
To their neebours that bide i' the lum.

The laverock on high, wi' his music sae fine,
Comes doon aft to gie me a ca';
The robin in winter, the blackie in summer,
The shilfa, the lintie, an' a';
But nane fills the want in this lane heart o' mine,
Nae maitter hoo aften they come,
Like the wee, tousy fellows that bide the hale year
I' the crack's o' the big reeky lum.

The big, greedy craws that are juist fleein' by—
O, the scoundrels! I watched them yestreen
Flee roond the lum back (oh, the mean, hungry pack)
When they thocht that they wadna be seen,
An' chase the bit birdies an' fricht them sae sair
To get eatin' their meat, every crumb;
But then they've the richt, they live high i' the warl',
But the speugs—in the dirty black lum.

But ne'er mind, my birdies, I'll come back the morn,
If the gude Lord abune gie me health,
An' I'll gie ye a share o' my ain hamely fare,
For I haena a great store o' wealth;
An' altho' ilka birdie gaes by ye like stour,
Ye ken ilka bee has its bum—
Nae pride ever enters the wee, honest hearts
O' my frien's that bide up i' the lum.

## PETER SPENCE.

IT is sometimes thought that there is little in common between the poet and the man of science, but how far is this from the truth! To both the inventor and discoverer the imagination and fancy are indispensable; and if, in this utilitarian age, we neglect the culture of those faculties which poetry and romance, history and travel, do so much to develop, we shall extirpate those very powers essential to the extension of science and to the perfecting of the arts. Peter Spence became a fertile inventor—his unwearied scientific researches resulting in valuable discoveries that made his name known throughout the world—but in his earlier years, when he was engaged in the prosaic duties of a grocer's store, he manifested the gifts of the poet. He was born in the ancient city of Brechin, Forfarshire. His mother's family had for generations farmed lands on the Grampians. His father, though of lowly station—he was a handloom weaver—was distinguished for his lofty character, sound wisdom, and genuine piety.

The subject of our sketch left home at an early age for Perth, where he was apprenticed to a grocer. He soon manifested a great love of reading works on science. The industrious apprentice, the scientific student, and the romantic youth is, we believe, a faithful picture of Peter Spence during the years he spent in the city of Perth and its lovely neighbourhood. He had few helps in his chemical studies, and had to depend almost entirely on what books he could get. Some men, who have risen to eminence

as chemists, have been won to the science by having been placed in their youth amidst surroundings that invited to its study, and being thus afforded opportunities for experiment and research, but Spence had no such advantages. He was attracted to study works on chemistry, and to experiment with rough and crude apparatus, after he had spent his days in the dull monotony of the shop; but these days were the seed time of his life, and fitted him to fill a far wider and more influential sphere than he could otherwise have done.

When he was out of his apprenticeship, he and an uncle commenced business together. In the establishment was also a younger brother of Spence, who afterwards became superintendent engineer of H. M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, and who is now a well-known naval architect and consulting engineer in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The grocery business proving unsuccessful, Spence now removed to Dundee. His wife Agnes, a daughter of Mr Francis Mudie, linen manufacturer, Dundee, was a woman of singularly kindly and noble temperament and bearing, being often called amongst their circle of friends "the Queen of Sheba." During the many years that her husband had to struggle against all sorts of difficulties, enough to have crushed almost any other man, she stood bravely by him, doing her part with exemplary patience, courage, and devotion. She died in 1858, leaving a family of four sons and four daughters. At Dundee Mr Spence obtained a situation at the Gas Works; and it was the insight into some of the chemical operations connected with the manufacture and purification of gas that laid the foundation for the principal achievements of his manufacturing career. He and his wife lived at Dundee in her mother's home, and there, in a small wash-house, about 12 feet square, he experimented a great deal with gas

products. In the year 1834 Mr Spence left Dundee and proceeded to London, where he established himself in a small way as a chemical manufacturer, and his earliest patent is dated 1836. This first essay in invention was to achieve what Peter Spence constantly aimed at—the Utilization of Waste Products or Refuse Material The London venture was a failure, and Mr Spence and his wife had again to undergo great hardships. The scene of his labours was next transferred from London to a chemical work at Burgh, in Cumberland, where in 1845 he patented a process for the manufacture of copperas and alum. This discovery was the initiation of his alum process, which was destined so completely to revolutionise the trade. Removing to Pendleton, near Manchester, as being more advantageously situated for his operations, his business rapidly grew, until he was the chief alum manufacturer in the world. After a time he established two other chemical works (at Birmingham and Goole) and the prosperity that attended him enabled him to prosecute various researches. The records of the Patent Office reveal how varied were the subjects he investigated, and how fertile he was in resource. No fewer than fifty-six patents of his are referred to in a pamphlet re-printed from the *Chemical Trade Journal*, to which we are indebted for many of the details we give.

The same tastes that induced Peter Spence, as a youth, to be an active member of the Debating Society at Brechin, caused him to take a lively interest in the proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Various papers which he read before that society are published. A favourite scheme of his was embodied in a paper read before the society and published in pamphlet form in 1857, under the title of "Coal, Smoke, and Sewage, scientifically and practically considered, with suggestions for the sanitary

improvement of the drainage of towns, and the beneficial application of the sewage." He proposed the removal, by a vast colossal shaft at least 600 feet high, of all house and factory smoke, and all drain and sewer gases; thus enabling our cities and towns to continually revel in an atmosphere transparent, pure, and salubrious as that which encircles the mountain's side, or reclines on the ocean's bosom. The Manchester Assize Courts were successfully ventilated on his principle, which is now also being embodied in many other ventilation schemes. One salient feature of Mr Spence's character was his aversion to take anything for granted; he would try theories and prove facts by experiment.

Mr Spence was one of the original promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal enterprise, and a pamphlet containing the striking evidence he gave before a House of Commons Committee on Railway Rates greatly helped to popularise that scheme at its inception. He was an active member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, a very diligent Justice of the Peace, and an advanced Liberal and Nonconformist.

Shocked by the terrible evils of alcoholism, he was one of the first to adopt the principle of teetotalism, having no sympathy with moderate drinking, and frequently remarking that there were only two classes—"those who drink and those who don't." He was a founder and liberal supporter of the United Kingdom Alliance, and contributed largely to the Anti-Narcotic League, established by one of his sons.

Mr Spence was much inclined to humour, and thoroughly enjoyed a joke; indeed, it was noticed that on the very day he died his bright humour did not forsake him. He did not feel that his duties were limited by his business. He never regarded his workmen as mere "hands," maintaining that Christianity should regulate all the relation-

ships of life, and compel those who profess to be guided by its teachings to care for the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of their fellow-men.

In 1883, a few months after the death of his second wife, his strength gradually failed, and he passed peacefully to his rest at the age of seventy-eight—an illustrious example of men who have shown that the noblest heritage a man can receive is the inspiring power of Christian principle, that the diligent and persistent pursuit of knowledge is the true way to eminence, and that the man who cares for others has discovered the secret of a happy life.

From a little posthumous volume of his poems, ritten chiefly in early life, we give the following selections. The bent of his mind is revealed in the subjects he treats of—"In the Primeval Forest," "Navarino," &c. But it was not merely in efforts to sing the glories of Nature, the great tragedies of history, or the struggles of patriots for freedom, that he invoked his muse. In this volume he delights the reader with pretty ballads, clever parodies, "blinks" of keen humour, thoughtful sonnets, and comforting and melodious hymns.

## DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

The sun shines sweet on Pompeii's vine-clad walls,
And there the viol and the pipe are heard;
A sound of joy and dancing in her halls,
And troops of lovely virgins bear the vine,
With purple clusters rich, to Bacchus' shrine,
A joyful crowd around, and lo! the bard
Hath touched his harp, and now of Bacchus singing:
Who rears the vine as his own bower,
And blesseth it with sun and shower,
To dye the luscious grapes they now are bringing.

For 'tis the vintage time, and all around
Devote the day to joy and gladness,
And the wine-cup's mirthful madness,
While offering there the first-fruits of their ground.

Oh! 'tis a beauteous eve, the setting sun
Levels his beams along Vesuvius' breast,
Whose mighty mountain-thunder now at rest.
He tells his fire still lives, by the deep dun
That shades his airy summit, where the moon
Is rising round and red as if upthrown
From out the yawning crater. But too soon
We leave the revellers, who now have grown
Uproarious in their mirth, and on the green
The jolly god is brought to grace the scene,
Clothed with the vine, its fruit on either hand;
Beauteous maidens him attending,
Thousands round his throne are bending—
Oh! 'tis a glorious eve in that bright land!

But, ha! the crowds are reeling! Is't the wine
No; for the temple of their god is falling,
And piercing shrieks in vain for help are calling
From out the ruins of the tumbling shrine.
And hark! a roar as if the earth had reft
Her rugged bosom, and from out the cleft
Spued flame and ashes. The round moon is gone,
And a dim, lurid darkness covers up
The heavens, and, shadowing from the mountain's top,
Comes hurling down, in awful terror thrown,
With wailing run, or prostrate on the ground,
The helpless crowd; while down with fury pours
The fiery flood, and like a tempest roars
The suffocating gust that scatters death around.

The morrow comes! But where's Pompeii now?
She that sat smiling 'neath Vesuvius' brow
So lovely yester e'en, that the bright sun
Lingered with her, although his course was run.
Hath she with sackcloth clothed her as a vow,
Or 'neath a covering hid her from the frown
Of the enraged mountain that now pours
Its liquid lava and red ashy showers,
Blasting its sides where aught of life hath grown?
Ah, no! On her Death's dismal pall is spread,
O'erwhelming all the living 'mong the dead;
A sea of lava boils above her streets,
Upburning all its horrid rolling meets,
And beauteous Pompeii sleeps beneath its gloomy bed.

## THE LORD IS MY SAVIOUR.

The Lord is my Saviour,
And all my behaviour
To Him in his unfaltering love I rely ;
The Lord is my guide,
And whatever betide
I know He will lead me to mansions on high.

The Lord in His life,
Amid danger and strife,
In rest and calm trust looked for aid from above :
In the fight with my foes
On this I repose—
He sees me, and knows that I trust in his love.

The Lord in His joy,
Which no pain could destroy,
Saw the life of the world in the Death he should meet ;
From His sorrow and sadness
Sprang the fount of our gladness,
His joy has its fulness when ours is complete.

The Lord from His throne
Looks down for His own,
And welcomes each wanderer back to the fold,
His love still abiding,
Though the Heavens now are hiding
His tears and his thorn-crown show brighter than gold.

The Lord on that day,
When the Heavens pass away,
And thrones and dominions come down in his train,
Shall proclaim each believer,
God's accepted for ever,
And earth to the far Heavens shall echo, Amen !

## HEAVEN.

'Tis a land of brightness,
Like the sunbeam sevenfold ;
'Tis a land where uprightness
Doth walk on streets of gold.
There's no night,
All is bright,
Like the gleam of glory on the wave
When Eolus sleeps within his stormy cave.

'Tis a land where sighing
Hath fled, and every fear ;
'Tis a land where dying
Shall never more appear.
There's no sadness,
All is gladness,
Like the home that rings with mirth
When the happy ones meet from wandering the earth.

'Tis a land no tongue
Can tell its loveliness ;
Where all are ever young
In the bloom of holiness ;
There no stain
Can remain,
'Tis like the molten gold
That burns all dross, and shines with glossy mould.

'Tis a land of song
That thrills upon the ear,
From harp and spirit's tongue,
And from each rolling sphere.
There no jar
Shall ever mar
The soul-rejoicing melody,
Salvation's song lasts through Eternity.

## PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

The-soaring lark proclaims the opening day,
The wakened herd brouse sweetly on the lea,
The ploughman fieldward whistling wends his way,
And thoughtless leaves poetic care to me.

Now fades the glimmering darkness of the night,
And field and flood are wrapped in sun-wrought gold,
Save where the shadows o'er yon pool unite,
And seem a forest that its depths unfold.

And smooth its surface, save yon rippling rings,
Rousing to life the shadows resting there,
Show where the sportive salmon blithely springs
And bathes his scaly covering in the air.

. . . . . .

Ah, soon for them the blazing hearth shall burn,
And cook shall then the oily sauce prepare,
While gourmand cockneys to the dish return,
And gobble each his more than glutton share.

. . . . . .

Let not ambition mock the humble theme
That now expands obedient to my wish,
Nor cast aside as 'twere an idle dream
The short and simple annals of a fish.

. . . . . .

Nor you, ye critics, blame me with the fault,
If memory aid you not to scan my song,
If neither salmon fresh, nor kipper salt,
Ere lent their savoury relish to your tongue.

Can stories twelve, or attic dwelling high,
Your airy mansions, e'er such riches see?
Can you who love to linger near the sky,
For sensual things of earth e'er anxious be?

Perhaps a haddock browned upon the coals,
Or herring grilled till screaming o'er the fire,
Or piebald crab-fish, racy to your souls,
Are all of ocean's store that you admire.

But knowledge else of aught within the deep,
Nor sight, nor time, nor taste to you did bring,
Chill penury your science laid asleep;
Then list in silence to the truths I sing.

Full many a fish doth wend the deepened sea
Unlatinized in gill, or fin, or scale,
Full many a coral grove, and seaweed lea,
Hath habitants of whom man hears no tale.

Some of the skaty kind, with broadened breast,
Float o'er the glittering sand in quest of food,
Some cleave the upward wave in daylight dressed,
Some rove the cavy deeps in solitude.

The wondering gaze of philosophic eyes,
The joy of being stuffed out for a show,
With eyes of glass, a marvellous name and wise,
That tells its character to those who know.

The sea forbids, nor circumscribes alone
These many joys, but hides from many a grief,
Forbids within the stewpan's breast to groan,
Or, at a civic dinner, shine the chief

Of dainty dishes, smothered 'mong a mass
Of celery, to tempt the gluttonous taste
Of high-fed Alderman, who far surpass
All gluttons else in hugely rotund waist.

Far from the shore, within the unsearched sea,
These nameless fishes fin their watery way
Along the marine mountain sides, where be
Cool grottoes decked with pearls and shell fish gay.

Yet even these oblivion cannot hide,
For some frail story oft will reach our ear
Of monster seen by seamen in the tide,
Though oft such tales from truth do sadly veer.

Their names unknown, their marvellous shapes we're told
The place of name and characters supply ;
And many a figment with such art enrolled
Might teach a new narrator how to lie.

For who to plain veracity a prey
A spirit-stirring tale did e'er resign ?
Or sent his story limping on its way,
When he might help it by another line ?

How fondly smiles the sly narrator then,
When greedy ears are gathering up his tale,
And thinking him the happiest of men,
Suspecting not, "'Tis very like a whale !"

. . . . . .

Some hoary-headed fisherman may tell
His fellows how this morning at the dawn
He marked a rippling, which he knew full well
Would yield them something when the net was drawn.

Then while he speaks, beneath yon nodding beach
A joyful spring proclaims a salmon there,
While round and round the rising wave rings stretch,
And busy boatmen for the quest prepare.

Hard pushed the oars now fling the waves in scorn,
And urge the rapid boat across the stream,
The dropping net around the pool is borne,
The floating cork lies in the sunny gleam.

And now they pull it to the accustomed beach
Along the side of yon deep sloping bank,
Another spring ! but ha ! he cannot reach
The freeborn stream, but in the net hath sank.

And now the ebbing wave from him is gone,
And fierce he struggles in the meshy net ;
Approach and muse, for thou canst muse upon
The lonely captive whose last sun hath set.

CONCLUSION.

Here rests his head upon the grass green bank,
A fish for size and beauty ne'er outstripped,
The silvery purple glittered on his flank
As from his native element he tripped.

Large are his shoulders, firm his speckled sides;
And ah! too large the sum he will command,
While me my empty pocket now derides,
And nothing yields unto my eager hand.

Then seek no more thine eyes to feast upon,
What to thy larder ne'er shall find the road,
Tho' salmon doth not make thy table groan,
Still thou mayst treat thee to a luscious cod.

## JOHN BLAIR,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "Masonic Songs, Oddfellow Songs, and other Rhymes," published in 1888, was a native of Stirling. Leaving school in his eighth year owing to the death of his father and the needy circumstances of the family, he was, after being employed in various ways, apprenticed at the age of sixteen to a type-founder in Edinburgh. With the exception of a few years he spent in London, he remained till the time of his death in the service of the same firm—the Marr Foundry Company—of which he ultimately became manager and part proprietor. He died at Edinburgh in 1889 in his seventy-first year.

Although not a public man, he was possessed of great natural ability. During the existence of the *North British Express*, most of the leading articles in that paper emanated from his pen. Mr Blair was a Chartist, and one of the leaders of the movement. He gave to the world from time to time poems which were

published in many of the daily journals. Some of these poems, advocating the rights of the people, are above the average of such productions. In Free masonry and Oddfellow lore he was an authority, and he was the Bard of the latter Order. He took a prominent part in the discussion as to the advisability of a system of interchangeable type bodies, arguing strongly against the change. His last contribution was a feeling poetical tribute to the memory of his brither bard, James Smith, author of "Wee Joukey Daidles" and other well-known poems and songs. His productions afford clear evidence of his warm brotherly sympathies, and kindly, genial nature.

### THE SCOTCH BAWBEE.

While "money makes the Mare to go,"
And tax on tax is piled;
While gain and profit only show
Extravagances wild;
While credit boldly rides the wind,
And men say trade is free,
A Scotchman never fails to mind
The power of the Bawbee.

In native modesty,
The power of the Bawbee
Is known by land and sea—
The ever true Bawbee.

The Sovereign, in its golden power,
Much empty pride betrays;
The mighty Dollar of the hour
Its rounded strength displays;
But both depend for strength and weight—
Whate'er their pomp may be—
On items anything but great,
Such as the wee Bawbee.

In native modesty, &c.

It lays the found, it builds the walls
Of Fortune's wondrous pile—
The nest-egg of those stately halls
Where opulence doth smile.

When Waste hath neither robbed nor ruled,
But Thrift a lesson learned,
The wee Bawbee thus all hath schooled—
"Live on the means you've earned."

In native modesty, &c.

No miser-spirit prompts the song,
It gives but honest praise
To whom of right it doth belong,
True sterling worth to raise.
Though upper structures grace the land,
They may take wings and flee,
If their foundations do not stand
True as the wee Bawbee.

In native modesty, &c.

## I EARLY IN CHILDHOOD.

I early in childhood wi' Jamie foregathered,
We dandered wi' playthings by burnie and lea,
The ettlin's o' fate around us were tethered,
For weel I lo'ed Jamie, and Jamie lo'ed me.
Wi' childish affection he tended his Lizzie,
And courtship succeeded in auld-fashion'd ways;
Oh, blest recollection! my head gets quite dizzy
To think on thae lang-past, thae dear happy days.

But Jamie was ta'en frae the hame where we courted,
To fecht for the tyrant that ruled o'er the land;
And I was deserted, and sair disconcerted,
Wi' ilka thing ruined that he and I planned.
But a leal-hearted lassie will let naught o'ercome her,
Nae sorrow can darken the light at the core;
I sighed and I waited in winter and summer—
My hope ne'er departed, though often heart-sore.

Lang dark nights o' sorrow had weary been to me,
Wi' nae glint o' sunshine to brighten the e'e,
Till fate brought the morning and wi' it my Jamie,
To dry up the tear that had often got free.
And now when war's fortune my Jamie has home led,
And happiness showers down its blessings again,
Around the hale hamlet there's no a wee homestead
Where peace and contentment mair constantly reign.

## I'LL BUY MY AULD MITHER A FROCK.

My mither's a braw gausy woman,
Aye scrubbin' her but an' her ben,

You may doubt it, but faith it is true, man,
She's a couthy an' worthy auld hen;
She s unequalled at kirk or at market,
As trig an' correct as the clock,
By her I've been scrubb'd weel and sarkit—
I'll buy the auld body a frock.

To duty she ne'er was a failure,
An' as for her weel-guarded tongue,
It ne'er threw a doubt or a shame o'er
The fame o' the auld or the young;
An' if by mischance it did happen
A dish or a window was broke,
She chastised the young culprit caught nappin'—
She richly deserves a new frock.

If Jenny or Joe had been skulkin'
Their lessons, or playing the "kip,"
Or Jock, the big brither, was sulkin',
An' gi'ein' his mither some "lip,"
She ne'er let a' this fash her noddle,
But wi' mitherly firmness aye spoke—
Of discretion she is a true model—
Don't you think she deserves a new frock?

When supplies for the cupboard were scanty,
An' wages to faither were sma',
Dear mither, she wrought aye sae canty,
Though the tear in her e'e I oft saw;
She never was aught but strong-hearted,
Speiled the brae, stood the blast like a rock,
Her affection frae judgment ne'er parted,
By my sooth, she deserves a new frock.

When faither succumbed to the sickness
That finally took him awa',
Resignation, devotion, and meekness
Reigned supremely over our ha'.
Dear mither, she suffered in silence,
Did her turn through the terrible shock;
Her grief was intense, without violence—
She richly deserves a new frock.

But age will make limbs and tongue shaky,
And vigour itself will decay;
The system becoming quite achy—
December must follow life's May.
Here I pause, for my eyelids are filling;
But ere she's relieved from the yoke,
I'll gratefully spend my last shilling,
To buy my auld mither a frock.

## A MASONIC TOAST.

Here's good health to the Craft, whose friendship we've quaffed,
May it ever be found in good fettle ;
Success hath well crowned its efforts all round,
And its ring is the ring of true metal.

As can easily be traced, its heart is right placed,
Though controlled by clear-headed decision ;
Yet it never was known a mean thought to own,
Nor to put a good cause to derision.

Success often brings the spirit that clings
To meanness and notions close-fisted,
But the craft knows no case, for 'twould be a disgrace,
Where its open hand hath not assisted.

Through a much-chequered life, 'mid business and strife,
It hath held its "put" good 'gainst all comers ;
And, tho' we are told its records are old,
'Twill live crowds of winters and summers.

## CHARITY.

Charity in goodness lies—
Strong in purpose, ever wise ;
Brother thus to brother cries,
Hail to charity !
Charity is great of heart,
Charity's a noble part,
Charity can aye impart
Love and purity.

Hand in hand the Lodges go
Motives worthless to o'erthrow,
And to give, without a blow,
Truth the victory.
Charity—in fullest sense—
Charity's a power immense ;
Charity shall banish hence
Pride and jealousy.

Mark its power on men and things,
Bondmen up to mighty kings !
Mark the blessing that it brings
In adversity.
Charity shall aye endure,
Charity is sweet and pure,
Charity is ever sure—
Kind 'twill ever be.

Purifying, raising all;
Never deaf to mercy's call,
Justice metes to great and small—
All to this agree.
Charity fair play demands,
Charity, the first of Grands!
Charity hath open hands:
Hail to Charity!

## JOHN HUME,

THE author of the following pieces selected from a considerable collection, was born in 1810 at Skichen, Carmyllie, Forfarshire. This farm had for a long period been, and still is, in possession of the family. At sixteen years of age, John Hume left home to commence a business career in Dundee, and it was in that city that most of his poems were written. A country life, however, had sufficient charm to induce Mr Hume to return to it, and follow the ancestral occupation of farming, and for the last thirty-five years he has resided at Balmirmer, on the Panmure Estate.

As might be gathered from a perusal of his writings, Mr Hume is a man of strong religious views, tempered, however, by a cheerful manner and a singularly kindly disposition. In all matters tending to promote the social or religious welfare of the community, he has ever taken an active interest, and he enjoys the warm respect of all who are privileged to know him.

### A SKETCH OF MY OWN CHARACTER.

There was a time, which now seems long ago,
When I to th' Muse as to a friend could go,
And in my own rude way my thoughts unfold,
Not in poetic strain, nor metre bold,

Being all untaught in poesy's mystic art,
Which, managed well, can cheer the dullest heart;
But yet in simple verse I could make free
To ask the Muse to lend her aid to me.
But now, so great's the change, I scarcely feel
As if I could a thought in metre tell;
And, what's more strange, altho' I thus again
Invite the Muse, I write without a theme;
But as I write for pleasure, not for pelf,
What matter tho' the subject be myself?

A sorry text enough, all must agree!
And in such hands what can the sermon be?
What can it be? I fear to think how black
The picture were if truth kept nothing back.
How much would be disclosed that now lies hid
From most who see fair decency outside;
And how much more does still far deeper lie
Unseen by self, or seen by jaundiced eye;
But I do surely more than many know
What's in me good or bad, and what "so so."

And first, what's of me seen needs no comment,
If "neighbour-like," with that I'm quite content;
But then the mind—ah! that's the hidden part
Which few can see, or know what's in the heart.
Mine I well know a strange compound to be—
One while quite pleased, from care and trouble free;
Now with the world content, and tho' its cares
Fall in my cup (as who but of them shares?),
Can reason like a sage, they only come
To keep me mindful this is not my Home,
And come to teach me that while here below
I *may* some sweet, but *must* some bitter know.
But then again—altho' it mayn't be seen
(As generally I've power to keep it in)—
I'll fret without a cause, and, if I could,
Would others blame that I'm in such a mood.

But I with shame confess my temper's short,
And catches fire should aught my honour hurt,
But never did I angry word or frown
To any give but grieved me soon as done;
For 'mongst the list of faults lodged in my heart
I've never found that malice formed a part;
Nor am I blamed, I hope, for railing down
My neighbour's fame, but I a failing own
In loving much my friends, and there is one
I know could tell my heart's not made of stone
Of course, I let the reader find out *who*—
It's well I know myself that she loves too!

With pleasure often, as by duty bound,
I tread from morn to night the constant round
Of business, as a means a share to gain
Of what does *dunces* change to *clever men* ;
And often, I confess, I'm so weighed down
With what I catch that love is oft near gone
For higher prize than what this world can give
(This fault and others may the Lord forgive).

And yet I sometimes hope that I'm devout,
Because I love the *form*, but oft find out
The power is weak within ; for how to bind
My thoughts to sacred things I cannot find ;
And well I know that were not sovereign grace
To guard my steps and govern all my ways,
I might by horrid crimes be so debased
As make me justly be by all despised.

As only friends I hope this sketch will see
I beg they may not over anxious be
To search for greater faults than I have told,
As many they might find were they to bold
The portrait and perfection in one view,
And find my virtues then were faulty too.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVELY NOTES!

Wake up your lively notes ye little birds,
And you of sweetest song attune your throats,
Bid those of harsher sound cry loud with you
To welcome in the cheerful months of Spring ;
And call the aid of all endowed with life
To joy with you that Winter's storms are past.
And now the vernal breeze and gentle shower
Have plants and trees from Winter's sleep revived;
See from that root that lately seemed so dead
Has sprung a gentle flower of sweet perfume,
And trees and plants that naked were and bare
Now clothéd are with leaves of brightest green.
Mark how the hardened soil that was bound up
In Winter's cold embrace—or soaked in rain,
Is pulverised and soft by Spring's return ;
And now gives forth its fructifying power
To clothe the fields with rich and mellow grain.
And now the herds are weary of the stall
And lowing to be free, to roam at large
On verdant fields to crop the juicy grass ;
How pleasant *then* the scene when fields and mead
Are clothed with woolly flocks and fattened herds,
And all rejoicing at the birth of Spring !

Now is the time, when those in cities pent
Long to be free, to breathe the country air,
And hear the voice of Nature all unmixed
With crashing sounds of trade and city din.
May we, too, tune our hearts to join the song
That's raised to God by Nature, and rejoice
That we have *reason* to enjoy His work,
And worship and adore The Great First Cause
By whom returning Spring is ushered in.

## "CONSIDER THE LILIES."

Delightful flower! how lovely, bright, and fair!
Who can behold without delight
Thy gentle leaves of snowy white,
Or breathe, unfelt, thy fragrance in the air.

What artificial grandeur can we find
To equal thine, so plain and chaste?
'Twould poor resemblance be at best,
Tho' all man's art and genius were combined.

He, who thy tender form gave such effect,
Did, when on earth, Himself declare
That Solomon could not compare
With thee, tho' in his glory all bedecked.

If God such clothes for lilies doth provide,
Then surely He will men preserve;
For lilies but His purpose serve,
Then, as a worthless thing, are cast aside.

But man was made a nobler end to serve,
Than, like the lilies, cease to be;
His soul the Lord must glorify,
And thro' eternity His praise observe.

Nor need he for to-morrow careful be,
How he may food and clothes obtain;
For each day's failings fully claim
That he to God should for His mercy flee.

## MAGGIE TODD,

A WRITER in whom a keen perception of the beautiful is visible in her pleasing and melodious verse, was born at Camperdown, near Dundee, in 1866. Before she was a year old, however, her parents removed to Craigmills, parish of Strathmartine, where her early days were spent. When Miss Todd was about twelve years of age, her father leased Windy Mill, Murroes, where she has ever since resided with her parents. Her life, she informs us, "has been a quiet, happy, and uneventful one, always spent in the country, and always by the side of a burn, my father being a miller." Although very fond of poetry, she never had any thought or ambition to write it. "I first tried to compose," she says, "when I was eighteen, and I don't know what tempted me to make the effort then, unless it was the perfect beauty of the spring day, and my own thorough enjoyment of it." About a year after, not without a good deal of trepidation, she sent a poem to the editor of the *People's Journal*, pleading with him not to mention her name in the paper if the verses did not prove suitable. For some time after she stood in great awe of "To Correspondents," afraid to find in that dreaded neuk a few not very complimentary words regarding her lines. The poem appeared, however, in due course, under the title of "Brighter Days," and from that time she felt encouraged to continue writing, which she has done with increasing power and fervour—most of her pieces having appeared in that popular *Journal*. Her poems and songs evince refined taste, almost faultless melody, and careful execution.

### MY LADDIE DAYS.

I am sittin' by the ingle,
In the fire-light's ruddy blaze—

Sittin' in my cosy corner,
Dreamin' owre my laddie days

I'm again a blythe bit laddie
Trudgin' bravely to the schule;
Noo I'm ca'ed afore the maister
To be rated as a fule.

Noo I'm spankin' up the hillside,
Noo I'm guddlin' in the burn;
'Fore the hounds I'm noo a foxy,
Jinkin' them at ilka turn.

Noo I'm in the maister's gairden,
Clamberin' up an apple tree;
Noo I hear wee Willie Wilson
Shoutin', "Here's the dominie."

Noo I see the looks o' thunder,
When his e'e upon me fa's;
Noo I feel the awfu' stingin'
O' his four-taed leathern tawse.

Noo I'm teasin' Auntie Mysie,
Sittin' in her gairden chair;
Noo I'm takin' time to ponder—
Biggin' castles in the air.

Noo upon my fleetin' fancy
Scenes o' fame an' fortune rise,
(Than I, in my laddie wisdom,
Statesman never was mair wise.

Noo I'm—hist! what's a' the clatter
Megstie me! an' sic a mess!
While I've here been idly dreamin',
That vile cat's been in the press.

## THE SUMMER QUEEN.

All hail with joy the Summer Queen,
With voice so soft and sweet;
With fragrant blossoms on her brow,
And garlands at her feet.
Whose home is in the woodlands green,
And 'mid the sylvan bowers;
Who treads the woodland paths unseen,
Whose tears bedew the flowers.

In gentle mood she clothes the fields
In robes of emerald green ;
Her crown, the work of nature's art,
Proclaims her nature's queen.
Her touch the pulse of nature thrills
By woodland, stream, and lake ;
Her voice amid the purple hills
A thousand echoes wake.

Oh, come ! ye toiling thousands, come ;
Leave for a little while
The mighty city's ceaseless hum,
And bask beneath her smile.
Soon must she leave the mossy dell,
The woodland and the glade ;
All earthly bloom bespeaks the tomb,
The fairest flower must fade.

## WE'RE SCOTLAND'S BAIRNS YET.

Oh, I wad sing oor mither tongue
In hamely Doric twang,
Its tender pathos stirs the heart
When mellowed into sang.
Dear Scotland's bairns owre the sea
The auld tongue ne'er forget,
But fondly sing, while wild-woods ring,
"We're Scotland's bairns yet."

In days langsyne oor fathers fought
For Scotland's liberty ;
Their life-blood dyed their native heath
That Scotland might be free.
They prayed Auld Scotland ne'er might see
The star o' Freedom set,
That aye her children's boast would be—
"We're Scotland's bairns yet."

Can we forget auld Scotland's name,
Sae dear to memory ?
Can we forget oor dauntless Bruce ?
Oor knight o' Ellerslie ?—
Blest names, which still in Scottish breasts
Can patriot souls beget ;
Hearts answer—"No, thro' weal and woe
We're Scotland's bairns yet."

### "THE BONNETS O' BONNIE DUNDEE."

Oh, lassies, dear lassies, aye stick to yer caps,
Nor heed the rough jeerin' o' wild senseless chaps;
Oh, stick to yer bonnets an' lat them a' see
There is routh o' guid sense in the maids o' Dundee.

Gie the gowks o' big laddies o' jeerin' their fill,
Ye'll live lang tho' lauched at, sae ne'er tak' it ill;
But stick to yer bonnets, an' sune ye will see
Ye can gang unmolested, the pride o' Dundee.

Oh, stick to yer bonnets, dear lassies, I pray,
They are cosy an' trig on a cauld winter's day:
An' far mair becomin', dear lassies, ye'll be
Gin ye stick to the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

There are bonnets in Lunnun, an' bonnets in Fife,
In the toon o' Kilmarnock the bonnets are rife,
There are low-crooned an' high-crooned, but a' will agree
There are nane like the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

## HUBERT GRAY M'LAREN.

THE subject of this sketch was the sixth son of the late James M'Laren, parish teacher, Kincardine, Perthshire; and nephew to the late Peter M'Laren, LL.D., a worthy man, who, for the long period of fifty years, was headmaster of the Blytheswood Testimonial School in the ancient burgh of Renfrew. Hubert was born at Blair-Drummond Schoolhouse in 1848. When he was a boy of seven years, the family removed to Edinburgh, where he received his education under his father and Mr Mitchell of Holyrood School. His first start in life was as junior clerk in the office of Messrs T. Nelson & Sons, publishers. He remained with them for three years, and was then apprenticed to a firm of wholesale ironmongers in Edinburgh, where he

served for several years. From 1870 till the present time he has represented several large Birmingham and London houses in various parts of the United Kingdom, with the exception of about two years, during which he acted as interim secretary and collector to the St Andrew's Ambulance Association, Glasgow. He now resides in the burgh of Govan.

Mr M'Laren has in his life-time made money, and, like many other poetic spirits, lost it; but he is still fighting the battle of life with a cheery, buoyant mind, for he does not set his heart upon this world's gear. His own words are:—"We are not rich, but we are happy; for our family altar, amid many severe trials, has always had its daily sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving."

While engaged in commercial pursuits, Mr M'Laren has all along devoted his spare time to literature. He has written many essays, poems, and character sketches, most of which have been published in local papers, or in pamphlet or book form. The poetic fire seems to have been kindled in his young breast at the age of twelve years, when, with two kindred spirits, he founded a Literary Society in Edinburgh, which grew to some importance, and numbered among its members several eminent ministers, literary men, and journalists —the latter including Mr Alex. Paul, on the editorial staff of the *Daily News*. During these early years our author also attended the School of Arts, where he says he "imbibed the spirit of poetry, and a love of truth and beauty." He also attended Latin and Greek classes, and studied Logic and Mathematics under Rev. Mr M'Kenzie. He confesses, however, that he could never understand or master the latter subject. He was also initiated into the mysteries of Theology by attending the "No Popery" classes of Mr John Hope.

Like all true poetic souls, he has tender sympathies with that which is true, beautiful, and good; and there

are many cases on record where he has helped a poor struggling brother in times of distress. The following incident (see Hansard's Debtors' Scotland Act, 1880) is an interesting illustration of his character:—"The most remarkable thing I ever did in my life was to insure a man's life, while he was lying in a civil prison, for £1140. I assigned the policy for the debt to the creditor, after many a weary interview with the lawyers, becoming security for the premium and interest. But before the first year had expired, the man died, and the debt and all obligations were discharged."

Mr M'Laren has the poetic spirit both in song and sentiment, in head and heart. But he has been too versatile in his tastes and habits to produce any very elaborate or finished work. However, his lengthy poems, "Kossuth by the Grave of Burns," and "The Conversion," are brimful of fine thoughts and noble aspirations, though they are fragmentary and irregular in composition, and do not do justice to the author's real talent and power of conception.

### THE FLOWERS O' BLAIR-DRUMMOND.

Blair-Drummond's woods are dear to me,
Sweetly fair her flow'ry lea,
And oh! the birds upon the tree,
Pipe out the sangs o' Eden.

'Tis sweet to see her bairnies rin,
Amid her calm to hear their din;
The frownin' o' her crazy linn,
Is like a sang o' Eden.

'Tis sweet to hear the auld kirk bell,
Sounding adoon the bushy dell,
Sic hallow'd mem'ries it can tell
About the sangs o' Eden!

'Tis sweet to meet the laird sae kind,
Sae tender to the puir and blind,
His equal you will rarely find,
His deeds are sangs o' Eden.

Twas sweet to see the bonnie flowers
Comin' frae Blair-Drummond's bow'rs
Drawin' auld folks' tears in showers,
Just like a sang o' Eden.

Richer than the flow'rs sae braw,
The warbling winds will saftly blaw
A blessing on Blair-Drummond Ha'
Tuned to the sangs o' Eden.

## MY OLD HOME IN SCOTLAND.

Hail to the land where I was born!
Land of my childhood's early days,
Fairer far than the Golden Horn,
Brightest theme for endless lays.
Oh! naught can cheer where'er I roam
Like one dear thought of my old home;
The old arm-chair, the kindly face,
Love's young dream at the trysting place;
The linnet's song, the whaup's wild cry,
Will bind my heart until I die
To my old home in Scotland,
To my old home in Scotland.

Hail to Victoria's loyal sons,
Dunedin Isle and Indian palm!
We will unite while ages run
In the Empire's thrilling psalm.
But naught can cheer where'er I roam
Like one fond thought of my old home;
The lion-flag our fathers bore,
The wild waves dashing on the shore,
The green sod where the martyrs lie,
Will bind my heart until I die
To my old home in Scotland,
To my old home in Scotland.

Hail to Canadia's fertile land,
Columbia's wilds and golden grain!
We'll join our kinsmen hand in hand
In old freedom's hallowed fane.
But naught can cheer where'er I roam
Like one sweet thought of my old home;
The lonely grandeur of her hills,
The murmur of her lowland rills,
The linnet's song, the whaup's wild cry,
Will bind my heart until I die
To my old home in Scotland,
To my old home in Scotland.

## BROKEN VERSES.

Through life, in death, he suffered pain,
Oh ! still 'twas hard to part.

Right royal Renfrew ! thou wert kind,
Thy sons are men of heart ;
So, he sleeps to the sounding of your old church bell.

He rests,
A little ship at anchor—
All's well ! all's well !

Wi' open e'en and palm-knit hands he prayed his daily prayers ;
It was a little wonder to see his solemn airs.

He had his hours of joy and glee,
When he was free from pain :
His pretty face, his smile to see,
Was worth a world of gain.

He could imitate the mewing cat, the crowing of the cock,
The cry o' "Caller Haddies," the ticking of the clock.
His mother, sister, brothers, were at his beck an' ca' ;
He reigned a little emperor, although our hoose was sma'.

Put awa' the tow-gun, the whistle, an' the ba',
Put awa' his wudden gir, an' wee bit stick to ca' ;
Put awa' his wee, wee shune, for oh ! they'll break my heart ;
'Twas double sorrow's sadness frae oor wee bairn to pairt.

## THE "BOSS" NUT.

A blue-eyed boy, with curly hair,
Rosy cheeks, and limbs of beauty ;
A look demure, and full of care,
As if he'd failed to do his duty.

"What ails my pretty, blue-eyed child ?
Why look ye now so dull and sad ?
Have ye been naughty, rude, or wild ?
What can I do to make you glad ?"

The child looked up with solemn air,
And pointed to a broken shell—
"That nut was boss, it looked so fair ;
Who took the kernel—can you tell ?"

I laughed to see his puzzled look ;
"Who stole the kernel ?" I replied.
His tiny little hand I took,
And louder laughed as Johnny sighed.

"It was the same as all the rest,
It was so large, so neat, and nice ;
I thought it was the very best,
But it was boss. Was it the mice ?

"It couldn't be, for it was whole
And hard, that nothing could get through ;
There was not even the smallest hole—
But it was empty, that is true."

"Come here, my lad, upon my knee,
Your little riddle I'll unfold,
And tell of Mister Microbe—
A rascal very small but bold.

"All nuts must grow upon the tree ;
Before the shell there comes the flower,
And if you watch it you will see
It blooming in the shining hour.

"The cunning rogue cowers down unseen,
And hides himself beneath the leaf
When it is tender, young, and green,
And so the kernel comes to grief.

"And when the shell is fully grown
He takes the kernel for his food,
By autumn winds the shell is blown
Down where you found it in the wood.

"Now learn to hate the little sin,
For lies and oaths, when once began,
Are like the whisky, ale, and gin—
They always leave a ruined man.

"My son, beware ! e'er 'tis too late ;
Be good, and busy doing well ;
For little sins grow very great,
Just like the insect in the shell."

## A CRY FROM THE CITY.

Oh ! let us breathe the mountain air,
  Oh ! let us paddle in your streams,
Oh ! let us cull your flowers so fair,
  And walk in shaded sunny beams.

We are the pillars of the State,
  We work the press, the forge, the loom ;
We give the dainties to the great,
  And spend our days in smoke and gloom.

Then let us breathe your caller air,
  And angle in your bonnie streams,
And smell your flowers, with fragrance rare,
  And walk through shaded sunny beams.

We'll climb Ben Ledi's giddy height,
  And view the Grampians round and round,
Worship the awful Power and Might,
  In which the lasting hills were found.

We'll listen while the linties sing,
  What though we start a tim'rous hare ?
Joy in our drooping heart's will spring,
  To sweeten life and lighten care.

## THE LONELY SOUL.

The gold and gems belong to God,
The flaming fire, the nipping rod,
The stormy night, the dying day,
Tender flowers in green array,
  Belong to God.

The forces that are hid from sight,
The little seeds, enthroned in might,
And grow into the yellow corn,
The apple tree, and milk-white thorn,
  Belong to God.

The million fishes in the sea,
The millions that are yet to be,
And every leaf upon the tree,
And everything that's fair and free,
  Belong to God.

Eternal realms of space and time,
The motions made in every clime,
The garments which the angels wear,
The souls redeemed from sin and care,
Belong to God.

Oh, rending heart ! 'tis sad to think
Of souls unsaved upon the brink
Of death ! Then, lost forever,
Lonely soul, ah ! ye can never
Belong to God.

Oh, rending heart ! be still, be still !
Why linger ye by mountain rill ;
Go now, the Lord's commands fulfill,
And teach the wayward how they will
Belong to God.

## JOHN GILKISON.

ONE of the most interesting of modern contributions to Scottish poetical literature is "The Minister's Fiddle : A Book of Verse, Humorous and Otherwise," by the subject of the present sketch (Glasgow : Messrs A. Bryson & Co.) Mr Ford, in his "Poet's Album," to which we are indebted for the following details, draws attention to the rollicking yet happily-worded prefatory note, in which Mr Gilkison, acting on the theory, as enunciated by himself, that "there is no modesty required in a preface," informs his readers that he was born in the Gorbals of Glasgow, inheriting from his father many of the peculiarities of that good old locality, though most of his boyhood and youth was spent in Ireland. One evening, it might be, he would be listening to the bleating cry of the mire-snipe in Eskragh Bog, in the province of Ulster, and

the next to the steeple bells of Hutchesontown, Parish Church, Glasgow. "I have known and been influenced by all sorts and conditions of men. . . . I have been a member of a U.P. Church Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society on the Thursday nights, and on the Fridays of an Amateur Dramatic Club. I have known missionaries, music-hall artistes, and medical students."

A working man, and the son of a working man, Mr Gilkison was born about forty years ago in the Gorbals of Glasgow. Being of delicate physique, he was sent, at the age of six years, to live with his maternal grandfather, an Irish tenant-farmer, in the north of Ireland, for the benefit of country air and the better nurture which the farm dairy afforded. He attended school there, and remained until nearly sixteen, going home to Glasgow twice a year for holidays. As a boy he was a great reader, but his grandfather, being a very strict, old-fashioned Presbyterian, than the Bible, Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," no other books were available. He therefore made the most of these, but as he grew older his father supplied him with "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and a book of old ballads, which opened up a new world to him, and peopled the wild Irish bog by which his grandfather's farm was almost surrounded with wondrous companions. Settled for good in Glasgow, at the age of sixteen he went to learn the trade followed since its institution in Glasgow by his family—umbrella-making. He worked in the employment of Messrs Wilson, Matheson, & Co., boy and man, for about twenty years.

Early in those years our poet began to dabble in literature, and was connected a good deal with most of the nondescript publications—especially the comic and satirical—of the time. He was in at the birth as also the death of the *Wizard* and the *Bee*, and

similar aspirants to public favour. The popular "Jean Byde Papers" were wholly written by Mr Gilkison. These papers might have continued longer than they did, but the task of regular and frequent production, entirely without outside help, proved more than our author's physical and mental strength was equal to, so when he was "pumped dry" "Jean Byde" collapsed. As illustrative of the versatility of Mr Gilkison's gifts, it may be told that he wrote Mr Charles Bernard's first Gaiety pantomine, adapted the next, and wrote part of many of the succeeding ones. Such songs as "The Calico Ball," "What's Wrang wi' ye," and others, all of which were popular for a time, were from his pen. Very congenial work to him, which he looks back upon yet with pleasure, was the writing of a series of children's toy story books for the firm of M'Clure & Macdonald, the well known lithographic printers and publishers.

Mr Gilkison resides in Dumbarton, where he recently embarked in retail shopkeeping on his own account. Besides having contributed random bits of prose and verse to a number of newspapers and periodicals, he has written one or two serial tales, and is an esteemed and active member of the Glasgow Ballad Club. In the volume published by Blackwood some years ago, containing the choicest songs and ballads which have emanated from this select society of sweet singers (to which we have repeatedly had occasion to refer) there are two of his pieces, which are so genuinely Irish in tone that many have fancied them the work of a "true son of the soil." He is, however, as happy in his treatment of the expressive and couthy Doric as he is in the rollicking brogue of old Ireland. While many of his poems and songs have an easy, melodic flow, the reader will delight in his character sketches. He tells a story in pithy rhyme, and with a felicitous management of the

mother tongue. Not a few of his lengthy comic, pathetic, and even tragic pieces possess a grip that will delight Scottish readers, and afford ample scope to his graphic descriptive gifts.

### THE LAMENT OF DOUGAL MACGREGOR.

So Dougal lay dead, och aree!
His chanter now silenced for effer;
The last Red Macgregor was he,
A ferry goot job whateffer.
Oh, 'tiss he that wass aye the wild lad,
With hough like a bullock or filly,
His life had its goot and its bad,
Wass piper, and henchman, and ghillie.
But now he lay dead och aree!
No more he would tread on the heather;
And clansmen, from Luss to Lochee,
All mourned for Dougal together,

His name it wass known farr and wide,
The last blood of Rob Roy Macgregor;
And Rob, in the best of his pride,
I'm sure wasn't wilder or bigger.
He never was anything long,
But juist aye a wild hielan rover;
Could play on the pipes, sing a song,
Wass poacher, and poatman, and drover
And famed too, ass effery wan knows,
From Drymen to lonely Glen Falloch,
And known to the Duke of Montrose,
And Constable Camphell in Balloch.
But now he lay dead, och aree!
Stretched out by old Flora Macluskie;
His like Drymen Fair ne'er will see
For dancing, and drinking the whusky.

The last night that Dougal was here,
He sent for his friends altogether,
And kindly they gathered them near,
O'er mountain, and moorland, and heather.
There wass Norman, and Donald—och hone!—
And two cousin's sons from Dumbarton,
And Hamish, and Rob, and young Shon,
And others—true sons of the tartan.
So, when they were all sitting still,
Then Dougal asked old Duncan Dewar,

With pen just to write out his will,
To make all things certain and shuar.

"My poat I will leave to young Shon,
My shot-gun to wee Archie Biggar,
My tackle to Allison's son,
And my pipes to young Hamish Macgregor.

"And the Duke of Montrose's man, Shon—
No better e'er stood in shoe leather—
Has twenty goot pounds of my own,
All the money I effer could gather.
And this he will take, and employ,
To bury me, ponnie and pleasant;
For I'm the last blood of Rob Roy,
I'm not a poor Sassenach peasant!

"And down on Inch Calliach's green breast
Just bury me, where the winds free soch;
Aye, there I will lay me and rest
Till Gabriel blows the last pibroch.

"Let twelve hielan lads be picked out,
Each wan in his bonnet and feather,
To carry me steady and stout,
By fours, taking turns together.

"And, friends, don't old Dougal afront,
By making believe to deplore me;
But Hamish will walk in the front,
Playing my own pipes before me.
And aye on the road, as you go,
Still halt when you see hielan heather,
And Hamish a pibroch will plow,
To bring the Macgregors together.
Then five or six ferry good men,
Without any teetotal rigour,
Will hand the dram round now and then,
And drink to the last Red Macgregor.

"That's all. My old pipes give me down,
I'd feel them wanst more on my shoulder;
I would hear the old chanter's sweet soun
Before my old fingers grow colder."
And there, just before effery eye,
He tuned the old pipes in their places,
Gazed fondly, and gave wan long sigh,
And stroked all their ribbons and graces.
And then, as his time was near spent,
He into the bag began plowing,

And played the Clan Alpine Lament—
'Twas just on the eve of his going—
Then stopped, and just laid back his head,
His fingers relaxing their vigour,
So passed through the mists of the dead,
The ferry last wild Red Macgregor.
And Dougal lay dead, och aree!
His chanter now silenced for effer;
The last Red Macgregor wass he,
A ferry goot job whateffer.

## THE SKINNING OF THE OULD COW.

*(An Irish Legend of the April Borrowing Days.)*

On a slope of Slievegallon, near the town of Killmoughray,
There grazed an ould cow on the farm of Jim Loughery;
And though an ould stripper, there ne'er was a better,
With limbs like a greyhound, and eyes like a setter.
And all through the winter, 'mid frost, sleet, or snow,
In byre or in field, or where'er she might go,
She'd wag her ould tail,
Strong as blackthorn flail,
In the deepest of scorn as the north wind would blow,
So to pull down her pride
All the months went aside,
And into conspiracy straightway did go,
And swore a deep oath they would lay that cow low.
"I'll choke her with fog!" says scowling November,
"I'll bury her alive!" says black-browed December;
Says January and February, "Lave her to us,
We'll finish her nicely without any fuss,"
When up steps bould March,
With a smile grim and arch,
And says, "I'm the boy that will soon make her whisht, for
I swear, by my honour,
Such a storm I'll bring on her,
I'll send her to pot with a taring nor'-easter."

So at once he began, and he fumed, and he blustered,
And his nipping winds blowed,
And he sleeted and snowed,
Till all the wide world with red noses were clustered;
Ears, fingers, and toes all so loudly bewail,
All save that ould cow with the scornful tail,
Which she wags in derision, and quietly grazes,
As much as to say,
In a delicate way,
"Shure March and his bluster may both go to blazes!"

Oh, 'twas then he grew mad, for his last day had come,
And swore like a trooper, and thought that the sum
Of all he had done was of no use whatever ;
And for aught that he knew
That he ever could do,
That scornful ould cow, shure, might graze on for ever.

When up came Spring's daughter, young April so fair,
With a bunch of sweet primroses pinned in her hair,
And stood in their midst, all sunshine, and smiling,
And asked them the reason of all this reviling.
When March, the ould baste,
Demanded in haste,
The loan from fair April of three days at laste ;
And if that she would
Just then he so good,
He swore by the piper that played before Moses,
Though all the whole world were deprived of their noses,
He'd take that ould cow, the hard-hearted sinner,
And with these three days he would kill her and skin her.

So April consented, and March caused once more
O'er dreary Slievegallon his bleak winds to roar ;
And, faith, it is said, that there never had been
In the province of Ulster the like of it seen,
Till the back of that poor ould unfortunate cow
With cowld and with hardship was bent like a bow.
When at last—ah ! how sad is my story to tell !—
Down low in a furrough exhausted she fell.
Then March in joy shouted,
And the poor cow he flouted,
And said that to skin her he soon was intending ;
When, just as he spoke,
With a gasp and a choke,
His three borrowed days they just came to an ending.

But the very best part of the story comes now,
For out of the furrough leaps up the ould cow ;
The artful ould stripper, she'd only been schaming,
And March he stared at her, and thought he'd been draming ;
And "Hurroo !" says the cow, as her tail up she set,
"By my faith, March, my boy, sure I'm not skinned yet !"
So March on the spot, sir, went stark, staring mad,
And from that day to this he always takes bad
About this time of year, and borrows three days
From purty young April, who humours his ways ;
And in his mad rage he has always to fall on
The ghost of a cow
That no one sees now,
For she's dead long ago on the slopes of Slievegallon.

## THE CRONIES.

Oh ! ance 'twas my fortune to bide in a toon
Whaur we were a' cronies thegither ;
For every man there was leal-hearted and soun',
An' ilk was to each a true brither.
Oor lives were content wi' a dram and a sang,
While sober folk bade at hame haverin',
An' we sang, while the world gaed jogging alang,
Owre a gill in blythe Jeannock's wee tavern.
An' oh ! we were happy thegither !
For the ane was as bad as the ither ;
An' tak' us a' thro', we a' were ae oo',
An' at heart leal and true as a brither.

There was Jamie, an' Johnnie, an Will o' the Mill,
An' Aleck as merry as summer ;
Wee Sandie the saddler, unbending o' will,
An' big, muckle Sandie, the drummer.
Frae the Braidroad Well to the tit o' the loan,
Great Bacchus ! but we were a' friskie ;
We tried aye to lauch, and never tae groan,
An' aye put oor trust in guid whisky.
For oh ! we were happy thegither,
First ae gill, and then cam' anither ;
An' ilka man there aye took aff his share,
Drinking honest an' fair a' thegither.

Gin oor hearts were ocht heavy we ca'd in a gill,
An' the same were we joyfu' an' merry ;
An' every occasion of joy or of ill,
We drank while guid drink we could carry.
A' oor griefs we could kill wi' the verse o' a sang,
For the whisky was potent an' subtle.
An' oor days flew alang wi' the clink and the clang,
An' the speed o' an aul' weaver's shuttle.
For oh ! we were happy thegither,
Wi' a dram frae the tane tae the tither ;
We'll drink ane the nicht tae the bonnie mune lich
An' to mornin' bricht we'll drink anither.

## WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

Our ship's upon the ocean,
Making sail for you and me ;
Her holds are filled with treasures,
She's brought from o'er the sea.
She has doubled wild Cape Horn,
And crossed the Spanish main—

'Tis long since she has left us,
But she'll soon be home again.

*Chorus—*

Then wait, boys, wait, till our ship comes home again;
Yes, wait, boys, wait, while she sails the stormy main;
Oh, 'twill be a merry day
When she anchors in the bay
And the captain cries "belay"
When the ship comes home.

Her sails are white as snow flakes,
Her ropes are taut and trim;
Her yards are square and shapely,
And tight in every limb.
The crew are on the foc'sle,
The captain walks abaft,
And with her mainsail flowing
She's a tidy little craft.

She's stored with silks from China,
And pearls from Peru;
With gold from California,
And gems from Timbuctoo;
With earrings for our Maggie,
A monkey for our Bill—
Oh, if we had her bow rope
We'd haul it with a will.

With every stitch of canvas
All set before the breeze,
Right merrily she's sailing
Across the summer seas—
Across the summer seas, boys,
And steering for the bay,
And soon we'll hear them cheering,
When the captain cries "belay!"

*Chorus*—Then wait, boys, wait, &c.

## ELIZABETH CRAIGMYLE,

A RICHLY gifted lady, authoress of "Poems and Translations" (1886), and "A Handful of Pansies" (1888), was born at Strawberry Bank, Aberdeen. Her first conscious recollection is of hearing the old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens," and a literary atmosphere has surrounded her all her life. Her home was a "house of books," and Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare were the only companions the child had. Her father, a scholar and a bookworm, brought up his daughter to share his own tastes, and began in her the passion for books which has always distinguished her.

Miss Craigmyle's early education was received at the High School of her native town. The wave of higher education reached Aberdeen in 1881, and she threw herself into it energetically, obtaining the degree of LL.A. (St Andrews), in 1882, at one examination-sitting. Like success attended her in the examinations of Aberdeen and London Universities—for science, especially anatomy, biology, and botany shares her heart along with literature, a somewhat unusual feature in a writer of verse. Many of the poems she wrote between the ages of eight and fourteen have a most remarkable appearance of maturity about them, while some of her translations from the Greek, French, and German are spoken of in terms of high praise by well-known critics. Indeed, her translation of Heine's lyric, "The Pine and the Palm," has been cited in a recent life of the poet as the best existent.

In the spring of 1887, while engaged as lecturer at Bishop Otter College, Chichester, Miss Craigmyle received notice of the death, in South America, of the friend of her life, to whom both her volumes are dedicated. An entire breakdown of health followed, but

in the course of several months she had recovered enough to make her first journey to Italy. The influence of this visit to the "land of lands" can be clearly traced in her volume, "A Handful of Pansies," which has received much generous praise. In 1889 our poetess edited "Faust," in the popular series of "Canterbury Poets," (London: Walter Scott). The prefixed memoir of Goethe and the translations of his ballads are from her pen. Early in 1890 she returned from another journey to Switzerland and Italy, having spent the winter months in Florence; and in the Lily City that she loves so well the "Spirit of Delight" seems to have come back to her, for poems written during her sojourn soon afterwards appeared in the *Art Review*.

Miss Craigmyle is a loving student not only of English literature, but of Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian. Her favourite poet is Browning, but the "poets' poets"—Keats and Rossetti—also exercise great influence over her. Her philosophy is a strange compound of her favourite "Sartor Resartus," and Schopenhauer. Her poems are beautiful in imagery and sentiment, and are distinguished by elegance of diction and graceful versification. They are remarkable for thoughtful suggestiveness, as well as for the evidence they afford of refined feeling and deep culture. The production of a truly gifted and poetic mind, they breathe a genuine poetic spirit.

### HER TWO LOVERS.

Above, her lattice sways tremulously,
Beneath stand two lovers—the rose and I.

The rose, the passionate child of the South,
Parches with longing for one red mouth.

"Let me climb to her chamber, unseen of men,
And let her who has crowned me kill me then."

He speaks and leaves me. I stand alone—
No foothold for me on the hard grey stone.

But the patient rose climbs higher and higher,
With tendrils that clasp like a man's desire.

He reaches her window. With failing breath—
"O love, I love you!" is all he saith.

On a lovely forehead came a frown,
And a white hand struck the bold blossom down.

In its torture uttered the rose no wail,
But the fluttering swallows told the tale:—

"Crushed petals fell on her floor below,
One dropt by chance on her bosom's snow.

"It lay there still when the daylight went,
And the dying rose sighed, 'So best. Content.'"

I turn from her casement silently—
"So near, dead lover? As near am I.

"For a verse of mine has reached the heart
In which I, the poet, can hold no part;

"Has whispered a thought of an unknown bliss,
Which both of our lives by a handbreadth miss."

. . . . . .

Which will be nearer her at life's close—
I, the poet, or he, the rose?

## AFTER SINGING-TIME.

Singing-time is past and over!
Once I loved the blossomed clover,
Heard the words that violets say
In the fields in dawns of May;
Lady Beauty's knight and lover
Held the world by favour of her,
Owned the poets' right of trover—
Singing-days are all passed over!

Ah! that time seems far away,
Farther than Creation's day;
Farther than the Pleiad-seven
Pulsing in the misty heaven.

I have dropped the golden key,
Lost the way to Arcadie—
*Ah! in nests among the clover*
*Singing-time is past and over.*

## THE BODY'S COMPLAINT OF THE SOUL.

"Soul, I pray of you, let me go free,"
Cried Body to Soul despairingly,
"Have I not longings even as you?
Have you not crushed them our whole life through?
You have dragged me on through unwilling ways,
Scorned at and flouted all our days.
When I craved poor pleasures that I could take,
Even God's sweet air and the kiss of the sun,
Lest Soul through Body should be undone,
You denied the least for your selfish sake.
Why stay thus linked to the things of sense?
Unlock the fetter, and let me hence,
Have you not all of Eternity?
Ah, break the bond, and set me free!"

"Of a surety will I set you free,"
Sighed Soul to Body half-wearily;
"A shackle, no link, unites us two—
You were given to me for a helper true;
But when I strove after all things best
You checked in mid-course with your cry for rest;
When I strove from earthly things to rise,
You said, 'This earth makes Paradise.'
Let the union end between you and me—
I hate you, loathe you, and set you free."

In the depth of a silent woodland place
Body and Soul stood face to face.
With a parting past regret or return,
When blood soaked slow through the moss and fern,
When each relux of the shuddering breath
Brought closer the severance of Death
With the dark of the Unseen close before,
And the fret and the chafe of the Seen nigh oe'r,
In the hour when all bands of union brake,
It was thus the Soul to the Body spake:—

"Body, forgive me the bitter wrong
You have suffered at my hand so long.
I forgot that God, who made the whole,
Gave Body yearnings as well as Soul,

Nor yours were meant for mine to waive:
You were given for sister, I made you slave,
But now for all time is the vantage yours,
The Body shall pass, but the Soul endures,
Endures—to hunger, and long, and crave,
While you lie quiet, and rest in the grave."

## FROM OUR SIDE.

Is Earth so happy, then, that we should scorn
The heaven we long for, crave with soul and heart?
We have not chosen, at least, the better part,
Leaving the ways that saiutly feet have worn
For desert-paths that lead through briar and thorn
To where blank darkness lies outside Life's gate.
We need thy pity, Most Compassionate,
Now Earth and we are left of thee forlorn.

Were there not tares thick sown amid thy wheat?
Did not the doubter touch thy hands and side?
Was not, among the Twelve, one suicide?
Nay, fair Lord Christ, in that far-distant day
When children nestled at those blessèd feet,
Was there not one "went *sorrowful* away"?

## ROUNDEL.

We shall not know when we are fallen on sleep
If o'er our silent hearts March violets blow,
Or if above us couch and darnel creep
We shall not know.

Senseless through summer shine and winter snow,
No sweet earth memories have we power to keep;
Yet well for us that this thing should be so.

When at our names no more the swift tears leap
To eyes that loved us in the Long-ago,
Thank God, Death's slumber is so dear and deep
We shall not know.

## JOHN BROWNE,

SCHOOLMASTER, Longformacus, Berwickshire, was born in Kennoway, Fife, in 1838. He was appointed pupil teacher to Mr James Henderson Forrester, schoolmaster of Kennoway, at the age of thirteen years. Besides the usual subjects for a pupil teacher's work, Mr Forrester trained him in Greek, Latin, and French, in which languages he read the the best authors. After an apprenticeship of five years, Mr Browne passed an examination for entrance into the Established Church Normal School, and took a first class Queen's scholarship. He afterwards attended the Normal School and took a certificate, and subsequently taught in Stranraer Academy, Robertson's Academy, Edinburgh, and other institutions. Our poet attended the Edinburgh University for two sessions, and was appointed to his present situation in 1866.

Mr Browne contributed poetical pieces to the *Fife Herald* when he was in his "teens." He has compiled for Messrs Collins & Sons geographies of Berwickshire and Haddington to suit the Scotch code; and has written articles and poems for the *Berwickshire News*, the *Educational News*, and the *Scottish Journal of Education*. He is the author of "Glimpses into the Past at Longformacus," which appeared in the *Berwickshire News* at various periods. These prove him to be an intelligent and painstaking antiquarian, while his songs are terse and bright and have a melodious swing. His reflective poems are at once marked by deep feeling, natural tenderness, and considerable descriptive power.

### THE LASS O' EVELAW TOWER.

The primrose peeps upon the brae,
The sun blinks on the moor;

The birds are cheery on the tree,
For Spring is at the door.
When gloamin' veils a' Nature round,
And silent is the hour,
I spiel the hill by singing rill
To the Lass o' Evelaw Tower.

The stars above shoot beams of love
With hope to beckon me,
And o'er the way the breezes stray
Wi' message from the lea ;
When at my glance her blue eyes dance,
She kens I'm in her power—
For Cupid's dart has played its part
For the Lass o' Evelaw Tower.

The rose at morn on dewy thorn
Is fair and fresh to see,
The heather bloom some eyes may plume,
And blossom on the tree ;
But the fairest rose that shepherd knows
Will bloom by Dye's own bower ;
Soon by my side she'll be my bride—
The Lass o' Evelaw Tower.

## THE GLOAMIN' COMES TO ALL.

The sun sinks in the west,
The shadows fall around,
The birds sleep in their nest,
Sere leaves lie on the ground.
The heart is sore depressed,
And care drops on me fall,
Morning is oft caressed
But gloamin' comes to all.

The joys of life are sweet,
The scenes of youth are dear,
After long years friends meet,
And milestones disappear.
We long for a retreat
To let the burden fall,
When the waves are at our feet
The gloamin' comes to all.

## THE AULD SCHULE-BELL.

The village lights shine through the dusk,
The moorland road is gone ;
To-night's so near to yonder time,
Though changeful years have flown.

Those cheery hearts that welcomed me,
With homeliness itsel',
Return in wisdom's voice to speak
About the auld schule-bell.

The river in its moods of spate,
Roars through the bridge to sea,
But figures of a bygone date
Flood memories on me.
Some sleep in peace beside the Dye
That murmurs through the dell,
Some have their homes in newer lands,
Who knew the auld schule-bell.

The shepherd wanders o'er the moor,
In winter bleak and cold,
The lonely "Law" lifts snowy head,
The flocks are in the fold.
But snug in cosy cot at e'en,
Old stories oft they tell,
About the pranks of other days,
Beside the auld schule-bell.

Oh! many a lad and lass will mind
In homesteads far away,
The sportive hours, and youthful tricks,
In the golden summer day.
And through the mist of years the heart
In fondness aye will tell
The page of life within those walls
Where hung the auld schule-bell.

And western blasts have tugged at thee,
From o'er Atlantic main,
And drifting snow, and rattling hail,
Have tried thy heart in vain.
The weary tramp upon the road,
In weather keen and snell,
Cast curious glances up to thee,
The cracked auld schule-bell.

The auld schule-bell has hung alof
Unchanged by loss or gain,
Its cracked, weather-beaten face
We ne'er shall see again.
A ruthless hand the order gave,
And doon at last it fell,
But sunny memories cling to thee
Familiar auld schule-bell.

May truth and justice bear the torch
To guide us on the way,
Lies from a false heart canker life,
Take sunshine out of day.
The true is good and beautiful,
Far more than tongue can tell,
May thoughts like these aye crowd around
The cracked auld schule-bell.

## THE KITE IS TUGGING AT THE STRING.

The kite is tugging at the string,
The wind is strong and free,
And leaves of brown and gold whirl down,
And tapestry the lea.
On uplands far, in lonely moor,
The streamlet leaps with glee,
But murmuring flows as it throws
Its burden to the sea.

The kite is tugging at the string,
The stubble field is bare,
And golden grain from laden wain
In stack is piled with care;
For winter snows, like bitter foes,
Contest the homely fare,
And cutting blast goes moaning past
Where luxury is rare.

The kite is tugging at the string,
The pack has crossed the rill,
And men and horse in gallant course
All gallop by the mill,
The fox to chase with eager pace,
And test its speed and skill;
But close of day brings nought for prey
But mist upon the hill.

The kite is tugging at the string,
Arrayed in wig and gown,
The supple youth at foils with truth
Strikes out for high renown;
Or deep in stocks, in rails and rocks,
The talk of busy town,
He earns vain rank, with cash in bank,
Before the sun goes down.

## JOHN HUTCHISON,

THE subject of this sketch was born in 1851 in Links, Kirkcaldy, where his father was a weaver. Owing to the failure of hand-loom weaving on the introduction of "steam," the family removed to Leith in 1853. There our poet was educated in a somewhat indifferent way—leaving school to labour in a "glass work" at the early age of eleven. His hours there extended from 3.30 in the morning to 6 o'clock at night, which left him neither time nor strength for carrying on mental improvement. After seven years' toil, his health gave way, compelling him to quit this occupation. Another, when health again permitted, was found in a sail-cloth factory, and there he has been ever since, acting as "tenter" of the looms. The jottings and poems of his little book—"How to make Life Worth Living, or Golden Thoughts in Prose and Verse,"—are the stray thoughts of the busy day, that have come up even amid the din and roar of machinery, and have been written down or developed at the close of the day's work. They are thoroughly Christian and human in tone, wanting grace only in their form, due perhaps to the somewhat imperfect education of the author, who has been and is a musing more than a reading man. He has had a stiff battle with hardship and sorrow, but the cultivation of his poetic gifts, and the writing of his reflective and suggestive thoughts and pithy sayings in prose and verse have cheered him in his hours of trial, and they will doubtless bring consolation and hope to the hearts of the weary and desponding reader. Our first quotation is from

### THOUGHTS IN VERSE.

What is beauty but a flower,
Emblem of the transient hour;
Or like the shadow's fitful play,
Which at nightfall pass away.

Our joys are often transient,
And always on the wing ;
For every blossom has its bud,
And every bee its sting.

. . . . .

What is anger ?—'tis a flame
That no water here can tame,
And the longer that it burns
To a wilderness all turns.

What is pride ?—a gust of wind ;
What here does it leave behind ?
Nothing, but the dust you meet
In the corner of the street.

## WORDS TO THE WISE.

Rust is a robber,
Rub is a sun,
That always shines brighter
The oftener 'tis done.

What's done well will need no more,
What's done half must be done o'er ;
For careless work makes very great trouble,
And always makes the labour double.

The wise aye look before they leap,
The cautious think before they speak,
The wary watch with cunning eye,
The thoughtless open their mouth and cry.

A man of haste should act with care,
For before his feet there lies a snare,
His speech with sympathy be fraught,
For he knows not how soon he may be caught.

Early to bed with the closing night,
And up with the early morning light,
Is the motto of all that's willing to strive—
For none can lie in their bed and thrive.

'Tis not the richest nor the strongest,
That here always live the longest ;
For on your wisdom may depend
How soon here your life may end.

When it's sunshine make your hay,
When it's worktime never play;
In these proverbs lies your weal,
So keep your shoulder to your wheel

If you have anything to spare,
Of the little take good care;
For it's certain that you may
Need it on a rainy day.

## PATIENCE.

Patience, my boy, patience,
Do not hang thy head in sorrow;
The little babe that's born to-day
Is not a man to-morrow.

Patience, my boy, patience,
The little seed you sow,
Will not be lost into the ground,
But to a tree will grow.

Patience, my boy, patience,
And do the best you can,
And to this add perseverance,
And you yet may be a man

Both noble, true, and honest,
Upright in heart and mind,
Add these virtues to all others,
They'll make you good and kind.

## THE DRUNKARD'S BAIRN.

Hae pity on the wee bit bairn,
It has nae hame like you;
Its faither's juist a drucken sot,
Its mither's aften fou'.

Tho' barefit in the cauld, cauld blast,
Wi' feet like bits o' airn,
They never gie't a single thocht—
For neither o' them's carin'.

Its bits o' claes are dirty rags,
Its face tells its fore-faren';
My he'rt it aft in pity bleeds
To see the drunkard's bairn.

There's nae kind haun' to kaim its hair,
Nor wash its wee bit face;
And puirly maun it aften fare,
Oh, sad, sad is its case.

That lost wee thing is God's ain bairn,
Tho' noo o' sin the heir;
Lend noo a haun, gie't *here* a lift,
And He'll reward you *there*.

## ALEXANDER M'DONALD BISSET,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems and songs, entitled "Spring Blossoms," and an esteemed member of a Bathgate group of poets, including Henry Shanks (the blind bard of the Deans), and Alex. Wardrop, was born in Perth in 1869. The family resided in the "Fair City" till 1876, when they removed to Bathgate. At school, Alexander was an apt pupil, his memory was remarkably retentive, and he was a great reader —perusing Burns' "Hallowe'en" with great glee when only nine years of age. He also showed a liking for history, and read with deep interest and appreciation the works of Josephus. When in his thirteenth year, he left school, and during the four succeeding years he assisted his father in connection with an insurance agency. As most of his business had to be conducted in the country, no doubt the genial company of the flowers and the birds helped to foster his youthful poetic fancy. His efforts in the rhyming direction began early, though he had not the pleasure of seeing himself in print till 1886, when a friend sent one of his poems to the *West Lothian Courier*, where it duly appeared. Since then

he has been a frequent contributor to various newspapers and periodicals—the latter including "The Christian News," "The Good Templar," &c.

In 1886 Mr Bisset went to Canada, where he remained for nearly two years, following the occupation of an agriculturist, until the loss of health compelled him to return home. During his stay in Canada he competed very successfully in an examination for admission to the High Schools of Ontario. There were 172 candidates, and the result was that he headed the list, gaining 103 marks more than any other candidate. On coming back to this country he resumed his former calling, although he hopes, long ere this volume is in the hands of the reader, to hear again "the moan of the pines." His descriptions of scenery and places of historic interest manifest the poet's love of country, and an eye and heart responsive to every grace of Nature; while his songs are pervaded by genial sentiment and warm fervour.

### THE LANELY LASSIE.

I wander by my lane
  Where we aft strayed at e'en,
But a' the joy is gane
  Frae the scene.
A stillness fills the air,
Like the brooding o' despair,
An' my he'rt it wearies sair
  For a sicht o' my dear;
O! my he'rt it wearies sair
  For my dear.

When mirth is in the ha',
  Or a sang breathes sae sweet,
I turn my heid awa',
  An' I greet;
When a' the lave are glad
Fu' aft my he'rt is sad
Wi' thinkin' on the lad
  Far awa' ower the main,
Wi' thinking on the lad
  Ower the main.

Ye winds that gently sleep
On the breist o' the sea,
Blaw saftly ower the deep,
Fair an' free;
Blaw in' a hameward airt,
An' restore, nae mair to pairt,
The laddie o' my he'rt
To the airms o' his love;
The laddie o' my he'rt
To his love.

## A TEMPERANCE SLOGAN.

Ho, my brothers! are you weary
Of the long, protracted fight?
Wrongs endured and watchings dreary
Make the victory more bright.
Keep the field a little longer,
Right is might, and shall prevail;
God is with us, and is stronger
Than the legions that assail.

Though King Alcohol assemble
All the ruthless force of wrong,
Ours are not the hearts to tremble,
Though the foe be stern and strong;
We are freemen, and inherit
All the valour of our sires,
And our fathers' dauntless spirit
Every Scottish heart inspires.

Bitter woe and desolation
Follow in the demon's train;
Shall a free and mighty nation
Groan beneath a despot's reign?
All the rights that freemen cherish—
Manhood's might and woman's charms—
Can you, dare you see them perish?
'Tis your country calls to arms.

Sons of sires who died to save her
From the haughty tyrant's chain,
Shall the lustre that they gave her
Now be tarnished with this stain?
Deeply lies the blight upon her,
Turns her glory into shame;
Let not such a foul dishonour
Brand old Scotia's honoured name.

Do you prize the name of freeman?
Then arouse at freedom's call;
Do you fight for God or demon?—
If for God, strike once for all;
Till the fiend, so long beguiling,
From his throne of death is hurled,
And the queen of temperance, smiling,
Rules in peace a happy world.

## THOUGHTS OF THEE.

When the soft breathings of the dawn
Fall on the laverock's list'ning ear,
And the wee daisy on the lawn
Wipes from its eye the dewy tear,
When the sweet songs of birds and rill
Blend in a heavenly symphony,
My all-enraptured heart they till
With thoughts of thee, sweet thoughts of thee.

When Phœbus wanes, and gentle eve
Bathes all the world in mellow light,
And gloaming's mystic fingers weave
The sable robe of queenly night;
When every gentle breeze is filled
With fragrance rare from wood and lea,
O! then my inmost soul is thrilled
With thoughts of thee, sweet thoughts of thee.

The sighing of the summer wind,
The sweet and balmy breath of spring,
All that is gentle, pure, and kind
Doth thee to my remembrance bring;
And mem'ry's light will glimmer low,
And still my heart forever be,
Ere they shall ever cease to glow
With thoughts of thee, sweet thoughts of thee.

## ODE TO THE AVON WATER.

Let others praise Castalia's stream,
Where dwell the Muses Nine;
Its charms are but a flow'ry dream,
And ne'er can equal thine.
With lavish hand thee Nature dowers
With beauties rich and rare,
And leads thee through green shady bowers,
With Eden might compare,
Where ambient banks of nodding flowers
Perfume the summer air.

When o'er my soul wild passions sweep,
And tides of anguish roll,
Thy murmur lulls the storm to sleep,
And soothes my troubled soul.
Thy song of joy is in my ears,
Which as a child I knew,
I hear thy voice, though bitter tears
Obscure thee from my view—
For tender chords of other years
Thy song has touched anew.

I've seen St Lawrence in majestic pride
Roll grandly down to meet the ocean's tide,
And sunny Maitland hasting to the west
To find repose on Huron's heaving breast;
I've been by stately Clyde and winding Forth,
And silv'ry Tay, the beauty of the north;
Though all were fair, surpassing fair to see,
My heart was ever, Avon dear, with thee.

Within thy groves fair minstrels sport,
And ever chant thy praise,
And peerless beauty holds her court
Upon thy broomy braes!
Where foxgloves tall, coy celandine,
And modest violets blow,
Where fern and fragrant eglantine
In sweet profusion grow;
And all combine to make thee shine
A paradise below.

## REV. JAMES GREIG.

SCOTTISH poetical literature has been indebted to the occupants of the rural pulpits for not a few of its brightest lyric gems—notably among northern divines with a genius for song-writing being Skinner of Linshart, the author of "Tullochgorum," and Bishop Geddes, the author of "The Wee Wifikie." Besides these, however, there have been other

"northern lights," whose milder rays have shed a lingering light adown the land of living song. Mr Ford in this way introduces into his "Poet's Album" a reverend bard "who sung but one song;" and Mr Walker, in the appendix to his delightful work on "The Bards of Bon Accord," writes as follows:—

"Apart from his own contributions to our song literature, William Carnie has done no small service in preserving at least one item of sterling worth from falling into oblivion. We refer to the only song now extant from the pen of a talented occupant of a Scottish pulpit—the Rev. James Greig, Chapel of Garloch. Mr Greig was born at the farm of Hillocks, parish of Newhills, in 1811, and after the preliminary course at the parish school entered the University of King's College, supporting himself while there by private teaching. During his studies at the Divinity Hall, and for some time after, he kept a boarding-house for students attending the College classes, but on being appointed to the mastership of the parish school at Keith-hall, he removed thither in June, 1839. The refined and gentlemanly bearing and intense love for learning which he carried with him soon made a marked impression on the manners and character of his scholars, and many students who ultimately distinguished themselves at the University had to thank the painstaking, scholarly schoolmaster of Keith-hall for the initial impulse to their success. After travelling on the Continent in 1841 as tutor to the son of an Ayrshire laird, he returned to Keith-hall, and soon after (in August, 1843) was ordained to the parish of Chapel of Garloch, the first minister who filled the place of one "gone out" at the Disruption. For sixteen years he laboured among his people there, who loved and appreciated him very much. To his accomplishments as a scholar, he added that of a musician, was a skilled violinist, and known amongst

his friends as a writer of excellent songs. The love of music, together with kindred tastes, made William Carnie a frequent and welcome visitor to the manse, and the manuscript of the song we give below—a gem of its kind—was discovered by him on the back of an old letter, and soon found its way into the *Aberdeen Herald*, where it won great and worthy admiration. Mr Greig died 4th August, 1859, at the early age of 48 years."

### THE BLINKIN' O'T.

O, it wasna her daddy's lairdly kin,
  It wasna her siller—the clinkin' o't;
It wasna her minny's welcome in—
  'Twas her ain blue e'e—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't;
  O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My heart an' a' she's stown awa'
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

It wasna the licht o' her snawy broo,
  Nor her gowden hair—the dinkin' o't;
Her dimplet cheek, nor her cherry mou',
  Nor her braw, braw goon—the prinkin' o't.
'Twas a' her e'e—the blinkin' o't;
  O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
Nae a' her charms could work such harms,
  As the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

A' day I dream o' its witchin' gleam,
  A' nicht I wauk wi' thinkin' o't;
A-field, at hame, wi' sib or frem'd,
  I'm glamour't wi' the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
  O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My peace is deen, my wits are gane,
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Fanever I teach, fanever I preach,
  I'm dottled as gin I'd been drinkin' o't;
Fanever I sing or play a spring,
  The burden's aye—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
  O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm fear't fu' aft I'll gang clean daft
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

'Tween hopes an' fears, 'tween joys an' tears,
My heart is at the sinking o't;
I'd better dee at ance than dree
The pain I thole frae the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm sad, I'm sair, I'm in despair,
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

But oh, gin she wad smile on me,
And gie Mess John the linkin' o't,
Nae wardle's care should ever mair
Torment me wi' the jinkin' o't.
O! then I'd bless the blinkin' o't,
The smilin' wilin' blinkin' o't;
An' cheerfu' live, or happy dee,
I' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

## JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON,

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, the accomplished and genial physician, who acquired world-wide reputation by employing chloroform as an anæsthetic agent, was also, so far as we have been able to learn, a "one-song bard." His career has formed the subject of various works—including the admirable "Memoir" by Dr Duns, a sketch in "Heroes of Invention," and "The Man of Science, the Man of God," &c—so that a lengthy biographical notice is not called for here. A native of Bathgate, he studied at Edinburgh University, graduating as M.D. in 1832. Professor Simpson was not, like some great men, a human phenomenon from his earliest youth. Interesting anecdotes are preserved—some amusing, others touching in their pathos, but all bearing on his homely upbringing, and the kindly, benevolent qualities of

the heart of the great man. Throughout his whole career he was indifferent to money for its own sake, and ready to give advice, according to his own phrase, "as a friend." He was ever faithful to his early associations, his love for his family, and honest pride in his origin. When a student in Edinburgh the rent of his room was only three shillings a week, and he kept an exact account of his expenses, which, at the end of the session, was submitted to the family. "During the first session, we are told that his expenses were confined almost to necessary food, the other items being 'fourpence for fruit,' and a few shillings for second-hand copies of a French Dictionary, Adam's 'Antiquities,' Milton's 'Poems,' and 'The Economy of Human Life.'" "In the growth of his student library," Dr Duns says, "we see the first expression of that wondrous variety of tastes which afterwards distinguished him. The entries are often curious, and their association odd. Under one date, and as a single entry, occur Monro's 'Anatomy,' shoes mending, and stock. Under others, vegetables and 'Byron's Beauties;' Finnan haddies, 2d, and 'Bones of the Leg,' £1 1s; subject, £2; spoon, 6d; bread and tart, 1s 8d; tin cup, 14s; Mary's tippet, 2s 6d; Duncan's 'Therapeutics,' 9d; snuff, 1½d; and 'Early Rising,' 9½d.'" "When in the height of his fame," says Dr Duns, "I heard a lady tell him of an industrial school for girls which she had set up in a village near Bathgate. "And what does your schoolmistress teach the girls?" he asked. "Some fancy work," was the answer, "and plenty of plain sewing and darning." Shortly after he said to me "Do you know the mention of 'darning' a little while ago recalls a very, very old and precious memory? One day, when a child, I came into the house with a big hole in the heel of my stocking, and my mother set me on her knee, darned the stocking, and, as she drew it on,

said, 'My Jamie, when your mother's away, you will mind that she was a grand darner.' I remember the words as if they had been spoken yesterday. I would like to give a prize to the best 'darner' in the school."

As a boy he evinced the elements of mental and moral faculties which needed but the stimulation of circumstances, not always favourable, to develop a strong and helpful as well as a keenly perceptive character. He was quick, industrious, tenacious of memory, and generally liked because of his kindness of disposition and for his skill—as much at the command of the poor as the rich. As a student he was of the working order, and achieved considerable distinction, says the *Lancet*, "in a time when the Edinburgh school did not abound in scholastic honours." When, after graduation, he became a practitioner, the same laboriousness was one of his most striking characteristics. Having devoted special attention to obstetric medicine, he was, in 1840, appointed to the Chair of Midwifery, and at once took that prominent position as a teacher which he maintained till his death, in spite of an ever-increasing practice. He was appointed one of Her Majesty's physicians for Scotland in 1847, and the same year commenced those experiments with chloroform which gave rise to much professional controversy, but ultimately came to be accepted as a new blessing to humanity. In addition to receiving high honours from several Associations, he was knighted in 1854, and created a baronet in 1867. Besides writing a number of much valued professional works, and attending to his many other duties, Sir James was a useful and energetic member of the Society of Scottish Antiquarians, acting one year as its president, and he was also a very exact archæologist. He died in 1870 at the age of fifty-nine, and a statue to his memory was unveiled in Edinburgh in 1877.

In his "memoirs" there are references made to the eminent physician indulging in versifying, and quotations are given from several poems, but no guarantee is afforded of their being other than merely favourite pieces he wrote into friends' albums. His son, Sir William Simpson, informs us, regarding the verses we give, that he recollects that they were written at Geneva in 1866. "The 'Stop and Think'," says Sir William, "was a compulsory step. My father and I went for a holiday after he had been very ill with rheumatic fever. He spent three busy days—busy with archæology and medicine—in Paris, and then we did Switzerland in a week, leaving Paris on a Monday and getting back the following Sunday morning. We were in carriages and trains on an average of sixteen hours a day. Going with my father 'for a rest' was always very hard work. We did not get back to Paris on Saturday night, as intended, having failed to catch the train, and it was whilst waiting at Geneva some hours for another that the verses were written. When shown to me at the time, I commented on his speaking of 'rest' as a blessing, but he only laughed genially. That was the only answer he ever gave when a protest against his constant work was made. That laugh always seemed to mean—'I've no time to talk about or analyse myself. There I am as God made me.' He made me go, and it's no business of mine to enquire the reason why.'"

## "STOP AND THINK OF ANOTHER LIFE."

Oft 'mid this world's ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop—and think of another life,
Where ills can ne'er assail me—
Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
Of an everlasting morrow.

On earth below there's nought but woe,
E'en mirth is gilded sadness ;
But in heaven above there's nought but love,
With all its raptured gladness ;
There, till I come, waits me a home,
All human dreams excelling,
In which, at last, when life is past,
I'll find a regal dwelling.
Oft 'mid this, etc.

Then shall be mine, through grace divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay 'tis blending.
And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
Where a Father's love hath found me,
Oh ! let me feel, through woe and weal,
Thy guardian arm around me.
Oft 'mid this, etc.

## ONLY A DROP IN A BUCKET.

[The following little poem was found amongst letters from Sir James, sent to a friend, but we have no guarantee that it is his composition, though his friends have frequently heard him quote from it.]

Only a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell ;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give ;
But as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some work to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys ; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which made me happy too.

Only some out-grown garments,
They were all I had to spare ;
But they'll help to clothe the needy—
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That costs me little to say ;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children,
When they never give at all?

## JOHN SMITH.

"JOHN, son of William Smith, sawyer, Alyth, and Mary Cochrane his spouse, born 16th July 1836." Such is an extract from the parish register. Mr Smith was born at Springbank, in the village of Alyth. His father had only a paltry pittance of 10s weekly, along with a free house, for acting as manager to a manufacturer, and superintending the work at a "Waulk Mill." The family had to go to service at an early age, while the mother was engaged at out door work, winding pirns, or weaving at the handloom to assist in rearing the bairns, endeavouring to keep them all "hale and clean, and as snod as her neebours." Many comforts would she forego for herself to push the family forward. On no account would the parents "tak' on gudes on credit," and the fare and clothing had to be in accordance with the income. John had to go, at the age of ten, to herd sheep on Alyth hill. His wages were 10s and his food for nine months' service. He attended the school in winter, and was again herding for two succeeding seasons. The next five years of his life were spent assisting his parents, with intervals at school; but the harvest field found the younger members of the family engaged, along with their mother, on the "rigg." Like Robert Nicoll's mother, "she shore for the siller." In 1851 he first visited Dundee, going thence in charge of the

carrier's cart—the carrier himself having gone on a visit to the great exhibition in London. In the winter of the following year, in company with his grandfather, he went to Edinburgh, where he became an apprentice in a wholesale and retail drapery warehouse. He remembers distinctly the packing-box looking carriages which conveyed them to the capital. They left Alyth on a Sunday morning and walked to Dundee, a distance of seventeen miles. Starting from Dundee at an early hour on Monday morning, one October day was spent in the journey, as it was dusk before they arrived in Edinburgh. The whole train had then to be conveyed across the ferries of Broughty and Burntisland—the passengers in one boat and the luggage waggons in another. The line along "The Howe o' Strathmore" was not formed at this date, and "The Defiance" was at this period the horse power along the Strath. The first year of his apprenticeship was passed on 3s 10d per week, augmented by oat cakes, pots of jam, and many a "tit bit" from home. At times half-a-crown would be carefully wrapped up in a "corner o' the wee kist, together with a book or other gift, which endeared the givers, and bound the cords of love in closer knots than all the gold on earth could do."

Within a year after he began his apprenticeship, the firm gave up business, but our young poet found employment "farther up the Lawnmarket," and for a considerable period had to travel to Galashiels every Friday and return on the Monday—having to assist in the Saturday's extra business at the branch establishment there. On completing his apprenticeship, he filled several situations in the Scottish capital, and worked for a short time at Stranraer. In 1857 he opened a warehouse for his relatives in Edinburgh, under the name of David Smith & Son. The goods were manufactured in Alyth and Dundee, and he called on the trade in Edinburgh, Leith, Portobello, and

along the coast as far as Berwick-on-Tweed. This business was successfully carried on for three years, when the management was resigned in favour of the senior partner's youngest son. Removing to Glasgow, he entered into an engagement with the well-known firm of Arthur & Co. This firm Mr Smith represented in part of Perth and Forfar shires for twelve years, retiring from "the road" at the end of 1872. Since then he has conducted on his own account a drapery business in Alyth.

Mr Smith has not published a great many of his poems. All his earlier pieces are tinged with broad, keen sarcasm. Thrown off in leaflets, they have had a wider circulation than his poems in book form. He has also contributed articles in prose to the *People's Journal* and other newspapers. "Alyth Fifty Years Ago" and "Reminiscences of the Road" are amongst his entertaining and instructive sketches of Scottish life and character of the past. These are full of fine pawkie humour, racy anecdote, and at the same time show the careful and thoughtful writer and the intelligent antiquarian. His volume of "Poems and Lyrics," published in 1888 by Miller & Gall, Perth (which mostly appeared in newspapers under the *nom-de-plume* "Auld C."), is a most amusing and readable volume. It contains numerous really clever poems on old-style worthies, as well as thoughtful and suggestive verses, with songs full of melody, and written in the most telling, vigorous, and outspoken Doric.

### MY GRANNY'S AULD PLATE-RACK.

There's naething worth a preen noo-days
  Without a dandy name;
Young tongues are trained wi' senseless phrase
  To jeer the homely hame.
Gie some sidebuirds an' chiffoneers
  In deep recess set back,
But can they match 'mang sic veneers
  My granny's auld plate-rack?

It's hung upon the kitchen wa'
For fifty years an' mair,
Wi' plates an' ashets, raw on raw,
An' jugs an' cheenie ware;
And theevales, laidles, chappin-sticks,
Brose cogs that winna brak;
Arrangement ne'er was in a fix
Wi' granny's auld plate-rack.

There's ancient ferlies in ilk nook,
They're hid on ilka shelf;
Alang the blue-plates you may look,
Yet see nae mair than delf;
But treasured gifts frae hands noo cauld—
Ay, mony a wee nick-nack—
Wi' secrets tongue may ne'er unfauld,
Are in that auld plate-rack.

Though granny's crazy, auld, an' frail—
Snod cummer in her day—
She had great smeddum a' can tell,
An' lived an honest way;
She's hale at heart, though fairly dune,
Still fond to joke an' crack;
Drap in to tea some aifternune
An' see her auld plate-rack.

## THE AULD MEAL MILL.

The burnie wimples through the haugh,
By steep an' rocky brae,
Whaur grows the broom an' wavin' saugh,
The hazel, rowan, an' slae.
How sweet's the peace, how bright's the glint
A' Nature's works instil—
There's secret rivets in the link
That clinks the auld meal mill.

I've aften sung o' ither scenes
Wi' truth-tuned heart an' een,
But sweeter thoughts an' brighter dreams
Were o' yon haughs sae green.
O, weel lo'e I the bonnie dell
Whaur childhood roamed at will,
An' bygane joys, what tongue can tell,
Hang to the auld meal mill.

While baskin' in the summer sun
Alang the burnie's bank,
I fear nae favour, seek nor shun—
A fig care I for rank.

Gie me the sang richt frae the heart,
Wi' him that thinks nae ill;
Let love alane my theme impart
To sing the auld meal mill.

When winter, wi' his windin' sheet,
Wraps a' the braes in snaw,
Then doon the heughs the birdies creep,
Cauld, hungry, weet, an' a'.
Bold robin leads them to the door,
Whaur mony a hungry bill
Is daily fed, and plenty owre,
Frae oot the auld meal mill.

The primrose decks the banks in spring,
The gowan decks the lea,
An sweet the birds their love song sing,
An' carol lood wi' glee;
O'er field an' wood, o'er bank an' brake,
They wing and sing at will,
An' a' aroond their joy partake—
Aroond the auld meal mill.

The aulk kirk steeple too'rs abune;
Its clock wi' steadfast face,
Wi' hands to time an' bell to tune,
Keeps on wi' steady pace.
Sweet is its chime as e'enin' fa's
O'er valley an' o'er hill;
But sweeter far without a pause,
Click, clacks the auld meal mill.

## THE BAIRNS.

Come on, my Muse, wi' a' concerns
Connectit wi' the bits o' bairns;
Gie them a piece, nae niggard pairns
But braid's your luif;
Wha winna join's the title earns
O' dosent cuif.

Come in, you're welcome but and ben
Oor census schedule numbers ten,
Behavin' a' like wives an' men;
Juist list their daffin'!
What's up? wid ony body ken?—
Losh me, sic lauchin'!

I grudge them neither bite nor brat ;
There's Cuttie, Datie, Willie, Matt,
Mary, Donie, Teenie, Jem an' Dant—
Real thorough chips.
Come, curly pow, wi' striddlin' stap,
Lat's taste your lips.

Come, toddler, wi' your stechrin' stap,
Haud on wi' glee, dreed nae misbap
On daddie's knee, or mither's lap ;
Come, gie's your crack,
The auld, auld tale on memory's map,
When we look back.

Oor bairns mak' a couthie hame,
Wi' doos an' dookets, rabbits tame,
An' bird an' beast, it's a' the same—
Fair play an' truth ;
An' sair I'm sure they are to blame
Wha crush doon youth.

Their open minds, like April flooers,
Their sky o' blue ; tho' wee clud pooers,
The draps fa' saft in sunny shooers
O'er blade an' stem,
An' gies it strength that naething coo'rs
The stalwart gem.

Hoo grand it soonds ! when we were young,
The flooers we pu'd, the gowans we strung,
They fill oor heart, hang on oor tongue
As lang's we live,
An' a' we've said, an' a' we've sung,
For love we give.

Plant love an' truth within each breast,
Let heaven grant each just request,
Let conscience be your constant guest,
Where'er you roam ;
Life's ark o' safety, peace, an' rest
Is home, sweet home !

Ne'er stent the bairnies o' their play,
Maybe they'll live to see the day
When you are auld, an' frail an' grey—
They'll cheer your heart ;
The bairnie's love will ne'er decay
Till death shall part.

My benison on ane an' a',
The line o' childhood wha can draw?
As babes we're born, sae slip awa—
We live on trust
Waitin' the hour to hear the ca'—
Return to dust.

## MY CANTIE WEE HOOSE.

Let them boast o' their mansions, their castles, an' land,
Wi' their policies, lawns, an' gairdens sae grand;
Gie them a' that they wish; can I no craw as croose
Owre my bonnie bit yaird, an' my cantie wee hoose?

I've a trig couthie wife—death us only can part—
And rooth rosy tottums, roon' the core o' oor heart;
Wi' the law o' the land I nae power jealouse,
For I'm king!—am I not?—in my cantie wee hoose.

Roond the ingle in winter, when cauld blaws the blast,
I can crack wi a freend, or can muse owre the past;
Fa' in love wi' a book, or fa' a coortin' the muse—
A welcome wee cuttie in my cantie wee hoose.

For the puir or a freend I've a bit aye in store,
An' mullins for robin when he comes to the door;
The rogue gi'es a cheep, syne looks sidewise to poose—
Weel he kens his grey freend in my cantie wee hoose.

When the swallow comes back, and his nest gets repaired,
Hoo he twitters an' jinks ower my bonnie bit yaird,
Wi' his een on the floo'rs an' his neb aye in use,
Till nestl'd 'neath the eaves o' my cantie wee hoose.

Could joy and contentment wi' siller be bought,
Then fareweel half the joys o' my cantie wee cot;
Stay! thou twa bosom freends, sae sober an' douce,
I've chairs for you baith in my cantie wee hoose.

## THERE'S ROOM AYE FOR US A'.

Be canny an' content, my freen's, whatever shou'd befa',
Though fools the warld try to win—there's room aye for us a';
A thoosand birds, in field an' widd, sing as afore the fa',
Though ilka ane has its ain tune—there's room aye for them a'.

The wild floo'rs, nature's bonnie bairns, are standards o' what's braw,
Though they're as countless as the sand—there's room aye for them a';

The gallant ships in ilka sea tack when head breezes blaw ;
Wi' wind ahead let's juke or tack—there's room aye for us a'.

We canna a' be rich an' great, an' beild in lordly ha',
Yet heaven's will is that on earth—there'll aye be room for a' ;
Then dinna birse a brither hard, nor earth's poor anes misca',
For a' the manent we are here—there's room aye for us a'.

## WILLIAM FORSYTH.

A MAN of mark in various aspects of his life and character, an enterprising man of business, a subtle and eloquent debater, and a keen and successful angler, Mr William Forsyth further claims attention as a writer of vigorous and eloquent verse. He was a native of Earlston, on the banks of the Leader—where Thomas the Rhymer fulminated his world-renowned prophecies—and rose from the ranks. If his parents were poor in respect to worldly gear, they possessed a nobility of nature which wealth is sometimes a stranger to. His father inherited the God-fearing spirit of his Covenanting forebears; and this, with the example of an industrious and pure life—no mean heritage—he lovingly bequeathed to his family. At a tender age our subject removed with his parents to Galashiels. Here he entered one of the woollen mills and became a spinner, in which employment he continued till he had reached man's estate. His early training was acquired at a private school, where he became a pupil teacher, in the sense of "harknin' the lessons" and "settin' the copies." The debating society was his only college; but here, as a fluent essayist and ready speaker, he made for himself a local reputation, and matured those gifts and

graces which became the prominent adornments of his later years. By and by the dreary round of factory life became distasteful, as it was bound to do to one possessed of such an energetic and lively nature; and leaving Galashiels, Mr Forsyth started hotel-keeping in Edinburgh. From Edinburgh he migrated to Aberdeen, where he established Forsyth's Hotel, and in 1863 he settled in the Cobden Hotel, Glasgow, where he was so successful that he was ultimately able to leave its management on younger shoulders, that he might have more time in which to indulge his much-loved angling and genial literary pursuits. His leisure, however, was not of long duration, for he died, after a brief illness, in 1889.

For many years Mr Forsyth enjoyed a wide circle of literary and artistic friends, and among knights of the rod and reel whom he knew, and who are, alas! no more, he named Alex. Russel, of the *Scotsman*; Thomas Tod Stoddart, author of "The Angler's Companion;" James Cassie, R.S.A., and others not unknown to fame. A prominent member of the St. Mungo Angling Club, he sang its life and action in vigorous verse, in "A Lay of Loch-leven, by Willum o' ye West," published by Robert Forrester, Glasgow. This volume extends to 108 pages, and is profusely illustrated with members' portraits, &c. The members were so charmed by its first recital that they unanimously voted its immediate publication. The author complied, but not without fears, he says, that in his rashness he had failed to act upon the wisdom of the old proverb which avows that "a man wi' riven breeks should sit still." Our author did not require to be so modest about the matter, for the poem is a clever production. "Recently," says Mr Ford, from whom we have these details, "I was privileged to scan a long poem by Mr Forsyth, mainly reminiscent of Tweedside—a finely-conceived and eloquent piece of

blank verse, interspersed with songs and ballads in a variety of moods and measures." This work various literary friends urged our author to issue in a volume, as they were confident it would entitle him to an honourable place amongst the poets of his time and country.

### THE LANDIN' O' A SAUMON.

Lat ithers fish the bosky burn
That daunders thro' the trees,
And tak' their trout at ilka turn,
Keen nibblin' at their flees.

Gie me the river gleamin' wide,
Or gushin' doun the glen,
Wi' lairs whare fish can jouk and hide
Awa' frae human ken.

The wimplin' burn in mossy beild,
Or strayin' thro' the lea,
Its nooks may sport to ithers yield—
They hae nae charms for me.

I like the rocky bottom'd deep,
I like the dashin' spray,
Whare sprichtly saumon lichtly leap,
And gaily cleave their way.

What though we brave the mountain's blast,
Or breast the lippin' tide,
'Tis there we hae the choicest cast—
The saumon in his pride.

The first tug o' his tossin' head,
The thrills what nane may ken
But he whase luck it's been to lead
A saumon doun the glen!

The dashin' run, the splashin' fun,
The dirl and emotion,
Can weel be felt, but ne'er be telt—
The climax o' commotion.

To see him spin out o'er the linn,
It beggars aught ava, man;
Nae ither ploy can gie sic joy
As landin' o' a saumon!

## THE COTTAGE BY THE QUARRY.

What though nae flowers our cot embowers,
Our biggin' auld an' hoary,
It has the charm o' leal hearts warm,
O' mirth, o' sang, and story.

There aft we sing till rafters ring,
And laud wi' rapturous feeling,
Our snug wee stead sae near the Tweed—
Our cozie fishing shieling.

There friends we meet wha gladly greet
Wi' eye o' welcome beaming;
We gather there sae free o' care,
Our cot wi' kindness teeming.

Ilk fishing splore in days of yore,
Ilk wondrous take and capture;
The lengthen'd run, the nichts o' fun,
Rehearsed wi' kindling rapture.

The homely cheer, the mem'ries dear
O' days that wouldna tarry,
Endears the spot where Geordie's cot
Snug nestles by the quarry.

## WHEN WANDERING BY THE STATELY TWEED.

When wandering by the stately Tweed,
'Tween Neidpath Fell and Holylee,
Its waters sparkling through the mead,
I care not other friends to see.

The rest and presence in those hills,
A dower enjoyed from dawn of time;
To me more soothing 'mid life's ills,
Than converse of mere earthly clime.

The river singing all around,
Nursing sweet flowers of every hue;
Each pensive tone, each murmuring sound,
Awaken feelings ever new.

The rustling, laughing, jocund trees,
That bend their boughs in gleesome sway,
And sough and sing amid the breeze,
From early morn till close of day.

The grassy meadows' glistening mein,
  Suffused with beauty young and fair,
Adorned with flowers of every sheen,
  Send forth their perfume on the air.

The wandering winds with varying swell,
  Soft sweeping through the woody grove;
Or rushing wild through mountain fell,
  We see not where they range or rove.

The fleecy clouds that float aloft,
  The shadows coursing up the hill,
Proclaim in accents mute and soft
  The reign of a superior will.

That pathos in the mountains hoar,
  Those voices singing in the stream,
The gleesome trees, the temptest's roar,
  The meadows with their beauteous gleam;

And all that glory of the clouds,
  With all their trail of light and shadow,
That passes softly o'er the woods,
  And flit so noiseless through the meadow—

Reveal a soul in all things round,
  Which brings to me a message high,
A sanctity on common ground,
  That only meets the inner eye.

When first the brooding love I saw
  Pervading all, a strange new feeling,
An impulse pure, a holy awe—
  Did thro' my quickened thoughts come stealing.

A rest, a quiet, filled each part,
  A sense of gladness stirred my soul,
A growing reverence raised my heart
  To Him who girds and guides the whole.

## JOHN DOUGALL, M.D.,

LIKE the subject of the foregoing sketch, is a keen angler, and often "paidled in the burn" along with his friend Mr Forsyth. A member of the St Mungo Club fraternity, as well as a skilled physician, he has, in the midst of the incessant calls of an extremely busy and useful life, found time to write a number of very pretty, rippling angling songs—his "Bonnie Wee Trootie" having been wedded to a happy melody by Mr J. Jeffray. Introducing Dr Dougall to the readers of the "Poets' Album," Mr Ford refers to the fact we have so often proved that the lyric muse has her votaries among all sorts and conditions of men—'mid the learned and the unlearned alike—and one hears with as little surprise of a poetical pauper as of a poetical peer, of a poetical navvie as of a poetical professor of literature. We have given several bright examples showing that in the ranks of the medical profession there are tuneful singers, who wield the pen as skilfully as they do the forceps and the lancet. There are few professional gentlemen of any order who have not some by-study on which their surplus energies are brought to bear, and it is a curious fact that those of them who have least of what is commonly called "leisure time" generally take most out of that misnamed quantity. The leisure moments of a city doctor are few, and when we learn that John Dougall, M.D., F.F.P.S.G., in addition to the successful management of a large family practice in the city and suburbs, is lecturer on Materia Medica and Therapeutics to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary School of Medicine; is an assistant physician to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary; an examiner in public health, physiology, and chemistry to the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; and is medical officer of health to the burgh of Kinning Park, we may

be pardoned if we wonder where he finds opportunity to indulge his sprightly muse.

Dr Dougall was born in the Calton district of Glasgow in 1829, and received his early education, as well as his professional training, in his native city. For a time he was engaged in the manufacture of soap and candles, abandoning which he studied medicine. In their day he was intimately acquainted with Alexander Smith, the author of the "Life Drama;" Hugh M'Donald, author of "Rambles Around Glasgow," &c.; and the unfortunate James M'Farlane, the pedlar poet. He has many interesting reminiscences of these and other West of Scotland song writers, whose "lyres lie silent now and sad." In 1860 our poet published a drama, "Henry and Flora," which received the warm commendations of the Scottish press. He has in M.S. a similar work, which deals with the life and time of King Robert Bruce, and will no doubt ultimately reach the public. He has also contributed extensively to the pages of the *Lancet* and other journals on the subjects of medical and natural science, and a few years ago gained the quadrennial discovery prize of £1000 offered by the Grocers' Company, London, for the best essay on original research in sanitary science, his theme being "The Artificial Cultivation of Vaccine Lymph." Like the late Dr Sydey of Edinburgh, in odd moments—in the railway carriage, on the street, in the study, at his own fireside—at the instigation of passing fancies, he has dashed off excellent songs, which, if given to the world in a collected form, would be relished by all lovers of Scottish lyrical verse.

### THE BONNIE WEE TROOTIE.

The lav'rock and lintie
Are liltin' their lays,
The wild flowers are sceutin'
The banks an' the braes;

A' things are cheerie
At Summer's return,
An' sae is the trootie
That jinks in the burn—
The bonnie wee trootie,
The speckled wee beauty,
The yellow wee trootie
That jinks in the burn.

Where the burnie rins wimplin'
An' glintin' alang,
Roun' its links, ower its fa's,
To its ain canty sang;
There it nibbles the flee,
An' it gobbles the worm
Like winkin', the trootie
That jinks in the burn—
The bonnie wee trootie, &c.

Where the burnie trots, bick'rin
Thro' breckans an' broom,
Wi' bluebells, an' gowans,
An' roses a' roun',
'Mang hazels and hawthorns
In mony a turn
The caller wee trootie
There jinks in the burn—
The bonnie wee trootie, &c.

In its wee gowden coatie,
Wi' rubies gem'd owre,
Wi' its oars o' the pearl
Sae shinin' an' pure,
'Mang the stanes an' the ripples,
At e'enin' an' morn,
The bonnie wee trootie
Jinks blithe in the burn—
The bonnie wee trootie, &c.

When saddened wi' sorrow,
Or canker'd wi' care,
An' hope's starnie dim
Wi' the cluds o' despair,
This coonsel I'll gie ye—
At ance to adjourn,
An' awa' to the trootie
That jinks in the burn.
The bonnie wee trootie, &c.

Ye sons o' Sanct Mungo,
Sae bauld an' sae slee
At birlin' the phantom
An castin' the flee,
Wi' toom flasks an' baskets
Ne'er may ye return,
When awa' wi' the trootie
That jinks in the burn—
That bonnie wee trootie &c.

## THE MAID O' KENMUIR.

Green smilin' by the siller Clyde
There grows a woody bower,
An' mony a bonnie bird is there,
An' mony a lovely flower;
An' mony an' ivy-clustered tree,
An' mossy-mantled stane;
An' mony a hinny-laden bee,
An' sylvan briery den.

An' mony a bonnie lassie's there
The warl' ken's little o',
For Beauty smiled on green Kenmuir
When first she cam' below;
An' Virtue took her lily han',
An' showed her sic a train
O' maidens fair, beneath her care,
That Beauty smiled again.

But there was ane abune them a'
That pleased fair Beauty's e'e,
The sweetest flower in Kenmuir Shaw
Is nae sae sweet as she.
Sae Beauty got a wee moss rose,
A' wat wi' pearly dew,
An' pressed it to her cheeks an' lips
Till they were o' its hue.

An' syne she took a gowden kame
Her yellow hair frae 'mang,
An' aye she twin'd the maiden locks,
An' aye she smil'd an' sang;
An' then she took a licht-wing'd doo,
Wi' plumes like mountain snaw,
An' placed it in her bosom warm,
Then singing soared awa'.

Such is the maiden o' Kenmuir,
Of Virtue's essence form'd,
An' such the lassie I lo'e dear,
By Beauty's han's adorn'd.
O, Clutha glints on mony a dame
When glidin' softly by,
But e're she sees as fair a ane
She'll rin her channel dry.

## ANGLING IN STORY AND ANGLING IN SONG.

Where spring blithe is smilin' owre mountain an' valley,
An' cauld winter gane wi' its gloom, weet, an' storm ;
Where primrose an' violet, snawdrap an' lily,
A' blooming fu' sweetly, the woodlands adorn ;
Where the lark's liquid lay
Waukens the blushing day ;
Joy in its panting breast, love in each tone ;
There by the loch and stream,
Flowery neuk, sylvan scene,
Careless and happy the keen anglers roam.

Where woods a' are buskit in green buds sae bonnie,
Their fresh balm perfuming the mild vernal breeze,
An' the bee in the scented bell sippin' its honey,
While daisies like starnies glint on the green leas—
Where the grey lintie's sang
Rings dell an' dell alang,
An' the wild mavis chants over his home ;
There by the loch and stream, &c.

Where Nature 'neath summer's smile lovely is glowing
In a' her gay vesture of verdure an' bloom ;
An' ilka wee burnie 'mang flow'rets is flowing,
While bright shines the sun in the blue lift abune—
Where gowden broom an' whin
Blaw by the siller linn,
While birk, breckan, foxglove, wave over its foam ;
There by the loch and stream, &c.

Where wi' its rich blossoms the hawthorn is laden,
An' roses their crimson an' fragrant faulds spread ;
Where wild thyme wi' purple the green banks is braidin',
An' sweet frae the bean flower its perfume is shed ;
Where fields an' meads are gay
Wi' corn braird an' scented hay,
An' the thick clover—its ruddy bloom blown ;
There by the loch and stream, &c.

Where builds the broon muircock his hame 'mang the heather,
Where breeds the gay mallard an' dainty wee teal ;
Where the snipe an' the plover, wi' gowden ting'd feather,
'Mang the wild flowers an' moss o' the hill hae their biel',
Where the orange asphodel
An' bonnie blue harebell
Glint on the winding strath silent an' lone ;
There by the loch and stream, &c.

Where woodbine flowers hang frae the tree red wi' rowans,
An' the brambles are black, an' the hazel nuts broon,
Where russet-wing'd butterflies glint owre the gowans,
An' autumn sits smilin' her gowd sheaves aroon' ;
Still wi' their rods sae braw,
Reels, lines, an' flees an' a',
Till the fair beauty o' Nature is gone ;
Still by the loch and stream, &c.

When cauld winter's blasts through the welkin are roaring,
An' a' the sweet flow'rets are withered an' gane ;
When burnies are frozen, or snell rain is pouring,
Or deep lies the snaw on the mountain an' plain—
Then in the festive ha'
Meet the keen anglers a',
Broon-cheekit, clear-headed, licht-hearted, strong,
And in their fancies' flicht
Spend the lang winter nicht
Angling in story and angling in song.

## WEE JENNY WREN.

Wee Jenny Wren !
Jinkin' thro' the thorn,
That red wi' roses bends
Abune the toddlin' burn.
How trig an' tame thou art,
Fu' weel thou seem'st to ken
Nae feather would I hurt
O' wee Jenny Wren.

Wee Jenny Wren !
I ken a cozie ba'
O' moss an' down, a wee
Roun' winnock in its wa
But big enow atweel
To let a birdie ben—
A fairy like thysel'—
A wee Kitty Wren.

Wee Jenny Wren!
'Twas that gleg brain o' thine
That thocht its oots and ins—
Its ilka curve an' line.
Yon gowd moss, too, thou brocht
Frae bosky neuk an' den,
An' thy ain han's wi't bigg'd
The beil' o' Jenny Wren.

Wee Jenny Wren!
I' your cot I gied a keek,
An' saw your cleckin'—ten
Wee painted eggs fu' sweet.
A ferlie sicht, atweel,
An' in them a' I ken
A woodland minstrel sleeps—
A wee clockin' wren.

Wee Jenny Wren!
A bonnie bower is yours,
'Neath yon auld mossy tree,
That lowes wi' woodbine flowers,
The speedwell's sapphire bloom,
Gowden bell an' crimson gem,
Thy hame a' sparkle roun',
Wee Jenny Wren.

Wee Jenny Wren!
As the robin's warblin's sweet,
The blackbird's gowden bugle,
The mavis flute-notes deep,
The carol o' the lav'rock,
The lintie's cantie strain,
I lo'e as weel the chirpin'
O' wee Jenny Wren.

Wee Jenny Wren,
Frae Gryffe come hame wi' me
To Glesca toun—I'll tent
Nae skaith shall happen thee;
A braw new cage——but here
She darted yont my ken;
That day I saw nae mair
O' wee Jenny Wren.

## LOVELY LASS O' LAVEROCKHA.

Lovely lass o' Laverockha',
Bonnie lassie, braw lassie,
Will you, will you, come awa',
Come, an' be my ain lassie?

Say the word, an' dinna swither,
Thou'lt be mine, I'll hae nae ither;
We'll be happy aye thegither,
While we've breath to draw, lassie.

O' warld's wealth sma' is the share
I can promise thee, lassie,
But wha can proffer worthless gear
Canna love like me, lassie.
Of life's sorrows far frae scanty,
Of its cares sae dour and plenty,
Of misfortunes on us sent ay,
Siller bears the gree, lassie.

But purest love hath heartfelt joys
Ilka morning new, lassie;
Balmy pleasures sweetly rise,
Lasting where it's true, lassie.
Say, then, thou wilt be my dearie,
O' sic pleasure wha wad wearie,
Blythe thro' life we'll lilt fu' cheerie
While I toil for you, lassie.

Hark! the sangsters sweeter sing
Deep in Nethan glen, lassie;
See, they sport on lichter wing
Since thou art my ain, lassie.
Come, my bosom's only treasure—
Youth and love were form'd for pleasure,
We shall drain its flowing measure
In our bridal hame, lassie.

## DONALD OGILVY,

BROTHER to the gifted poetess noticed in our first series—Miss Dorothea Ogilvy—died at Edinburgh in April, 1885. Mr Ogilvy was the son and successor of Colonel the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, who was brother of the ninth Earl of Airlie, and at one time represented Forfarshire in Parliament. Colonel

Ogilvy received as his portion the fine Highland estates of Clova and Balnaboth, which at one time stretched from the boundary of the Queen's property far down into the Braes of Angus, and to these estates Mr Ogilvy succeeded on his father's death. He sold the upper part of Clova, but he retained the larger part of the estate and the family mansion of Balnaboth. At that secluded and beautiful spot he spent the most of the year, but in winter he was in the habit of taking up his residence either in Edinburgh or the south of England. Before his father's death he spent some years in the Indian Civil Service. He is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of Mr Ogilvy of Inshewan. Miss Dorothea Maria Ogilvy survives her brother, and resides at Broughty Ferry. The house of Airlie, as the fine old ballad reminds us, suffered the spoiling of its goods and the eclipse of its honours for its devotion to the Jacobite cause, and the Laird of Clova was true to the political and religious traditions of his family. Not a little of the loyalty and chivalry which made such sacrifices possible had descended to the quiet, unobtrusive, high-bred gentleman, who is the subject of our sketch. A man of singularly modest and retiring disposition, he took no prominent part in public affairs, but his kind heart and charming manners made him greatly respected and beloved as a landlord and neighbour. His tastes were studious and refined, and he was especially well versed in English poetry. Under the title of "Doron," there was published in 1865 a volume of "Poems by Dorothea and Donald Ogilvy," of which he was one of the authors. From this volume we give several selections from Mr Ogilvy's pen. The poems show fine feeling, well expressed.

## THE RIVER'S LIFE.

Beside an ancient river's infant flow,
That scarce divides them—mountain grasses grow.
The eye might scarce detect the silver thread,
So closely curtained in its baby bed.
And when the tiny rill is first descried,
With thumb and finger, I can span its tide.
This fairy fount, to me the thought doth bring—
From trivial cause that great results may spring;
As grows from this small brook—a wide-spread flood.
So—good or evil rises—from a bud.
Companion of thy way—Thy devious course
I love to view, and mark thy gathering force.
Wrapped in the mist—in moss-lined cradle nurs'd;
And fed from loftiest peaks, where storm-clouds burst;
The eagle soaring high—on dusky wings,
Sees in the rocky clefts, thy trickling springs.
Nature's snow-crested towers o'erhang the scene,
And sunbeams light thee down the deep ravine.
Open thy lips to show thy tuneful throat,
And warbling lisp thy first and treble note;
Widen thy banks thro' childhood's glen to pass;
Cut thro' the dew-crowned emerald of the grass;
Gather the liquid treasures from the hill;
Babble in shallows—in the pool be still.
Thy silver path in mountains now forsake,
Wind in the meadows like a crystal snake;
Tread without feet, and tell thy oft-told tale
On the embroidered carpet of the vale.
Now like a vessel's keel divide the glen;
Then prouder—broader, sever men from men;
Till bending bridges, capped and heeled with stone,
Like bands of friendship, make the people one.
And death, enraged, beholds his wonted prey
Safe o'er the engulphing torrent wend their way

Nightly in calms thy shallows deep enclose
The moon that treads on jewels as she goes,
Till the gay sun that spreads our light and heat,
Smiles at thy picture of his princely seat;
He is the only gem that day can wear,
The single diamond in her flowing hair.
Thy seeming boundless depths depicts the sky,
Mirrored with truth in man's reflecting eye,—
All faultless drawn, while he will strive again
To paint the bright perfection—but in vain.

Stupendous suns from stranger paths of space
Pour their far daylight on this little place,

With planets joined—and to my raptured sight,
The pool is blazing with the lamps of night.
In these perchance—within their waters old,
Our earth may glitter as a point of gold.

Harp! with thy cords attuned to nature's lay,
Swept by the winds in music, roll away;
Thy march is melody in varying mood,
And deeper-toned becomes thy deepening flood;
While lesser streams within thee find a tomb,
Like those that perish in their youthful bloom.
Calm to the rocks thy glassy masses bear,
Then fall in silver like an old man's hair.

No human eye was there, no tongue to tell
When thy first waters sparkled in the well,
But ages past men wandered by thy flood,
Gazed as I gazed, as I am standing, stood.
The countless songs of all thy varied flow
By thee were sung a thousand years ago.

Ripple to zephyrs, surge to furious wind;
Fume without rage; without a heart be kind;
Toss the wild billows of thy careless breast;
Work without toil and never, never rest;
Kill without hate, or safely bear along;
Gnaw without teeth, and sing without a tongue.
For ever 'midst thy native mosses hide:
For ever vanish in the ocean's tide.
Down by the sea, I watch thy funeral wave
Kiss the sad brine, and pour into thy grave.
Till earth is wrapped in flames—flow on bright river;
For ever ending, and beginning ever.

## MEDITATIONS ON DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

Welcome the thoughts a ruin brings,
And grief is wholesome tho' it stings;
'Tis good to linger for awhile
By lifeless friend—by mouldering pile;
To muse by crumbling masonry;
To weep the wells of sorrow dry.
There is a grace in closing day,
A majesty in dire decay;
This ruin has a voice to cry,
"Where are the joys of days gone by?"
The harp I played when I was young
Lies on the wave-worn beach unstrung;
But these grey walls can ne'er forget

Their ancient echoes lingering yet.
The winds that sigh from yonder sea
Have something strange to tell to me.
This is a book of lime and stone,
Turn back the pages many a one
To reach the castle's busy age,
And linger o'er the varied page ;
Dunnottar's thrilling legends read,
The grand old stories of its dead.
And where remains a blank to fill,
There fancy revels at her will ;
Adds fetters to the captive's chains,
And with more blood the record stains ;
She views the armies breathing death,
The sword, so rarely in the sheath ;
Rears high the roof upon the walls,
And lights again these dreary halls ;
She spreads the magic of romance
O'er nights and ladies in the dance ;
She sees the brave old warriors dine ;
She lifts the brimming cups of wine ;
And then she leaves me to compare
What now I see with things that were.
And thou, great rock, so often prest
By human footsteps now at rest,
Child of the earthquake, long ago !
Thy rugged foot was planted so,
And white-laced ocean's robe was thrown
As if for thee to step upon.
The mental eye can see design
In the rude rock's most crooked line.
Thus on our life's uneven coast
The reason halts in wonder lost ;
But where confusion seems to reign
Faith comes to make the picture plain,
And—as the awful ocean breaks
Upon our souls, the sceptre takes.

## FRIENDSHIP'S WREATH.

At Glenkindie, seat of Alexander Keith, Esq. of Freefield, a goat, a sheep, and a donkey formed a close friendship, and for some years were to be seen wandering about inseparable companions.

Lifting his optics to the sky,
A thoughtful donkey brayed a sigh ;
Said he—"I never thought to pass
My days 'mong more luxuriant grass ;
Plenty of flowers and herbs to eat,
And a rare thistle for a treat.

Why, then, this gap within my heart;
I feel no lash, I drag no cart?
With me my weary life to spend,
I would I had a donkey friend—
And yet must stern reflection see
That this would not be good for me;
If the same thistle met our eyes,
And both desired the prickly prize,
Unpleasant quarrels might arise."
A hundred things might cause a jar
And change sweet peace to dreadful war.
Our wants alike—our weapons equal,
Hee—Haw! I dread a horrid sequel.
My fancy sees a ceaseless fight,
The furious kick—the vicious bite.
And neighbours frantic at the noise
Would rush in crowds—rude men and boys
With cudgels, mud, and showers of stones,
To pelt us off, and bang our bones.
I'd rather with that goat reside
Than have a Jackass at my side.
And the *sweet creature*, I perceive,
Shuns things I eat, eats what I leave."
The goat, who never spoke before,
But silently the herbage tore,
Said—"By the wisdom of my beard,
I all your piteous tale have heard.
Long for your love I've pined, alas!—
I've never seen a greater ass;
Let us no longer stand aloof,
Accept my friendship—shake a hoof;
Your humble servant don't rebuff."
The donkey said—"Content, enough."
The goat looked grave—the donkey brayed;
A sheep had heard the compact made,
And sighed beneath a spreading tree—
"Alas! is there no room for me?"
He closely crept beside the pair,
Who only gave a well-bred stare!
At last they said he might attend,
And join them as a humble friend;
"Behind us in the pasture feed—
For you an honour great indeed!
And then, perhaps, when nights are cool,
We'll warm our noses in your wool.
Avoid the thistle—food of asses,
And Mr Goat's own favourite grasses.
Consider us your rich relations,
Be duly thankful for your rations,
And bear our kicks and cuffs with patience."
The sheep, who had a lowly heart,

With readiness assumed his part,
And now together all the three
Are as good friends as friends can be ;
United roam the path of life ;
The sheep forgets the butcher's knife ;
The ass the goat with questions plies,
Drinks wisdom from the goat's replies,
Who often jumps upon his back,
And makes his long-eared friend his hack.
They from the sheep can learn, as we,
A lesson of humility.
Thus people, though of different kind,
May golden bands of friendship bind.

## WILLIAM WILSON.

OUR labours in the field of modern Scottish poetry would be very incomplete were we not to give due prominence to the subject of this sketch—the orginator of the idea of the excellent work entitled "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," published in two large volumes in 1877 by Messrs Blackie & Son. Urgent demands on his time, however, together with failing health, interfered with its execution. The task devolved upon his gifted son, James Grant Wilson, who, he informs us, "as an act of filial duty, no less than as a labour of love," completed his father's unfulfilled project in a manner at once evincing fine literary taste and culture, and critical acumen of a very high order.

From the sketch given by his son, from information supplied by Dr Charles Roger in his "Scottish Minstrel," as well as from jottings forwarded by Mr A. C. Lamb, Dundee, we learn that William Wilson was born at Crieff in 1801. His family settled in Perthshire in

the seventeenth century, and the poet's great-grandfather fell while fighting for Prince Charlie at Culloden. At an early age young Wilson was imbued with a passionate love of poetry, derived from his mother, who sang with great beauty the old Jacobite songs and ballads of her native land. When five years old he lost his father, and the misfortunes of the family at this time came not singly, but in battalions. His mother steadily refused pecuniary aid from sympathising friends, preferring to rely upon her spinning-wheel —her industry and economy—for her own and her children's maintenance, so that Wilson's early life, like that of his friend Robert Chambers, was one of honourable poverty, dignified by hard and honest work, which ultimately brought its due reward.

When only seven years of age, our young poet was employed by a farmer in tending cows, and a few years afterwards, when his mother removed to Glasgow, he was apprenticed to the business of cloth lapping. During his apprenticeship he devoted his leisure hours to study, and taught himself the art of writing. He made such rapid progress in acquiring a mastery over the pen that at the end of one year he had qualified himself to act as subordinate clerk in the establishment in which he was employed. At the age of eighteen he married, and during the succeeding eighteen months he was without regular employment, and severely felt the pinchings of poverty. Wilson subsequently removed to Dundee, and obtained employment at the establishment of Mr Sandeman, whose son was the editor of a publication called the *Dundee Review*, to which Wilson contributed. He worked for his employer from six in the morning until ten at night, after which, while others slept, he wrote both prose and poetry for the *Review*, under the *nom-de-plume* "Alpin." He was also a contributor to several other publications, but always under an assumed signature, as throughout his

life he disliked notoriety. In 1824 Mr Wilson became the conductor of the *Dundee Literary Olio*. It was issued fortnightly, and was made up of stories, essays, letters, poetry, and miscellaneous articles, original and select, and was altogether an instructive and entertaining publication. While conducting the *Olio*, Wilson continued his employment as a lapper, and he was pursuing his vocation towards the close of 1825, when a Danish author named Feldburg, travelling in Scotland, visited Dundee. Charmed by some of Wilson's poetry the Dane sought out the author, and upon his recommendation Wilson was invited to Edinburgh, and was a guest at the table of men of note there, who assisted him in starting the business of a coal merchant in partnership with his younger brother. "There was," wrote Robert Chambers, "at this time something very engaging in his appearance—a fair open countenance, ruddy with the bloom of health; manners soft and pleasing." In the same year he lost his young and devoted wife, to whom he had been married in 1819, and he sought relief from his great sorrow in composition. His contributions were welcomed in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (conducted by Henry Glassford Bell) and other leading periodicals. In 1830 Wilson married his second wife, Miss Sibbald of Borthaugh, a descendant of Sir Andrew Sibbald of Balgonie, and a niece of Dr James Sibbald, the literary antiquary and editor of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. At this period his charming conversation and manners, and his excellent singing of Scottish songs, made the young poet a welcome guest in the literary circles of Edinburgh. At the house of Mrs Grant of Laggan he was a frequent visitor, and so great was this gifted lady's attachment to the handsome young Highlander that she claimed the privilege of giving her husband's name to his son, already referred to, and of possessing the poet's portrait painted by an eminent artist.

When thirty-two years of age Wilson removed to the United States, and settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, where he engaged in the business of bookselling and publishing, which he continued till his death in 1860. During his residence in the New World he occasionally contributed in prose and verse —generally anonymously—to various American periodicals, and occasionally sent a paper or poem to *Blackwood* or *Chambers' Journal*. Selections from his poems appeared in *Whistle Binkie*, *Book of Scottish Song*, the *Modern Scottish Minstrel*, and other similar publications; but he never issued them in a volume or even collected them. It was not till the green grass was growing over his grave that a selection of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir. A second edition, with additional poems, appeared in 1875.

Many of the poet's musical compositions were much admired. His latest—an air of great beauty—was composed during the last year of his life for one of Ainslie's sweet songs. Willis pronounced one of Wilson's pieces "the best modern imitation of the old ballad style that he had ever met with"; and Bryant, another distinguished American poet, said—"The song in which the writer personates Richard the Lion-hearted during his imprisonment is more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun." Hew Ainslie wrote thus to Mr Grant Wilson:—"Having summered and wintered it for many long years with your dear father, I ought to know something of the base and bent of his genius, though, as he hated all shams and pretensions, a very slight acquaintance with him showed that independence and personal manhood, 'As wha daur meddle wi' me,' were two of his strong features; while humour, deep feeling, and tenderness were prominent in all he said or wrote, and oh! the pity that he did not give us more 'Jean Linns' and 'Auld Johnny

Grahams ' in his native tongue. I loved him as a man, a poet, and a brother."

## AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

Dear aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny Graham ?
The carle sae pawkie and slee !
He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,
And the bodie has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an' owerlay sae clean,
An' ribbon that waved boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,
An' rappit, an' soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minnie sae thrang
Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,
An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang
Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

" Hech, Tibby, lass ! a' yon braid acres o' land,
Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,
An' meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,
Gin ye will look kindly on me.

" Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,
Sax naigies that nibble the lea ;
The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i the pen,
I'se gie a', dear Tibby, to thee.

" An' lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',
An' pearlin's wad dazzle yer e'e ;
A mettl'd but canny young yaud for the yokin'
When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

" I'll hap ye and fend ye, and busk ye and tend ye,
And mak' ye the licht o' my e'e ;
I'll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear ye,
As couthy as couthy can be.

" I've lo'ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit bairn,
Ye ran up the knowe to meet me ;
An' deckit my bonnet wi' blue-bells an' fern,
Wi' meikle glad laughin' an' glee.

" An' noo, woman grown, an' mensefu', an' fair,
An' gracefu' as gracefu' can be—
Will ye tak' an auld carle wha ne'er had a care
For woman, dear Tibby, but thee ?"

Sae, aunty, ye see, I'm a' in a swither
What answer the bodie to gie—
But aften I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,
And let puir young Tibby abee.

## WHEN WILD WINDS ARE SWEEPING

When wild winds are sweeping
By bonnie Dundee,
And kind hearts were weeping
For lov'd ones at sea;
When fearfully toss'd
On the surge of the main—
I'll love thee in tempest,
In peril, and pain.

Farewell, my love, Mary,
But sigh not again,
True love will not vary,
Tho' changeful the main;
The dark ocean billow
Our light bark may cover,
But death cannot alter
The true-hearted lover.

At night when thou hearest
The loud tempest rave,
And he to thee dearest
Is far on the wave,
Oh, then thy soft prayer,
Half-broken by sighs,
For him on the ocean
To heaven will rise.

His dreams will be sweeter
Remember'd by thee,
His shallop sweep fleeter
Across the deep sea.
Now cheer thee, love—cheer thee—
For fresh blows the gale,
One fond kiss—another—
Sweet Mary, farewell.

## JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie, ma doo!
Oh, haud na yer noodle sae hie!
The days that hae been may be yet again seen
Sae look nae sae lightly on me, ma doo!
Sae look nae sae lightly on me!

Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn,
Oh, geck na at hame hodden gray!
Yer gutcher and mine wad thocht themsels fine
In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may, bonnie may—
In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglee, Jean Linn,
Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
Your daddy, douce carle, was cotter to mine,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean Linn,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!
Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
An' the moments scour'd by like birds through the sky
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
I twined ye a bower by the burn,
But dreamt na' that hour, as we sat in that bower,
That fortune would tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn,
That fortune would tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law, Jean Linn,
An' I'm your puir ploughman, Jock Law.

## WANING LIFE AND WEARY.

Waning life and weary,
Fainting heart and limb,
Darkening road and dreary,
Flashing eye grow dim;
All betokening nightfall near,
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory
From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary—
Kiss that closing eye;
Now drops the curtain on all wrong—
Throes of sorrow, grief, and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
Ere life passed away,
Faintly smiled while eyeing
Yonder setting day.

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign—
Cried, with forehead shining,
Father, I am thine!
And so to rest he quietly hath passed,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter at last.

## A WELCOME TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

Oh, the queer auld man, the dear auld man,
The drollest in Christendie—
Wha sae aft has beguil'd doure care till he smil'd—
He's comin' his kinsfolk to see!
He's comin' to daud frae his bonnet a blink,
The stoure o' classic ha's—
He's hung up his goun i' the guid auld toun,
An' brunt his critic's taws.
He's a dear auld man, he's a queer auld man,
He's a free auld man, he's a slee auld man—
Frae the Aristook to the Raritan,
Ye'll no find the fier o' our spree auld man.

But his pike-staff o' aik whilk mony a paik,
Has rung on timmer croons—
An' his birken crutch ye'll find few such,
For soberin' senseless loons;
Thae switches strang—the short an' the lang,
The pawkie auld carle brings;
An' wae to the pate o' the blether-skate
On whilk their vengeance rings.
He's a hauld auld man, he's a yauld auld man
He's a leal auld man, he's a hale auld man—
An' there's no a lady in a' the lan'
Wi' a blythesomer e'e than our braw auld man

But a kindly wit has Scotland's Kit,
As kind a heart an' smile—
An' the saft words flung frae his witchin' tongue,
The gl.d frae the lift wad wile;
For a' kinds o' lear—his presence be here

*A welcome to Prof. Wilson on hearing of his intention to visit th
United States.

An' a' kinds o' knowledge has he,
Baith Latin an' Greek he as glibly can speak,
As ye wad the A B C.
He's a grave auld man, he's a brave auld man,
He's a frank auld man, he's a swank auld man,
At fleechin', or preechin', or cloovin' a pan—
There's nae peer to our north countree auld man.

Sae lads to your shanks, an' thegither in ranks,
Let's welcome gude Kit to our shore,
In our costliest braws—wi' our loudest hurrahs,
Till the wondering welkin roar;
For kings are but caff, an' warld's gear draff
Engulphed by the tide of time,
But the heaven-born mind, lovin' a' mankind,
Till doom's-day shall tower sublime.
He's a grand auld man, he's a bland auld man,
He's a yare auld man, he's a rare auld man,
Tho' the terror o' sumph an' o' charlatan,
He's a kind-hearted debonair auld man.

## RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
On the castle turret-wall;
Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
To the warder's drowsy strain,
And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring flowers spread,
When first he was fettered there;
Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
All lowly lies his banner bright,
That foremost in battle streamed,
And dim the sword that in the fight
Like midnight meteor gleamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
That banner o'er his head,
His good lance in his hand again,
With Paynim slaughter red,
The craven hearts that round him now
With coward triumph stand,
Would quail before that dauntless brow,
And the death-flash of that brand.

## ALEXANDER HUGH.

IN Mr Hugh we have a descendant of our national bard, and one who, besides being a warm admirer of the lyric poetry of his native Caledonia, is also a writer of not a few songs, pleasing in their nature, and redolent with sentiments of love and natural beauty. Mr Hugh was born at Kirkcaldy in 1854, but, his parents removing soon after to Lochgelly, he received his education at the village school there. At the age of fourteen he went to learn the grocery trade in Dunfermline, and there also he first courted the muse, having frequently at this period contributed to the "Poets' Corner" of the *Dunfermline Press* and other local newspapers. Recently he has been a frequent contributor to the columns of the Dundee *Weekly News*. For the last fifteen years Mr Hugh has carried on a successful grocery business in Lochgelly. He has acquired considerable popularity as a public speaker and lecturer, his subjects principally treating of the songs and song-writers of Scotland.

### MY DEARIE O!

Blaw ever saft, ye win's that blaw
  Round Dollarfield, sae bonnie O!
For there kind Nature sheds her rays
  'Mong wildflowers sweet and mony O!
There, 'mong the branches o' the birk,
  The linnet sings fu' cheerie O!
And there, within that shady grove,
  Does smile my ain, my dearie O!

How sweetly in yon woodland fair
  The hawthorn blooms in blossom O!
And mony are the cheering thochts
  Concealed within my bosom O!
For when beneath its spreading boughs,
  The hours they ne'er seem eerie O!

For Nature fair yields mony a charm
For her, my ain, my dearie O!

How saftly on yon burnie's breist
The shadows fa' fu' lichtly O!
While on its banks, 'mongst beauties rare,
The sunbeams flicker brichtly O!
How lovely there, at e'enin' hour,
When ilka bower is cheerie O!
To wander 'mong these flowery gems,
And woo my ain, my dearie O!

## MY AIN, MY DEAREST MARY.

Meet me on fair Cauthron's braes,
Bonnie Mary, lovely Mary,
When the mavis chants her lays,
My ain kind Mary;
Then we'll pass the hours wi' glee—
Winter's nicht or summer's day—
Ever gladsome, never wae,
My ain, my dearest Mary.

Well thou know'st this heart is thine,
Bonnie Mary, lovely Mary,
And love's joys will never tyne,
My ain kind Mary.
Come, then, to the shady grove,
Thro' the woodlands let us rove,
Whisp'rin' tales o' sweetest love,
My ain, my dearest Mary.

And when zephyrs fan the trees,
Bonnie Mary, lovely Mary,
And e'enin' hameward brings the bees,
My ain kind Mary;
We'll to the glen whate'er betide,
An' wander doon by yon burnside,
Whaur sune I'll claim thee as my bride,
My ain, my dearest Mary.

## THE MAID O' MOSSGREEN.

The bright beams o' sunshine in radiance were glowing,
The hawthorn in blossom was beauteous an' fair,
When doon thro' yon dell, by its clear streamlet flowing,
Cam' Mary, wha's smiles bring me joy evermair.
How soft were the blushes her blythe face o'erspreading,
Mair modest and winsome than all else, I ween;

And lightsome the leal heart, nae wanton cares dreading,
O' Mairy, sweet Mary, the maid o' Mossgreen.
O, Mary, sweet Mary, O, Mary, lov'd Mary,
O, Mary, sweet Mary, the maid o' Mossgreen.

How blissful an' thrillin' the sangs o' the mornin',
When, soaring aloft, the sweet lark trills her lay;
And radiant the banks where, wi' wildflow'rs adornin'
My Mary aft meets me at gloamin' o' day.
Tho' fair be the land o' the pale orange blossom,
Though choice an' surpassin' its beauties may seem,
They ne'er steal a wish or fond sigh frae the bosom
O' Mary, sweet Mary, the maid o' Mossgreen.

Aft then in the cool shades o' e'enin I'll wander,
When naught but the sweet strains of love fill the ear;
And there in the glen, 'mid its loneness and grandeur,
My Mary in fondness I'll clasp ever dear.
Away, then, ye visions of fame and of glory,
Contented, I'll roam still where bright pleasures gleam,
And tenderly pour forth love's aften-told story
To Mary, sweet Mary, the maid o' Mossgreen.

## ROBERT BAIN, M.A.

ROBERT BAIN, junior, has hitherto been very favourably known to the readers of the *People's Friend* and the Glasgow newspapers as the writer of numerous thoughtful and suggestive poems under the *nom-de-plume* of "The White Rose." He was born in Glasgow in 1865, and received his early education in Hutcheson's Grammar School, where he was successively a school and college bursar. Mr Bain entered the University of Glasgow in 1882, and graduated M.A. in 1886. For the past three years he has been a teacher in Kilblain Academy, Greenock. His study of English poetry has been deep and extensive, and though he loves all the poets it is evident that he

has a preference for Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. His poems are characterised by sincere thought and warm feeling. They are full of noble aspirations and chivalrous sentiments, and his manly fervour is combined with cultured literary taste and a delicacy of finish.

### THE CITY BY THE SEA.

A beautiful city there stands by the sea,
  Ever asleep in the sunset's calm,
And ever from out of the West there comes
  The great deep's glorious psalm—
Ever from out of the sky there rains
  A peace that is blessing and balm.

Like a dream from the brink of the sea it leaps,
  With its walls of glittering ice,
Where the deeds of the marvellous past are told,
  In sculpture of quaint device,
Rose-robed in the Westering sun-god's flame,
  And the beauty of Paradise.

Above it the dome of the heaven is blue
  As the depths of the ocean are,
Faint tinged with the gloom of a gathering dusk,
  And never the gleam of a star,
While around it the powers of the air are mute
  With never a dream of war.

Through the silent spaces of sunlit street
  Float the thoughts of the olden time;
The noblest desires of the warrior's heart,
  And the dreams of the grandest rhyme,
For all that is best in the mind of man
  Hath life in this sunset clime.

From the phantom host comes never a sound,
  For their voices are voices of dreams;
And as infinite motion is rest, they blend
  Till the harmony silence seems,
And only the sound of the sea is heard,
  As it sings in the sunset gleams.

. . . .

All that is best in the time that is gone,
  Stray gleams from the future caught:

All that is sweet in the time that is,
By the skill of the fancy wrought,
Are seen in a mingling of gloom and of light
In this City of Stainless Thought.

## IS THERE SPACE FOR THE POET TO-DAY?

Is there space for the poet to-day,
When the haunts of men are as hives,
And the rose-tinged visions of earth are mocked
In the heart that upward strives,
And the dreams of a golden age dispelled
By an age of gold that drives?

Is there space for the poet to-day,
In a land that is darkened with wrong,
Where the weakest are driven and crushed to the wall
And trampled upon by the strong,
Where man is so busy with hand, brain, and foot
That his ears may be deaf to the song?

Is there space for the poet to-day,
To sing to the soul of man
Of the beauty of truth, when over the land
The voice of the partisan
Rings out the lie in the tones of the truth
As only the orator can?

Is there space for the poet to-day,
Though the skies may be golden above,
To sing of the perfect beauty and strength
And wonderful power of love,
When the highest are chained by the circle of gold,
Not wedded like hand and glove?

Is there space for the poet to-day,
With his love of his country's creed,
When the truths of his faith are glibly assailed
By every fool that can read,
And platitude chatter on every side
Takes the place of the old-world deed.

Be there space for the poet or not,
Where the world clamours on on its way,
While right, truth, faith, and divinest love
Are cruelly laughed at bay;
In a world that is wronging its own great heart,
There is need for the poet to-day.

## BY THE RIVER.

There is silence over the sleeping town,
And the lights glimmer star-like out of the night ;
And the grave moon, throned on the mountain's height,
Shines cold and calm on the river of light
Where the ships go gliding down.

Down with the flow of the tide to the sea,
Silent and shadowy, outward bound ;
Peopled with dreams of a land new found,
Where the hopes and struggles of years shall be crowned
With a glory that will not be.

They gaze their last on the Northern peaks,
And the lights by the river drop into the dark ;
And the midnight gathers around this barque ;
But they follow in hope the moon's white arc,
And the South wind kisses their cheeks.

So forth they fare to the great unknown,
Dead and discrowned is their life of the past ;
Cruel, old life that was false to the last,
And they dream of the new life, shadowy, vast,
That will one day be their own.

And ship after ship drops ghost-like down
The silent river and out to the deep,
And the moon has passsd from her throne on the steep,
And the morn rises over a land of sleep,
And the stars shine dim on the town.

And hundreds of hearts in its every street
Are sailing on shadowy seas of thought,
From dim lands peopled with ill deeds wrought,
To worlds where never a sound will be caught
Of the lands where their old life beat.

And their hearts sailing ever on and on
Pass day after day down the great life stream,
Pale-splendoured with light of their hope's moon-gleam,
And glad in a trust that has never a dream
Of a day that will bring no dawn.

## FOR THE KING.

Dark night without, deep, joyous warmth within,
Where clear the voices of the maidens ring,
And richly pulsing through the merry din
Breaks the strong laughter of the Poet King.

The flash of torches 'neath the moonless skies !
Fierce crash of arms about the garden walls !
The maidens shrink and gaze with fear-awed eyes
And a dread silence on their laughter falls.

One scared look flits across the royal face,
He listens to the clamour—hark ! the Grahams !
And the wild-threatened vengeance of the race
Flashes its terror in the eyes of James.

"Quick, bar the doors !—O God ! the bolts are gone :
Curse on the traitors ! Break the window bars !"
And the grave King, now frantic-eyed and wan,
Thanked heaven that the clouds had hid the stars.

In vain ; the bars are strong—the clamours ring
With terrible distinctness through the night,
When lo ! the white moon's sudden splendours fling
Weird awe upon their silence and affright.

Moon-tranced a space they stood ; but hark ! the tramp
Of men, whose vengeance brooks no needless halt,
And doom seemed swift to strike, when, like a lamp
In darkness, came the memory of the vault.

But even then against the passage walls
The flaring splendours of the torches waved ;
A moan of woe upon the silence falls—
"One moment guard the door and I am saved."

But how might maidens trained to gentle thought
Dare even for their Monarch such a thing ?
Lo ! swift a white hand through the staple shot,
One white wrist barred the passage to the King.

Crash ! smote the axe against the feeble door,
A jewelled hand dropped useless on the stone ;
Fierce rushed the barons from the corridor
Amid the maidens—but the King was gone.

## JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

RECENTLY a fresh name has been appearing in the columns of our literary journals attached to poems, songs, and prose articles revealing much fertility of thought and vigour of expression. Intelligent readers who interest themselves in the personal identity of well-favoured authors have been asking the question, "Who is Jessie Kerr Lawson?" Mrs Lawson hails from St Monans, Fife, and in her youth was a school teacher. After her marriage she went to Canada, her home and family still being in Toronto. A writer of verse from the age of thirteen, her literary proclivities continued to crop up occasionally in spite of a busy life and the care of a large family. For the last twelve years she has been a contributor to various Canadian and American papers and magazines. Defective international copyright laws, however, compelled her to seek in this country a market for literary wares not to be found in Canada, and the result has been the publication of several popular serial stories, among them "Oor Margaret," "William Marah's Weird," &c., which have appeared in the *People's Friend*. Despite her twenty years' residence abroad, her affections have never wandered from "the old place." For many years she wrote in the Scottish dialect humorous social and political articles for *Grip*, the Canadian *Punch*, under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Hugh Airlie." In the Irish dialect she wrote over the signature of "Barney O'Hea," and at other times "Jay Kayelle"—the pronunciation of her initials. Her poems and songs display a wealth of fine fancy, expressed in graphic and unstrained language. With a fine appreciation of character, she presents us—in

both prose and poetry—with pictures of humble Scottish life, touched with the realism of the true artist. That her sympathies with the fisher folk are strong and tender is abundantly evident from the selections we give.

### A FISHER IDYLL.

Oh, saw ye bonnie Jean,
  In her braw blue duffle coat,
An' her little tartan shawl
  In a kink at her throat?
She's awa' doon to the pier
  To bring the line upbye;
For the yawls are comin' in,
  An' there's fish to fry.

Oh, I ken aboot a kist
  Fu' o' linen white as snaw!
An' ornaments an' orra things
  An' dishes stowed awa'.
An' Willie, blythe an' young,
  Wi' nets an' gear forbye,
He looks, but ne'er lets on,
  When oor Jean gaes by.

Oh, the lines are a' to bait,
  An' the mussels a' to sheel;
An' ower the limpit rocks
  She maun gang wi' her creel.
The nets are a' to mend,
  An' the hoose to redd an' clean;
But wi' love at her heart
  Naething daunts oor Jean.

A' the boats are gaun awa'
  Up the north to the drave;
An' Willie, yonng an' fain,
  Tries his luck wi' the lave.
But the little hoose is ta'en,
  And they say he's coft the ring;
Oh, Love! sae shy, sae sweet!
  Sing awa', lassie, sing!

### "ARE OOR FOLK IN?"

Oh, cam' ye frae Anster, or Wast frae the Ellie?
Or whaur there's a harbour for refuge to rin?

Heard ye ocht o' the boats oot bye a' nicht tossin'?
Tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!

Never an e'e a' nicht through hae I steekit,
The wind an' the sea they mak' siccan a din,
An' nae word o' the boat wi' my twa bonnie laddies:
Tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!

It's ten year the noo sin' my man was ta'en frae me;
A storm sic like's this, waes me! weel I min',
I ran doon to the pier, an' I speired at a neebor—
Tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!

"Ay, lass, they're a' in. But it's no' at this harbour;
They're safe in the port that we a' hope to win;"
And I fainted, but aye my first word when I waukened
Was, tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!

But the Lord has been gude, an' we've warsled through brawly—
At the best, life's a battle for puir folk, ye ken;
But aye when the win's in the Nor'-East I'm anxious—
Tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!

I'm sure my gudeman, though he be safe in heaven,
He'll ne'er be content till the rest o's can win;
An' I ken a' the time at the Lord he'll be speirin'—
"Tell me, oh, tell me, if oor folk's in!"

## A QUEER AULD TOON.

There's a queer auld village close doon by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
Just twa-ree grey hooses, an' twa-ree broon boats,
An' twa-ree douce fishers in blue duffle coats,
An' bairns by the hunder as merry's can be;
Oh, a queer auld toon is St Monan.

It has an auld kirkyaird that's washed by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
An' richt i' the middle o't stands an auld kirk
Whase origin's lost in antiquity's mirk,
Its auld-fashioned, hoary, an' quaint as can be;
Oh, a rare auld kirk has St Monan.

An' airtin' the sunset ower-lookin' the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin',
There stands an auld castle sae eerie an' still,
Crumblin' slow to decay on the tap o' the hill,

An' the birds build their nests in't as couthie's can be,
An' the craws wheelin' ower frae St Monan.

The folk are douce fishers an' live by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin',
Wi' their lives i' their hands they gae doon to the deep
In the mirk 'oors o' nicht when a' else are asleep;
For the honest maun fend an' their weird they maun dree,
Though they come nae mair back to St Monan.

Oh, leeze me upon them doon there by the sea,
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';
Year in an' year oot there they are as ye see—
They live an' they love, an' they marry, an' dee,
An' a heart or twa breaks noo an' then, ay, waes me!
E'en in the auld toon o' St Monan.

## THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

Langsyne when yet this world was young,
An' Time was but a beardless callant;
When Homer's lay was still unsung,
And there was neither book nor ballant,

The powers abune assembled a'
Wi' strang brows brent and een sae pawkie;
Sat in the great stern-lichtit ha',
That croons Olympus' tap sae gawkie.

The nectar flowed, the bowl gaed roon',
Till a' the gods grew crouse an' cantie;
An' ilk ane cried—"A boon! a boon!
Tae mak' the young warl' prood an' vauntie."

Great Jove upon his breast let fa'
His mighty head wi' thinkin' o' it;
Then up he starts amang them a'—
"I hae't! I hae't! let's mak' a poet.

"A man o' men, noo weak, noo strang,
A creature fired wi' spark immortal,
A quenchless voice o' love an' sang,
Caged in the clay o' errin' mortal."

As when wi' crash of music grand
Breaks oot an orchestra gigantic,
At signal frae the leader's wand,
Brak oot the gods wi' cheerin' frantic.

They clapped, they danced wi' heel an' toe,
Till a' the starnies, winkin', wondered;
An' mortals on the earth below
The noise heard an' said it thundered.

They made him up o'ends an' odds,
Great Jove supplied a mind capacious
To haud the gifts the kindly gods
Would bring to mak'him braw an' gracious.

Stoot Mars he brocht him courage strang,
An' pluck to strike at pride's oppression;
The Muses filled him fu' o' sang,
An' Saturn gae a'flail for threshin'.

Brisk Mercury, he brocht twa wings
Aroon' the poet's feet tot'ether;
So that, when sick o' earthly things,
He'd'soar awa' tot fields o' ether.

Minerva said, though 'twas in vain
Wisdom to put in sic a jummle,
She'd gie'm enough to wince wi' pain
Whene'er aff o' the straucht he'd tummle.

At last their gifts, when a' displayed,
Jove's hand it held them like a ladle;
An' Venus, when the soul was made,
She rocked him saft in Cupid's cradle.

But whaur to get a faither fit,
Or mither love for sic a ferlie,
Made Jove wi' fell dismay doon sit,
An' a' the gods to wonder sairly.

The wean for ages sleepit soon',
Lulled by the planetary motion,
While Venus in his lug would croon
The faint far murmur o' the ocean.

An' Homer cam', an' Virgil sweet,
An' mony mair o' lesser merit,
But for this wean nae parent meet
Yet lived, though lang they waited, wearit.

The gods themsel's, worn oot wi' eld,
Faded awa' into the ether,
But when a purer faith prevailed,
Auld Scotland gae the wean a faither.

An' Rab was born. The deil he heard,
An' looked as though he'd taen the jaundice.
He seized an' auld witch by the beard,
An' whirled her roon' an' roon' the Andes.

An' raised a storm that blew a' nicht,
But Rab was safe in mither's bosie;
The deil he howled wi' rage an' fricht,
But daurna touch him *there* sae cosie.

"I want nae siccan spirits true,
Tae knit men's hearts In love thegither,
An' whether just to kill him noo,
Or let him live, I'm in a swither.

"Just when I'm makin' fine headway,
Men growin' servile, mean, an' cannie,
Here, a' my doctrines to gainsay,
Up starts this peasant poet mannie!

"He'll tell them men are brithers a';
He'll sing that men wi' God claim kinship;
Wi' sang he'll wile their hearts awa',
Frae meaner things to love an' freenship;

"Confoond it a! I'll hae revenge!
I'll wait until the lad gets frisky;
Gin poortith winna crush or change,
I'll ply him weel wi' gude Scotch whisky.

"Tak' that enoo—an omen, quick,
O' what ye may expect hereafter."
He raised his hoof, he gae a'e kick,
Doon fell the gayle frae roof an' rafter!

The rest ye ken, his life, his fame,
The deil, though weel his word he keepit,
He couldna quench prood honour's flame—
The love in which Rab's soul was steepit.

A mortal man—noo weak, noo strang—
A poet like nane else afore him;
The world that listened to his sang
Has been since syne the better for him.

## LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,

SECOND son of the Duke of Argyle, and younger brother of the Marquis of Lorne, who has a place in Seventh Series of this work, was born in 1846, and was married in 1869 to Jane Sebilla, third daughter of the late James Henry Callander, Esq. of Craigforth and Ardkinglas. His Lordship has been a partner in Coutts' Bank for a number of years, and has done much by his publications for the preservation of Argyle history, traditions, and folk-lore. These evince the patient, intelligent, and careful antiquarian, while his poetical contributions to the "Highland Monthly," a well-conducted magazine published at the *Northern Chronicle* Office, Inverness, prove that Lord Archibald Campbell possesses the true poetic spirit. His Lordship's short and neatly-turned poems and songs show his thoughtful mind, and many of them are comprehensive and very suggestive little word-pictures.

### A SONG.

Hands locked, the lovely hours go sweeping round,
As waves through some deep channel newly found;
So fleet of foot, they scarcely touch the ground
To rhythmic measure—music without sound.

And there are days our memory holds dear—
Moments that bring heaven's radiant portals near,
With strains the listening soul alone can hear
'Mid trumpet call of duty, stern and clear.

Like dancers, swift the years are whirling by!
Some pass with laughter; others, passing, sigh
And beckon as they pass while we draw nigh—
Drawn in—we follow, follow till we die.

## "THE STUDENT" OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Lo! ye who reverent students be,
Who sit with silent and adoring mien
Before each masterpiece of God;
What vistas open of the worlds unseen?
What virgin snows, by man untrod!
Receive the truth on bended knees:
Beyond the jewelled breastplate of our world,
Beyond the burnished mirror of our seas,
Beyond the splendours that we see unfurled—
Are Isles of Peace!

## THE POSSIBLE: A SONG.

We mark the footsteps in the tell-tale sand,
And each tide sweeps these yielding marks away—
Bestrews the floor—redecks with lavish hand
With foam and amber-coloured weed. Each day
Fresh shells lie at our feet—beneath our eye—
That haply may unfold some priceless pearl;
And yon dim sail that we can scarce descry
May be the ship we wait for, and unfurl
The flaming pennant of some argosy,
With wealth of treasure from beyond the sea.

## A MORNING SONG.

Awake! awake! behold the Sun God in the skies
His glorious course has just begun, arise!
His breath dissolves the opal mists of Morn,
With fiery haste he tears aside the veil of Dawn,
And hurls his golden javelins in the air;
The forest gloom is pierced, and everywhere
Is joy and light, therefore arise! arise!

## THE FEINNE.

To clash of sword blow
On our rounded shields,
We chant the war song,
Sweeping to our doom;
Through Death we enter
The Elysian Fields;
Our star-steered galleys
Surging through the gloom!

At sunrise fall we
On our bended knees,
Hands locked in prayer,
And pray we die,
'Mid trumpet blare,
Feinne-like, in fight,
Claidh mhor in hand,
Sword dashed on sword,
And foot to foot,
With deep drawn breath,
Man locked with man
In throes of Death—
In some red battle
By the shore.

## ALEXANDER FISHER.

THE appearance of a new edition of that most delightful collection of songs for the social circle—"Whistle-Binkie"—in May, 1890, (Glasgow: David Robertson & Co.), reminded us that, at the request of many readers, we had promised to give a place in this work to one of the most pawkie and humorous of the old "Whistle-Binkie" coterie of poets. Alex. Fisher—author of "Ta Offish in ta Mornin'," "Ta Gran' Highland Bagpipe," and a few other very happy songs illustrating the awkward and amusing misplacings of the adjuncts of nouns which many Highlanders in their efforts to speak English frequently exhibit—was born in Glasgow in 1788. His father was a tobacconist in a flourishing way, and trained his son to the same profession, but first of all gave him an excellent education, which Alexander afterwards improved by diligent and extensive reading. He married in 1811 Helen Campbell, sister to the late Sir James and William Campbell,

the founders of the great mercantile house in Glasgow, and whose names are still familiar on account of the large extent of their private and public charities and extensive business connection. Several of Mr Fisher's family predeceased him. Others, with his devoted partner in life, survived to lament his loss, the eldest of whom, Dr A. Fisher, enjoyed for many years a large and high-class medical practice in his native city. For a few years preceding his death Mr Fisher, with his wife and youngest unmarried daughter, lived in Ardrossan. We are indebted to "Whistle-Binkie" for the verses we give from his humorous pen. He evidently knew that Highlanders as a class have frequently yielded freely to the seductive influence of "the dram." It has been the saw for their every sair, and the curer of all the ills their flesh is heir to. Nothing, accordingly, in Donald's estimation can be better for a man than a glass of whisky, unless perhaps it may be two glasses, and it has been a fixed belief with him that if whisky will not cure a man he is not worth curing. In the verses on "Ta Praise o' Ouskie" this is set forth with vigour, though the doctrine of perpetual dissipation advanced in these stanzas was not a fixed personal opinion of the author, else the happy Scotch song that follows had no foundation in actual experience, which most readers of wide worldly knowledge will like to think it had.

### TA OFFISH IN TA MORNIN'.

Her nainsel' come frae ta hielan' hill,
Ta poony toon o' Glascow till,
But o' Glascow she's koten her pelly fill,
  She'll no forget tis twa tree mornin'.

She'll met Shony Crant, her coosin's son,
An' Tuncan, an' Tonkal, an' Tonal Cunn,
An' twa tree more—an' she had sic fun,
  But she'll turn't oot a saut, saut mornin'.

Says Shony Crant, a shill she'll hae
O' ta fera coutest usquapae,
An' she'll pochtet a shill, ay an' twa tree mae,
An' she'll trank till ta fera neist mornin'.

She'll sat, an' she'll trank, an' she'll roar, an' she'll sang,
An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,
An' she'll made sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang,
An' she'll say't—"Co home tis mornin'."

Ta man she'll had on ta kreat pig coat,
An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,
An' a purnin' cruzie, an' she'll say't you sot
She'll maun go to ta Offish tis mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man—"*De an diaoul shin duitse?*"
An' ta man she'll say't—"Pe quiet as ta mouse,
Or nelse o'er her nottle she'll come fu' crouse,
An' she'll put ta Offish in you in ta mornin'."

Ta man she'll pe dunt on ta stane her stick,
An' t'an she'll pe sheuk her rick-tick-tick,
An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,
An' trawn her to ta Offish in ta' mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll pe procht before
Ta shentlemans praw, an' her pones all sore,
An' ta shentlemans she'll say't, "You tog, what for
You'll maet sic a tin in tis mornin'?"

She'll teukit aff her ponnet and she'll maet her a poo,
An' she'll say't, "Please her Crace she cot hersel' fou,
But shust let her co and she'll never to
Ta like no more in ta mornin'.

But t'an she'll haet to ta shentlemans praw
Ta *Sheordie* frae out o' her sporan traw,
An' she'll roart oot loot—"De an diaoul a ha ð gra?
Oh hone O ri 'tis mornin'!"

O t'an she'll pe sait ta shentlemans, "she'll no unterstoot
What fore she'll pe here like ta lallan prute,
But she'll maet her cause either pad or coot,
For she'll teuk you to ta law tis mornin'."

Ta shentlemans say't, "Respect ta coort,
Or nelse my koot lat you'll suffer for't,
Shust taur to spoket another wort,
An' she'll send her to ta Fiscal in ta mornin'."

Oich ! she didna ken what to do afa,
For she nefer found herself so sma',
An' klat she was right to kot awa,
Frae oot o' ta Offish in ta mornin'.

Oh ! tat she war to ta Hielans pack,
Whar ne'er ta pailie's tere to crack,
An' whar she wad gotten ta sorro' a plack,
Frae n'oot o' her sporan in ta mornin'.

An' tat there was there her coosin's son,
An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, and Tonal Cunn,
An' twa tree more, she wad haet sic fun,
And no be plaiget wi' pailies in ta mornin'.

## TA KRAN HIGHLAN' PAGPIPE.

You'll may spoke o' ta fittle, you'll may prag o' ta flute,
Ay an' clafer o' pyans, pass trums, clairnet, an' lute,
Put ta far pestest music you'll may heard, or will fan,
Is ta kreat Hielan' pagpipe, ta kran Hielan' pagpipe, ta prite o' ta lan'.

O ! tere is no one can knew all her feelin', her thought,
Whan ta soon o' ta pibroch will langsyne to her prought,
An' her mint whirl rount apout wi' ta pleasure once fan,
Whan she hears ta kreat pagpipe, ta kran, &c.

A teefishal lee is tolt upon Orpus, poor shiel,
Who went awa' toon to peg her wife pack frae ta teil,
Tey'll tolt tat she sharm'd Satan wi' a lute in her han',
No such thing, 'twas ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan', &c.

It is lang since ako, tey'll spoke o' music ta got,
(Apollo tey ca' her) put she'll thocht fery ott
Tat tey'll paint her, so ponny, wi' a lyre in her han',
When tey'll knew 'twas the bagpipe, &c.

Fan ta Greek wi' him's pibrochs sharmed Allister Mhor,
And made him's heart merry—and made him's heart sore,
Made him greet like a childrens, and swore like a man,
Was't his lyre—'twas ta pagpipe, &c.

Whan ta clans all pe kather't, an' all ready for fought,
To ta soon o' ta fittle, woult tey march, tid you'll thought
No, not a foot woult tey went, not a claymore pe trawn,
Till tey heard ta great bagpipe, ta kran, &c.

Whan ta funeral is passin' slow, slow through ta klen,
Ta hearts all soft wi' ouskie, what prings tears from ta men

Tis ta Coronach's loot wail soonin', solemn an' kran,
From ta great Hielan' pagpipe, ta kran Hielan', &c.

Whan ta wattin' teuks place, O ! what shoy, frolic, an' fun,
An' ta peoples all meetit, an' ta proose has peen run,
Tere's no music for tancin' has yet efer peen fan
Like ta kreat Hielan' pagpipe, ta kran Hielan', &c.

O, tat she had worts to tolt all her lofe an' telight
She has in ta pagpipe, twoult teuk long, long years to write ;
Put she'll shust teuk a trap pefore her task she'll pegan ;
So here's to ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan' pagpipe, ta prite o' ta lan'.

## I'SE REDE YE TAK' TENT.

I'se rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,
I'se rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,
There's a hizzy I ken,
Wha wons down in the glen.
To wheedl't awa' has the airt, young man.

An' O ! she is pawky an' slee, young man,
An' O ! she is pawky an' slee, young man,
For sae sweet is her smile
That a saunt she'd beguile,
Sae witchin's the blink o' her e'e, young man.

She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man,
She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man—
Gin ye dinna beware,
An' tak' unco guid care,
She'll wile you as sure as a gun, young man.

But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,
But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,
Tho' a wee bit thought wild,
Yet her temper is mild,
An' her kin are o' gentle blude, young man.

Her faither's fu' bien, I can tell, young man,
Her faither's fu bien, I can tell, young man—
He's a keen canty carl,
Weel to do in the warl'—
Losh, lad ! I'm her faither mysel', young man.

Gin ye wish a gude wife to earn, young man,
Gin ye wish a gude wife to earn, young man,
Fast ! gae get her consent,
An' ye'll never repent—
Ye'll get a gude wife in my bairn, young man.

## I NEVER WILL GET FU' AGAIN.

I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm unco sick,
My head's maist rent in twa;
I never found as now I find—
I'm no mysel' ava.
My mouth's as het's a lowin' peat,
My tongue's as dry's a stick—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I ha'e a drouth, an awfu' drouth,
An' water does nae guid;
Tho' I wad drink Lochlomond dry
It wadna cool my blude.
I wish I had a clag o' snaw,
Or dad o' ice, to lick—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I will put in the pin—I will—
I'll ne'er mair tak a drap,
Except, indeed, some orra time,
Then I'll but smell the caup.
O! that I were near Greenland's seas,
I'd plunge in heels o'er neck—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I dinna ken right what to do—
I maist wish I were dead;
My hand is shaking like a strae,
Or like a corn-stauk head.
I stoiter doited out an' in,
My shanks are slack an' weak—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I sicken at the sight o' meat,
The smell o't gars me grue;
I daurna think o' tastin' maut—
'Twas maut that filled me fu'.
I will put in the pin—I will—
To that I'll firmly stick—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I winna join the Rechabites,
For they're a stingy crew,

They wadna let me tak' a drap,
Though frozen were my mou'.
Cauld water may be very good,
Yet ne'er to it I'll stick—
But, O ! I'll ne'er get fu' again,
It mak's me aye sae sick.

## TA PRAISE O' OUSKIE.

Ta praise o' ouskie, she will kive,
An' wish ta klass aye in her neive ;
She tisna thought that she could live
Without a wee trap ouskie, O.

For ouskie is ta thing, my lad,
Will cheer ta heart whene'er she's sad ;
To trive bad thoughts awa' like mad,
Hoogh ! there's naething like kood ouskie, O.

Oh ! ouskie's koot, an' ouskie's cran,
Ta pestest physick efer fan ;
She wishes she had in her han',
A kreat pig shar o' ouskie, O.

Ta Lallan loon will trank at rum,
An' shin tat frae ta Tutchman come :
An' pranty—Fieugh ! tey're a' put scum,
No worth a sneesh like ouskie, O.

Ta shentles they will trank at wine,
Till faces like ta moon will shine ;
Put what's ta thing can prighten mine ?—
Poogh ! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Ta ladies they will klour and plink,
Whene'er tey'll saw't a man in trink ;
Put py temsel tey'll never wink,
At four pig tram o' ouskie, O.

An' some will trank a trashy yill,
Wi' porter some their pellies fill ;
For Loch Ard fu', a sinkle shill
She wadna gie o' ouskie, O.

Some lads wi' temprant rules akree,
An' trench their kite wi' slooshy tea ;
She's try't tat too, but nought for me—
Is like a wee trap ouskie, O.

What kars her roar, and tance, and sing?
What kars her loup ta highlan' fling?
What kars her leuk as pault's ta king?
Put shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Whene'er she's towie, fex, and wae,
Whene'er ta cauld her nose maks plae,
What cheers her heart py night an' tay?
Hoogh! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

## PETER GALLOWAY FRASER,

A DIVINITY student of fine promise, who, should he yet be persuaded to adopt literature as his profession, may be depended on to make his mark in the republic of letters, is a native of Errol, in the county of Perth, where he was born in 1862. When he was four years old his parents removed to Dundee, and he received his education at St Andrew's School there. A passion for reading, which he evinced very early in life, was fostered by the Free Library, and, while his boy compeers were roystering in the playground or listlessly wandering the streets, our subject was busily engaged storing his mind with useful information. In the course of his teens he became a member of a literary debating society, where, like many others, he read his first essay, made his first speech, and first raised his voice in debate. Before he had reached the completion of his twentieth year, he contributed a series of humorous sketches in the Scottish vernacular to a local weekly journal, the "Doric" of which was remarkably good for so young a writer. It was about this time also he began to write verses.

In 1882 he entered Glasgow University, and studied there during various subsequent sessions, taking respectable places in all his classes, and being a prominent prizeman in the department of Engiish literature. While studying for his Arts degree he contributed to the pages of *Scottish Nights* a series of articles on "Studies in Scottish Literature," in which a great deal of information, interwoven with a healthy and subtle criticism, was afforded concerning the more prominent poets and song writers. These articles, and numerous others written to various newspapers and literary periodicals, all appeared anonymously. Indeed, none of the literary work that Mr Fraser has so far accomplished, either in poetry or prose, has had his name attached to it. He afforded much enjoyment to the readers of the Dundee *Weekly News* in the assumed character of "Timothy Tinkle, Bellman and Beadle," and played the part so naturally that in various quarters "Timothy" passed muster as a veritable "digger." Recently he received an appointment on the Parliamentary staff of the *Dundee Courier*. Whilst discharging this important office, he, however, continued his studies with a view to "waggin' his pow in a poopit." In his poems (says Mr Ford, to whom we are indebted for the foregoing facts) "the reader will find matured thought and elegant fancy, expressed in choice language, made subservient to the severest demands of rhyme and rhythm."

### COME FORTH.

Come forth, my friend, and leave your books,
We'll ramble down this shady alley;
Come, throw away those thoughtful looks,
And scamper with me in the valley.
Think you, friend, does knowledge dwell
Close confined in student's cell?
Know you not that wisdom glows
Where the babbling streamlet flows?

Come forth, and feel the breezes free
Kiss your cheek so wan and pallid;
Flowers sing songs to you and me
Sweeter far than ancient ballad.
Think you, friend, these dusty pages,
These old Grecian, Roman sages,
Teach you all that wisdom shows
In the wild flower and the rose.

Come forth with me where wild flowers blow,
And smell the fragrance of the clover;
Come watch the streamlet's bickering flow,
Like maiden hast'ning to her lover.
Think you, friend, that you'll be wise
If you find not with surprise
That wisdom lurks in meanest flower
And hides herself in summer bower?

Come forth and read in Nature's book
Sermons and songs by priest and poet;
If in her lovely heart you look
You'll wisdom find, could you but know it.
Think you, friend, these yellow leaves
You pore o'er in these pleasant eves
Will teach you wisdon, when the air
Is full of knowledge everywhere?

Come forth, there's laughter in the wood,
Mirth peeps out from the leaves of grass,
Deep peace hides in the solitude,
A voice speaks in each flower we pass.
Think you, friend, that this is true,
Tell I something that is new?
Know that wisdom dwells with those
Who watch the flow'ret as it grows.

Come forth, close up those dull old books,
We'll ramble all the while we study:
Earth's putting on her pleasant looks,
And we—our cheeks are growing ruddy.
Think you, friend, this pleasant stroll
Does more than e'er did parchment scroll
To cheer your heart and clear your eyes,
And charm your ear with melodies.

Come forth, for *you* the streamlet flows,
For *you* the flowers are fresh and green,
The wild flower in the alley blows.
The daisy grows but to be seen.

Think, my friend, these gifts are given
To teach us more of kindly Heaven;
Heaven's fair book is Nature's page—
Love is its lesson age to age.

## THE ORPHAN GIRL: A CITY SCENE.

In this little attic, far up from the street,
She has lain all the winter hours;
Now the air with the breath of summer is sweet,
The earth is aglow with flowers.
In each green dale and bosky dell
I hear rich sounds of music swell,
And lisping summer showers;
To my heart comes the pleasant delight I seek,
But the bloom comes not to her lily-white cheek.

She hears the flower girl's cry in the street,
But feels not the violet's scent;
In dreams she walks in a garden sweet,
Where songs are with odours blent;
But when soft sleep forsakes her bed,
No birds are twittering o'er her head,
The fragrance all is spent;
Instead of Dreamland, with its perfumed air,
She lies in the attic cold and bare.

She thinks it is hard to bear and wait
When all is happy around;
When all seems caressed by loving fate,
In bands of beauty bound.
She longs to hear the song of birds,
She prays for sound of loving words,
If any such be found;
Soon night descends, with its darkening beams,
And she loses herself in the land of dreams.

No kind voice cheers her in the night,
Though her angel hovers nigh;
Leaving the heaven of endless light
To list to the orphan's cry;
He bears in his hand a message of love,
Bringing flowers of peace from the garden above,
Where blossoms never die;
He has left the shade of ethereal bowers
To watch o'er one of earth's faded flowers.

In many a crib in our city I know
Pale faces would glow with light,

And eyes would sparkle with gladsome glow
In many a home to-night,
If from our wealth of flowers be given
Some few—'twould make this earth a heaven,
And make a sick room bright.
Fair maid, be an angel of earth, and shower
The fragrance of love with the gift of a flower.

## FALLEN LEAVES.

I stand where evening breezes blow,
I hear the tinkling streamlet's flow,
Meandering in the wood;
There's music in the woodland's din,
The winds give voice to Nature's hymn,
In sad and solemn mood

Oft have I stood beneath these trees,
When grasses kissed the evening breeze,
In glorious summer eves;
But now I stand when flowers are dead,
When wintry winds weep o'er their bed,
Amid the fallen leaves.

Pleasant it was at evening's close
To court the shelter of these boughs,
And dream bewitching dreams.
High hopes I had, fair as the flowers
That ever bloomed in fancy's bowers,
Or were a poet's themes.

Sweet voices spake in this dim wood;
I heard songs in the solitude,
Like strains from Fairyland.
All care and sorrow fled with fright,
The smiling flowers glowed with delight;
But now 'mongst leaves I stand.

Ah me! how strange a tale life weaves;
Each heart has had its fallen leaves
In winters long ago.
Some weep o'er withered flowers to-night;
Some lay their dead leaves out of sight;
But still life's stream doth flow.

Just as I learned the matchless song
The woods grew dumb—a speechless throng
In winter's cold embrace;

So loving hearts and dead ones gone,
Whose souls we just had searched, are flown,
And hid from us their face.

Yet as I mourn the leaflet's death,
Methinks I feel the summer's breath,
And see the flowers once more.
What though the woodlands cannot sing?
I know with joy they soon shall ring
As I have heard before.

What though 'mid fallen leaves we stand?
In faith stretch forth thy doubting hand—
He who believes receives.
Thy withered flower will fairer grow,
In fields of light thou'lt see it blow,
When gathered are our leaves.

## A LAND OF SONG.

Night had clasped the laughing earth
In her shadowy arms,
Peace had settled on the hearth,
Still and hushed the voice of mirth;
It was the time when Fancy's birth
Soothes the world's alarms.

"Come," said Night, "by the gate of Dreams
Into the land of song,
Where music flows in continual streams,
Where Happiness shines in gladsome beams,
Where Hope sits weaving her fairy schemes,
To strew the path along.

"Youth never dies in that lovely land,
The flow'rets never fade,
Harmony sits with a nimble hand,
Melody sings at her sweet command,
Harps are by mild Eolus fanned
In flow'ry mead and shade."

Sweet Sleep, Night's maid, then led the way
Through a desert wild;
Care I passed, who seemed to say—
"Stay, O stay, why do you stray?
Why from my countenance turn away?
I claim you for my child."

And Lust was there, and Pride and Hate,
Grief had a heavy heart;
Wrong stood beside an evil Fate,
Sin by Sorrow's side was sate,
Self had a satyr for his mate,
Death sat afar—apart.

Soon music fell upon my ear,
My feet on daisies prest;
I felt a sweetly, soothing fear
Come o'er me as I came so near
This country of my heart—so dear
Calypso land and blest.

A garden full of odours sweet,
With many-coloured flowers;
Fair Innocence with smile did greet,
Sweet Virtue came with curtsies meet,
And love did gambol at my feet
In these Elysian bowers.

Duty came with eyes abeaming,
In her hand a scroll;
"Go," said she, great thoughts are teeming
In the desert bare so seeming;
There, e'en there, fair Truth is gleaming,
Seek it with thy soul.

"Seek for the jewel in the dross,
Believe that good is there;
Know that the world is not so gross
But song can give it back its loss,
And lighten half its heavy cross,
Of sad tears and of care."

Sweet sleep then left me, and the Morn
Came from Orient forests far;
A new day in my heart was born,
I thought the earth not so forlorn,
Since Truth was underneath its scorn,
And still its guiding star.

## ALEXANDER DOIG,

WHO strikes the lyre to a sturdy and full-toned measure, is a native of Dundee. He was born in 1848 in the old and historical Whitehall Buildings, now no more to be seen, but which have given their name to the recently-formed and important street abutting off the Nethergate, the west side of which is adorned by the Gilfillan Memorial Church. After a brief attendance at school, our poet was sent to learn the tailoring trade. His apprenticeship completed, he took "to the road," and for some time gratified a natural roaming disposition by travelling over the greater portion of the British isles, working a few weeks here, a few months there. Arriving in course of time at Dumfries, he found congenial anchorage on the Nith, and there he made his home and continues to reside. Outside the alluring sphere of poesy, in which our subject finds great delight, and displays no small spark of poetic fire, he possesses the gift of strong and ready humour, conjoined with keen observation of human life and character. And these distinguishing traits are pleasantly manifested in some of his longer poems, conspicuously in "The Ghaists o' Logie Kirkyard," a humorous rhyme, which he published in brochure form a number of years ago.

### NANE KEN MY FAUTS AS WEEL'S MYSEL'.

The autumn winds hae stripped the trees,
For nearly forty twomonds noo,
Sin' blew the first autumnal breeze
That wafted ower my infant broo.
Sin' then in folly's gates I've gane,
Aft' farther than I'd care to tell,
Yet never have I met the ane
That kent my fauts as weel's mysel'.

But mony a lecture, sage and lang,
I've been compelled to thole ere noo,
Till, wi' the constant cuckoo sang,
My very heart was like to goo.
Owre a my fauts and sinfu' ways
They croakèd loud, but, mark me well,
When I did ocht to merit praise,
Nane seemed to ken o't but mysel.

But thinkna that I here upbraid
A friendly word in season gien,
I'd think that word but ill repaid
Were it no just as friendly taen.
But different comes the sharp reproof,
That chills the heart, sae unco snell,
Frae oot the vain presumptuous coof,
That thinks nane perfect but himsel'.

To bear wi' such I never could,
For sair it gangs against the grain
To thole their snash on rectitude,
Whase fauts perchance ootstrip your ain;
So while the canting zealots preach,
And on my fauts and failings dwell,
I'm thinking aye, whae'er wad teach,
Should be the model first himsel'.

When hungry Lazarus moaning lay
Fornent the haughty rich man's door,
The very dogs that came his way,
In kindness gently lickt him o'er;
But human tongues are nae like theirs,
There's human tongues like rasps o' steel,
Wha, when they lick their neighbour's sairs,
But rive the wounds they feign to heal.

## SHE'S BONNIE TO ME.

Ye Sons o' Apollo what's a' this paradin',
In praising the bonnie, the big, and the braw,
Wi' never a pæan frae your lyres in applaudin'
The worth that may dwell in the hamely an' sma,'
Your theme sae ecstatic, I trow you're forgettin',
True beauty ne'er lies in the figure or face,
Mair welcome, I ween, were your lyrics by lettin'
The graces awhile to the virtues gie place.

For I'm weary, I wat, o' this hummin' an' hummin',
An' fain frae the din o't awhile wad be free,
If virtue but reign in the breast of a woman,
Tho' hamely her form, she's aye bonnie to me.

Ye've read when the bird's, a' bedazed wi' his plumage,
Resolved on electing the peacock their King,
Cam' flocking around him to render their homage,
But fled in disgust when he ettled to sing;
Sae mony a brawsome and guid looking bouncer,
Wi' flowers, and wi' feathers, and flounces o'erhung,
Micht pass for a lady an' nane to denounce her,
Had she only the gumption to tether her tongue.
For I'm weary, &c.

Tho' hamely the laverock, yet nane sings mair sweetly,
The laigher her nest an' the heigher she'll flee,
Sae gie me the woman that walks aye discreetly,
Her modesty maks her mair bonnie to me.
Yet honour to beauty, I winna despise it.
Displayed in the form of sweet woman divine,
But this the condition on which I will prize it,
Where beauty wi' virtue an' manners combine.
For I'm weary, &c.

But beauty alane be it ever so comely,
I leave to the vain adoration of fools,
Be virtue my choice tho' the figure be homely,
For worthless the casket when robbed of its jewels.
Then boast nae o' beauty, for time will efface it,
(The leaves o' the Summer in Autumn will sere)
And where in his wisdom God deigns not to place it,
E'en less in the end will the contrast appear.

Sae I'm weary, I wat, o' this hummin' an' bummin,
An' fain frae the din o't awhile wad be free,
Let virtue but reign in the breast o' a woman,
An' tho' her form's hamely, she's bonnie to me.

## THE EBBIN' O' THE TIDE.

I stood upon the crowded beach, the tide was on the flow,
And there I lingered till again I saw it ebbing low;
Right cheerily was it welcomed when advancing in its pride,
But, ah, the shore was lonely at the ebbin' o' the tide.

And thus, methought, 'tis just the same in everchanging life,
When fortune's flood around us rolls our friends are unco rife,
Like bees they cluster round us, then our name sounds far and wide,
But, wae's me! how they vanish at the ebbin' o' the tide.

How strange! when sailing wi' the flood amid the fawning throng,
Our feelings are a' virtues, an' there's nocht we say is wrang,
The blackest vice, maist glaring faut 'neath fortune's flow may hide,
But rise grim rocks unsichtly at the ebbin' o' the tide.

Behold ! the sire wi' selfish e'e gloats ower his glintin' store ;
He dies. His spendthrift son gaes thro't till beggared to the door.
Behold ! the man wha trod the yird wi' heicht o' dorty stride,
Now brought to bend fou laighly at the ebbin' o' the tide.

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We've seen the gallant fleet set sail; some reach the wished-for haven,
Whilst caught by ebb or changing gale the rest are backward driven;
So on to fortune and success a favoured few may ride,
But mark the countless residue that dree the ebbin' tide.

Then why sic fash to sail a flood so faithless in its flow,
To-day careering to the goal—to-morrow stranded low ;
Far better seek the flow of grace, where we may safely ride
Straight to yon everlasting shore, whaur there's nae ebbin' tide.

## GEORGE MURRAY.

[JAMES B. MANSON.]

GEORGE MURRAY was the son of a small crofter at Boghead, near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1819. He was educated with a view to entering the pulpit, and while passing through Marischal College, was a frequent contributor of verses to the columns of the *Aberdeen Herald.* In course of time he became schoolmaster at Inverkeithing, and in his twenty-sixth year he made a selection of his poems, and they were published anonymously by Smith, Elder, & Co., of London, under the title of "Islaford and other Poems." After leaving Inverkeithing he acted as a private tutor for some time in various parts of of Scotland, and little was seen or heard of him until about 1855, when he turned up as the teacher of a large school at Bannockburn. He was then known as James Bolivar Manson. How he dropped the

name George Murray has, so far as we know, not been explained; but drop it he did, and never resumed it as long as he lived. By and by he merged into a journalistic career. For a time he edited the *Stirling Observer*. Subsequently he held a similar position on the *Newcastle Daily Express*. In the beginning of 1862 he joined the editorial staff of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, where he remained till his death, which took place, it is said, very suddenly in 1868. He had just seated himself in his own house to write a leader, welcoming John Bright to Edinburgh, when his wife entered his room and found him—not asleep, as she at first fancied—but dead.

Mr Murray wrote numerous excellent songs and ballads. One of the latter, "Robert the Bruce, a Ballad of Bannockburn," has a place in Cassell's "Illustrated British Ballads."

## PEGGY RAMSAY.

A birdie sits in yon kirkyard—
A strange wee bird is he,
For a' the summer time he sat
Upon the willow tree;
And aye he sits, and sair he greets,
And sings most mournfully—
My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
O what has gar'd ye dee?

I choose the mournfu' willow tree
To hear my notes o' wae;
Its lang leaves hingin' ower me
Hae withered or their day;
Already they've begun to fa',
There's naething lives wi' me—
My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
O what has gar'd ye dee?

I loved a flower—a little flower—
And warbled for its sake;
Thought I nae storm was rude enough
The gentle stalk to break;

I flew awa' and gathered moss
To big my nestie wi' ;
My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
O what has gar'd ye dee?

Her e'en were like twa beads o' dew,
Or violets flung on snaw,
They never shed a bitter tear
Till Airlie gaed awa'.
The smile fell frae her wan cheek,
Her love was on the sea ;
My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
O what has gar'd ye dee?

She doesna ken her Airlie's voice,
Nor hear his spirit pine,
The green, green grass is on her breast,
The green, green wave on thine.
My bonnie Peggy Ramsay,
My jo, my joy was she ;
But O, my Peggy Ramsay,
What could hae gar'd ye dee?

## THE GUDE AULD KIRK O' SCOTLAND.

The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
The wild winds round her blaw,
And when her foemen hear her sough
They prophecy her fa' ;
But what although her fate has been
Among the floods to sit—
The guid auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

There may be wrath within her wa's,
What reck ! her wa's are wide ;
It's but the beating of a heart,
The rushing of a tide,
Whose motion keeps its waters pure
Then let them foam or fret,
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

She was a lithe, she was a licht,
When a' thing else was mirk,
An' mony a trembling heart has found
Its bield behind the Kirk.

She bore the brunt, and did her due,
When Scotland's sword was wet,
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

The clouds that overcast her sky
Maun shortly flit awa',
A bonny, blue, and peaceful heaven,
Smiles sweetly through them a'!
Her country's life-blood's in her veins,
The wide world's in her debt!
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

## WALTER SMITH

WAS born at Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, in 1864. His father was Inspector of Poor there, and our poet received his early education in Bonhill Sessional School. A considerable portion of his boyhood was spent at his mother's native place in the parish of Kinnoull, Perthshire. At the age of fourteen he left school, and was apprenticed to a firm in the Vale of Leven as an engraver. About this period he first gave substantial evidence of his talent for poetry in a series of verses and sketches contributed to the local press and other provincial weeklies. His maiden essay in verse was occasioned by the spectacle of a caged bird, and took the form of a remonstrance against the imprisonment of Nature's choristers.

Latterly Mr Smith has, for the most part, bent his literary energies in the direction of prose, and has written several able articles in the interests and defence of phonetic shorthand, at which he is an adept. These

articles have, one and all, appeared in the *Phonetic Journal*, and several of them have, subsequent to their publication in the *Journal*, been republished by Mr Pitman in pamphlet form. Three years ago Mr Smith resigned the profession of engraving, and, with a view to the ministry, matriculated in Glasgow University, where he in due course passed the Classical Department for the degree of M.A. Professors Ramsay and Veitch have both spoken in flattering terms of his poetry. Many of Mr Smith's songs are truly beautiful in conception, and are very tenderly expressed.

### CARPE DIEM.

Life, O maiden mine, is ever
  Swift and sudden to decay;
Soon, it may be, from his quiver
  Death will shoot his shafts our way.
Come, then, while the sun shine o'er us,
  Let us love as love we may;
Ours the present—what before us?—
  Smile thy sweetest, love, to-day;
  Love, the swallow will not stay
  When summer glories fade away.

Song birds in the laughing Maytime
  Sing their sweetest—why not we?
Mowers in the gladsome haytime
  Swell the breezy morn with glee.
Shall not we, then, in the morning
  Of our love be blithe as they?
Heeding not, but sweetly scorning
  All that churlish age may say.
Love, the song bird will not sing
  When wintry blasts are blustering.

Brightly on the heath-clad mountain
  Shines the sun at dawn of day,
Basking on the fern-girt fountain,
  Where the lights and shadows play.
Thus on me let shine the golden
  Lovelight from those eyes of thine,
Till, as 'twas in ages olden,
  Love be king, O maiden mine.
Love, the sunlight comes not nigh
  When tempest sweep athwart the sky.

Raven black, love, are thy tresses,
Roses blossom on thy face;
Fain the western breeze caresses
Thee with fond knight-errant grace.
Ere life's snow has come to whiten,
And life's frost has come to chill,
Let the lovelight in thee brighten
As the sunlight in the rill.
Love, the coy one will not stay
When snowdrifts roll across our way,

## WERT THOU THE PERFUME OF THE ROSE.

Wert thou the perfume of the rose,
And I the formless air,
That we in every breeze that blows,
Might meet, O maiden fair;
Then would I dare to steal from thee
The rapture of a kiss;
But ah! it must not—cannot be—
Why wish I so for this?

Wert thou yon violet so blue,
With smooth and glossy breast,
And I a pearly drop of dew
Allowed thereon to rest,
Then might I tell my love to thee,
And it come not amiss;
But ah! it must not—cannot be—
Why wish I so for this?

Wert thou a spirit, fair and bright,
Whose sole delight was song,
And I an echo soft and light,
To answer and prolong
Each syllable expressed by thee,
Intense would be my bliss;
But ah! it must not—cannot be—
Why wish I so for this.

## ALFRED T. MATTHEWS.

THE life of this minor painter-poet began in Broughty-Ferry fully thirty years ago. When two years old he was removed to the village of Letham, where his father had started business as a bleacher. Alfred was not a hardy bairn, and he was seldom from his mother's side in his early years. Mrs Matthews was a lover of our Scottish ballads and romantic tales, and she made the long hours pleasant for her son by relating to him innumerable stories of

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

Young Matthews' strength increased with his years, and at last he found his way to school. He was not a success there, however. The young artist was told by his master and companions that he was a dunce, and he had some strange conviction that they spoke the truth. His catechism, which began with "the chief end of man," and ended with the multiplication table on the back cover, remained a fearful mystery to him, and he staggered along through his school-days with a humiliating consciousness of being dreadfully thick-headed. Among his first attempts at verse are some lines which refer to his recollections of those days, and which take the form of self-reproach. Says the poet to himself—

> "Oh Alfred, laddie, ye're a fule,
> Ye're like a turkey or a mule;
> At least the folks said that at schule
> When ye was there.
>
> "Ye wadna read, ye wadna spell,
> Ye played the truan', an' pleased yersel',
> But noo, my lad, I'm wae to tell,
> Ye rue it sair."

The young artist got to look upon his weak state of health as a kind of blessing, for he had often to be kept at home from school on account of it, and those

play-days were the happiest days of his early youth. He started a theatre in the coal-cellar, to which his playmates were admitted at a charge of "three preens," and there blood-stirring tragedies were enacted behind a sheet of white paper by heroes and heroines made of paste-board, and made visible to the juvenile audience by the aid of a bawbee candle. Young Matthews recited his thrilling dramas till he got terrified himself sometimes, and the theatre was cleared out very suddenly. The composition of his child-dramas set the imagination of the youngster astir, and by the time he was thirteen years of age he had begun to croon over original lines to himself.

About this period Matthews went with his parents to Arbroath, and that good old poet-raising town has been his home ever since. He continued his juvenile dramatic entertainments among the young "Red Lichties," and drilled half-a-dozen young actors till they were able to go through a tragedy composed by himself. There was to be a grand first night in Alfred's coal cellar, but he tells with irresistible humour how a load of coals came in that very day and fairly smashed up the dramatic company's arrangements.

His dramatic experiences made Matthews a first-rate story-teller, and several of his best poetical productions have taken a narrative form, such as "Tailor Tweedle's Visit to Hell," which appeared in the *Arbroath Herald*, and was pronounced by Mr G. W. Donald, the laureate of St Thomas, "the most remarkable poem produced in Arbroath for many years." This poem attracted the attention of Professor Blackie, who expressed a desire to meet the author. During the time that the Professor was staying with his friend, Mrs Gilruth, at Auchmithie, Mr Matthews' "guide, philosopher and friend," Mr Salmond, editor of the *Arbroath Herald*, (to whom we are indebted for the

particulars of the present sketch), introduced him to Scotland's "grand old man," who expressed his great pleasure in meeting the author of "Tailor Tweedle." The coal-cellar theatre put Matthews in the way of trying his hand at the brush, and he has since produced pictures of very considerable merit. He has been "hung" several times in the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition, and some of his portraits in oil have gained a good deal of attention in his native town. Mr Patrick Allan Fraser of Hospitalfield bought one of his pictures, and gave it a place among his splendid collection.

But it is with the pen rather than the brush that Matthews has found expression for the best that is in him. His more recent work has marked him out as a poet of much promise. He has striking fertility of imagination, and he is curiously happy and humorous in his similes. His longer poems contain many quaint aphoristic lines, full of the crystallized wisdom which comes of quiet observation of life. Lyrical vigour, frank commonsense, and delightful humour are characteristics of nearly all his poetical effusions. In conclusion, we may mention that Matthews is employed in a factory in Arbroath, and though his occupation has but little poetry in it, he composes most of his verses while turning his warping mill. Not a few of his finest lines have been made to clink with the deafening rattle of an army of looms.

### A SANG TO MY MITHER.

I'll sing a bit sang to my mither,
For she'll aye be as precious to me
As the days when we baith lived thegither,
An' I said my first prayers at her knee.
When I think on the auld theekit biggin'
She keepit sae cosy an' clean,
Whaur the wild floo'ers grew up to the riggin',
For 'oors I could muse by my lane.

So I'll sing a bit sang to my mither,
The dearest auld body I ken ;
For I ken weel I'll no get anither
That can love me sae weel when she's gane.

There's nae love sae leal as a mither's,
It's love that can never grow auld,
For she'll love you when sisters an' brithers
An' the warmest o' free turn cauld.
O, it's seldom a mither 'ill chide ye,
Though a' thing gaes wrang that ye've dune,
She'll comfort, an' strengthen, an' guide ye,
To seek a' your help frae abune.
So I'll sing, &c.

There's nane can advise like a mither
When we're toss'd sair on life's troubled sea,
She tells us to love ane anither,
To try aye to thole an' forgie.
She cleeds us, she feeds us, an' leads us
In life's book to keep a clean page ;
And when she grows frail, freends, she needs us
To comfort her in her auld age.
So I'll sing, &c.

There's nae hand sae gentle's a mither's,
There's nae voice sae cheery an' kind ;
Her smiles are aye sweeter than ithers,
Nae face clings sae weel to the mind.
O mither, dear mither, kind mither,
You're nearest an' dearest o' a' ;
May the rest o' your days, like fine weather,
Aye lighten an' brighten us a'.
So I'll sing, &c.

## THE CRADLE THAT ROCKIT US A'.

It's been my intention for mony a lang
To sing a bit sang in the praise
O' that auld-fashioned cradle that stands i' the nook,
That rock't me in my younger days.
It's been aye handed doon to the auldest loon
Since seventeen hunder and twa ;
It was bought for a croon in auld Forfar toon,
The auld cradle that rockit us a'.

It was made o' guid ash that grew on the hill,
That towers high abune bonnie Dunkel',
Cut doon in the days when the dirk and claymore
Made the foes o' auld Scotland to quail.
Noo it's crackit an' hashed, it's broken an' smashed,
Scarce a bit o' guid ash left ava,
It's been nailed, it's been glued, it's been often renewed,
The auld cradle that rockit us a'.

O' aft hae I heard my great grannie declare,
As she sat at her auld spinning wheel,
That bonnie Prince Charlie in that cradle ance lay
When the Southrons were hard at his heel;
They searched lang an' sair for the gallant an' fair,
But nae trace o' him fund ava,
For cosy concealed lay that sair oppress'd chield,
In the cradle that rockit us a'.

It has sheltered a prince, a preacher, a poet,
An' ane that made hunners richt gled—
A man that auld Scotland 'ill never forget
As lang's fiddles an' whisky are made.
It's been a troach in a byre, it's been saved frae a fire,
An' it lay a month covered wi' snaw;
It's been rockit an' coupit, an' 'rested an roupit,
The auld cradle that rockit us a'.

On the nicht my auld faither drew his last breath,
He sighed, an' said—"Gie me your hand,"
An' the big saut tears row'd adoon my sad cheeks,
As his honest, hard-wrocht luif I faund;
Ye weel understand I've nae siller nor land
To leave you when I'm taen awa',
But as lang as you're able tak' care o' that cradle—
The cradle that rockit us a'.

Noo I love that auld cradle that stands i' the nook,
It soothes me in trouble an' strife;
A sicht o' that relic aye brings to my mind
The happiest days o' my life—
I see whaur I was born, an' I hear the herd's horn,
An' my mither as she sings "hushy ba"
In a voice low an' sweet that lulled me to sleep
In the cradle that rockit us a'.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If I had all the wealth on earth,
To heaven I'd build a stair,

That all men's children at their birth
Might get an entrance there.
The stair would be of marble white,
With jewels in the rail,
To shine like everlasting light,
And guide the weak and frail.
Each shining step I would adorn
With texts of burnished gold,
To help the weary and forlorn—
To strengthen young and old.
Oh, joy to know, all sons of men
Would reach that lov'd abode,
To live in peace and harmony
In the city of our God.

## TAILOR TWEEDLE.

In ancient Aberbrothock toon
Ance on a time there lived a loon—
Nane better kent than Tailor Tweedle,
The greatest drouth e'er thread a needle;
The biggest leer that ever stappit;
A useless, guid-for-naething sacket;
A sinfu', sweer an' swearin' Turk,
Wha wad neither want nor work;
A cankered crab, crammed fu' o' strife,
Wha lived for drink, and drank for life;
A misbelievin', thievin' toad,
The gill-stoup was the tailor's god;
He'd beg and borrow, girn and growl
A twa-faced, gibin', cheatin' soul.
When he gat claith to shape or mak'
'Twas seldom that he gaed it back;
When on the spree he'd sell or pop it,
Syne swear he neither saw't nor got it.
For auld and young he set a snare,
He'd pairted mony a happy pair;
Weak-minded folk he put demented—
Sae black a rogue was never pentit—
Whaure'er he gaed, the truth to tell,
He was waur lik'd than Nick himsel'.
His face was wrinkled, thrawn, and bloated,
Wha looked upon it ne'er forgot it;
His eagle een and lang grey beard
Had aften made a stout heart feart.
I'm safe to say abune the grund,
His equal never yet was fund.
Whene'er the wizard cam' in sicht
The weans ran hame wi' a' their micht,

Helter-skelter, a' thegither,
To gain the neuk ahint their mither;
And dogs and cats, wi' birse on high,
Growled an' spat when he gaed by.

. . . .

It wisna canny livin' near him,
Tho' hunders cam' to see an' hear him;
Fools flocked roond him thick as bees,
To hear him tell his fearfu' lees;
They'd tak' him to some inn or tavern',
An' gie him drink to hear him haverin.
An' aye's the glass cam' near his mou',
'Twas, "Lads, here's my respects to you—
Anither drap, and then I'll tell
O' my adventures when in hell,
For, juist as sure's you're sittin' here,
I ging there twice maist ilka year;
I've a' Nick's claes to shape and shew—
Sae, lads, here's my respects to you."
He set his glass doon wi' a bang,
Stroked his beard, and syne began—

"When demons held their demonstration,
Ye ken I got an invitation;
At supper, 'mang the hellish band,
I sat upon the deil's richt hand.

. . . .

We ate and drank, and danced and sang,
Till ilka hole and corner rang;
An', when Nick gat het up wi' wine,
He cleek'd his arm into mine,
An', said, 'Come, tailor, and I'll show
My fam'd dominions here below.'

. . . .

It winna dae to strive wi' deils;
'Lead on,' says I, 'I'm at your heels.'
Through fire and smoke and clouds and stour,
We trampit on for near an hour;
The burnin' lake we leaped across,
Whaur goblins play at pitch-and toss,
Whaur drunkards lie, swalled like to burst,
Wi' nocht but flames to quench their thirst;
Whaur evil jauds that tempt the just,
And live for luxury and lust,
Are tethered till the burning stake,
Or hung like haddocks on a hake.
Beneath them yawns the dreadfu' pit—

The tenants there can never flit—
Whaur Pride, wi' his great load o' care,
Low in the black howe o' despair,
Trachles up and doon the river,
Bent and broken, doomed for ever.
Beside this river stands a cage,
Packed fu' o' rogues o' every age—
Rogues o' every rank and station,
Rogues o' every tongue and nation,
Rogues that to a' guid were foreign,
Rogues that laucht man's law to scorn;
Murderers, burglars, misers, smugglers,
Swindlers, swearers, jesters, jugglers,
Flatterers, fools, and false deceivers,
Scandal-mongers and misbelievers,
Pirates, poachers, and pretenders,
Dark and double-dyed offenders,
Branded on the brow like Cain,
Caged in everlasting pain;
Whaur dreadfu' beasts in search o' prey,
Torment the wretches nicht and day;
Their wails o' woe is like the roar
O' maddened waves upon the shore;
The balls o' fire aroond are dashin',
Fiends great seams o' teeth are gnashin';
Thunder dashin', lichtning flashin',
Hell itsel' seemed in a passion."

. . . . .

Wi' this he finished up his story,
An' sat like monarch crowned wi' glory,
Amid his cronies' lood applause,
A' yammerin' like a flock o' craws,
Beatin', jokin', lauchin', singin',
Swearin', smokin', shoutin', ringin',
For the host to fill the bicker
O' that conscience-killer—liquor,
That they micht drink and drown their sorrow,
Regardless o' the comin' morrow.
An idle, drouthy, selfish set,
Ower the hurdies amon' debt,
For drink the very deil they'd serve
An' leave their wives an' weans to starve.

Oh! drink, to mortals ye're a curse,
Ye burn the soul an' toom the purse—
Mak' happy hames dark dens o' woe,
And aft ye send a spitefu' blow

When it should be a fond embrace—
The root o' evil an' distress,
Since Adam entered Eden's yett
Ye've led men mony a crookit gate,
An' when frail man becomes yer slave,
Ye hurl him to a drunkard's grave.

## ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.

No poem has done more to foster the characteristic bent of our native muse than "The Gentle Shepherd." In structure and theme alike it is a model pastoral, and is unrivalled in its delineation of Scottish character and scenery. "Habbie's Howe, where a' the sweets o' spring an' summer grow," has become a classic retreat, and many pilgrim feet tread the sylvan paths which lead to the various scenes celebrated in Ramsay's charming masterpiece. It is not surprising that, with such a beauteous environment, the subject of this notice should "sing a sang at least" in honour of the influences which have nurtured the spirit of poesy within him. Carlops, which in 1836 was the scene of his birth, is a beautiful village overlooking the valley of the Esk. This river rises among the Pentlands and meanders through the Howe as "the trottin' burnie"-of immortal fame, skirting the fields where browsed the Gentle Shepherd's flocks of old, and where now Alexander Farquharson labours in summer's sun and winter's cold—a noble-minded, honest son of Nature, and as worthy a representative of the Scottish peasant farmer as ever breathed his country's air.

Lanely Beild, Newhall, the small farm tenanted by Mr Farquharson, is one of those spots which lie some-

what apart from the track of men, but its rare attractiveness acts like a charm in drawing those back again who have once been privileged to enjoy it. As may be gathered from his "Address to a Matthew Hardie Fiddle," our poet has the gift of music as of song, and he plays our spirited national airs with more than ordinary taste and expressiveness. With his violin, his unaffected geniality, his unfailing good humour, and his remarkable power as a story-teller, no better fireside crony could be imagined, and Mr Farquharson is seen at his best under the spell of the enjoyments indicated by these enviable graces.

Out of doors Mr Farquharson shows a keenness of observation of natural phenomena which makes him a delightful companion during a country ramble. He is a keen reader, and can talk well on many subjects, but with an inborn diffidence, which in itself is not the least of his merits, he is all unconscious of the possession of those qualities which mark him out as no common man, and endear him to the wide circle of his friends.

Mr Alan Reid, the tender and couthie poet, widely known in musical circles,—of whom Mr Farquharson says in a poetical "epistle" that he has painted

> Craigs an' castles, cots an' ha's,
> Lint mills, auld brigs, an' water-fa's,
> Auld stumps o' trees an' cowpit wa's,—

informs us that our poet's life has been quiet and uneventful. The hopes and viscissitudes of the bardie fraternity have given him no trouble, and he inclines to disclaim any right to be ranked among them, but the reader will perceive that his title to a place in this national "Valhalla" is neither doubtful nor presumptuous.

## THE AULD BLASTED TREE.

> The blasted ash tree that langsyne grew its lane,
> Whilk Ramsay has pictured in his pawky strain,

Wi' Bauldy aboon't on the tap o' the knowe,
Glowrin' doon at auld Mause in aneath spinnin' tow,
Is noo whommilt doon owre the Back Buckie Brae,
Baith helpless, an' lifeless, an' sair crummilt away,
'Mang the bonnie blue speedwell that coortit its beild,
Tho' its scant tap e'en growin' but little could yield.

For years—nigh twa hunner—it markit the spot
Whaur Mause the witch dwalt in her lanely wee cot;
But dour Eichty-sax sent a drivin' snaw blast,
An' the storied link brak 'tween the present an' past.
Tho' in summer 'twas bare, an' had lang tint its charms,
Scarce a leaf e'er was seen on't to hap its grey arms,
Yet it clang to the brae, rockit sair, sair, I ween,
Wi' the loud howlin' winds that blaw doon the Linn Dean.

An' mony a squall warsled at the deid 'oor o' nicht
When Mause took in her noddle to raise ane for a flicht,
On her auld besom shank, lowin' at the ae en',
That she played sic pranks on when she dwelt i' the glen;
Sou.e alloo she could loup on't clean owre Carlops toon,
Gaun as heich i' the air as Dale wi' his balloon,
Wi' nocht on but her sark an' a white squiny mutch—
A dress greatly in vogue in the days wi' a witch.

But thae fashions, like witches, hae gane oot o' date,
E'en the black-bandit squiny has shared the same fate.
An' the lint-wheels they span on are juist keepit for fun,
Or to let lasses see the wey hand-cloots were spun.
Feint a trace o' the carlin there's noo left ava—
Her wee hoosie's doon, an' the auld tree an' a',
That waggit ayont it for mony a year
Ere anither bit timmer took thocht to grow here.

## ADDRESS TO A "MATTHEW HARDIE" FIDDLE.

Ae blink at you, an' ane could tell
That ye're nae foreign factory shell,
But o' Scotch mak', an', like mysel',
Made gey an' stardy,
An' as for tone there'll few excel
My guid auld Hardie.

Ye've been my hobbie late and sune
Noo sax an' twenty years come June,
An' noo an' then I tak' a tune
Yet gin I weary,

Altho' its but a kind o' croon,
It keeps ane cheery.

Fin owre yer thairms I jink the bow
Bricht notions bizz into my pow,
For a' my worl'y cares ye cow,
An' a' gangs richt,
Whan owre I stump "Nathaniel Gow,"
Or "Grey Day-licht."

Wi' reek an' rozet noo ye're black,
An' scarted sair aboot the back,
But what tho' tawdry ye're ne'er slack
To lilt a spring,
Wi' ony far-fetcht fancy crack
They e'er will bring.

In silk-lined cases ower the seas,
Scrawled oot an' in wi' foreign lees
Aboot their S's, scrolls, an' C's,
An' eke a name
Wad tak' a chield that's ta'en degrees
To read that same.

An' nocht but bum-clocks at the best,
Wi' shinin' coats o' amber drest;
Och! what o' that? their tone's but test,
Sic dandie dummies!
Laid in braw boxes at their rest,
Row'd up like mummies.

For a' the sprees ye hae been at,
Hech! nae sic guide-ship e'er ye gat,
But took your chance, tho' it was wat,
Ay, e'en wat snaw
I've seen or noo a denty brat
Oot ower ye a'.

I never kent ye tak' the gee,
But aye sang sweet at ilka spree;
Tho' I played wild at times a wee,
Gin I gat fou,
The faut lay wi' the wee drap bree,
An' no' wi' you.

Sae noo I trust, gin I'm nae mair,
Some fiddlin' frien' will tak' guid care,

An' see that ye're nae dauded sair
When frail an' auld ;
For " Hardies " noo are unco rare—
Least that I'm tauld.

## FAIR HABBIE'S HOWE.

*(May be sung to the tune " Craigielea," with first verse as the Chorus,)*

O Habbie's Howe ! Fair Habbie's Howe,
Where wimplin' burnies sweetly row ;
Where aft I've tasted nature's joys,
O Habbie's Howe ! Fair Habbie's Howe.

Roond thee my youthfu' days I spent,
Amang thy cliffs aft ha'e I speil'd,
Thou theme o' Ramsay's pastoral lay ;
O hoary moss-clad Craigy Beild !

The auld oak bower, wi' ivy twined,
Adorns thy weather-furrowed brow,
A trysting-place where lovers met
When tenting flocks in Habbie's Howe.

When April's suns glint through the trees,
The mavis lilts his mellow lay ;
And, deep amid thy sombre shades,
The owlet screams at close of day.

Amang thy cosy, mossy chinks,
The fern now shows its gentle form ;
And through thy caves the ousel darts,
To build his nest in early morn.

The scented birk, and glossy beach,
Hang o'er thee for thy summer veil ;
And gowany haughs around thee bloom,
Where shepherds tauld love's tender tale.

Sweet Esk, glide o'er thy rocky path,
And echo through thy classic glen ;
Where can we match, in flowery May,
Fair Habbie's Howe, and Hawthornden

## LESLIE LACHLAN THAIN, M.R.C.S.,

WAS born in Devonshire in 1853. He, though he has hitherto spent the most of his life in England, is of true Scotch descent on his father's and also on his mother's side, and his compositions in prose and verse have mainly been contributed to Scottish magazines and periodicals. He was educated at the Plymouth Corporation Grammar School, and studied surgery and medicine at the University College Hospital, London. Having obtained the M.R.C.S. (England) and L.S.A. (London), he settled in Longtown, a secluded village among the Black Mountains. A number of his lengthy poems have appeared in the *People's Friend*. All his productious show the man of fine literary attainments, wide sympathies, and scholarly tastes. Our first quotation is from a poem entitled "Timotheus, the Violin Player." Lycidas, a young Umbrian shepherd, challenges Timotheus to a contest of melody, each upon his favourite instrument, for the purpose of determining to whom shall be awarded the palm of musical supremacy.

O Minstrel, round whose golden head
Sweet flowers their rosy odours shed;
And who, if true the busy strain,
Hast loved, and yet not loved in vain;
To us now sing the glad refrain
Of love that wins return again.
Not thine the melancholy theme,
Love un-requited, love a dream,
We votaries in our bosoms feel
Love is a pleasure, love is real.
In mournful songs we have no part;
Sing the bright eye and the joyous heart.
But not for us the wanton note
Which charms the Paphian Cypriote.

Oh ! be thy harp attuned to lays
Which win the purest lover's praise ;
Of happiness without alloy,
Perpetual courtship, lasting joy.

## THE KITCHEN ANGEL.

She rises in the cold grey morn,
And, throwing back the kitchen shutters,
A gloomy vision meets her eye
Of sombre walls and sloppy gutters.
A tainted snow defiles the street,
And, save the policeman, tall and burly,
No human form besides herself
Seems stirring at an hour so early.

At eight the red-faced milkman calls ;
He speaks but little, yet he lingers,
And gains a sympathetic smile
O'er heavy pails and freezing fingers.
Perhaps the ray in her blue eyes
Dispels some cloud his life o'ershading,
For on his way he turns to bless
The figure in the dim mist fading.

At scanty meals and sullen looks
The gladdest heart will often stumble ;
But she, with some strong talisman,
Disputes her human wish to grumble.
Her harmless laugh at times breaks forth,
May not such mirth exist hereafter ?
Or shall her merit be debased
For sweet, unpuritanic laughter ?

Nor does the frequent taunt distress ;
Her antidote for many a libel,
An extra scrub upon the floor,
A text remembered from her Bible.
A prayer while sweeping down the hall,
A prayer breathed in the spirit only—
" Lord, over this frail heart keep guard,
To Thee I cling, for I am lonely."

And if her fretful mistress ail,
Or with some fancied ache is smitten,
Straw shall be laid outside that house,
And bulletins thrice daily written.
The Kitchen Angel shyly comes,
And in the sick-room she, presiding,

Smiles like a mediæval saint,
Serenely still or softly gliding.

And all the while, unseen by her,
A Scribe takes record of her toiling;
Not too ignoble does He count
Her scouring, scrubbing, baking, boiling.
He looks in pantries trim and clean,
He smiles o'er cups and tins unspluttered;
And hears the oft-repeated prayer,
So earnestly, so humbly uttered.

What though the rickety old bed
Be set up where they keep the lumber,
She is too weary for the mice
Or rats or cats to break her slumber.
And sweet the dreams which visit her,
The pain of aching bones allaying;
From her I've learnt what virtue lies
In constant work and constant praying.

This is the secret of her smile—
The secret of perpetual striving,
Of gentle words and kindly deeds,
Of uncomplaining and contriving;
Of singing while the city fog
Annoys the rich and poor together;
While all the family upstairs
Are grumbling at the dismal weather.

Well may our Kitchen Angel seem
More blest than us, in ease repining;
The brightness from her pious heart
Around her like a nimbus shining.
Her radiant presence, like the sun,
Decides the day and brings its glory,
And leaves behind to gladden still
Sweet twilight, theme for after story.

## LINES.

Shall I offend her to write to-day
Thoughts that are tender and far away?
Or scenes that have vanished again renew,
From him, the banished, but still the true?

What shall I write of and yet not prove
That still, in spite of all, all, I love?
Will she, relenting, weep o'er the page,
Or, still dissenting, assert her rage?

I will tell her of roaming among the limes ;
How in the gloaming we heard the chimes,
And, far-off, listening, we strained our ears,
Her dark eyes glistening with thoughtful tears.

Of cloudy motions, among the moors ;
Sunset oceans, and flaming shores.
Is it forgotten, indeed, so soon—
A song begotten beneath the moon ?

Sick heart-needings, within long pent ;
Impassioned pleadings, and discontent.
Oh, how blameless the love I nursed !
Oh, how shameless its fate accursed !

Willed of Heaven, this is each lot—
She forgiven, and I forgot.
But Time bears fruiture enough to last ;
Her's is the Future, and mine the Past.

Time will 'minish her present woe,
And yet replenish my dreams also.
Not to worry I write to-day,
Or make her sorry, far, far away ;
But to pour my yearning, a "wish-you-well,"
With the olden burning, but not its spell.

## ROBERT DINNIE.

FEW are perhaps aware that the veteran father of the champion Scottish athlete—Donald Dinnie—who lives in a secluded glade in the romantic valley of the Dee, on the lands of Ballogie, is an intelligent antiquary, painstaking historian, and melodious poet. From a recent sketch of his career in the *People's Journal*, we learn that Robert Dinnie has excited the keenest admiration of all who have ever come in contact with him in his own peculiar walk in life. He

lives in a cottage erected by himself, and there the octogenarian, carefully attended by his wife, who has been his helpmate for over half a century, is spending the evening of his days, afflicted by a malady which his iron constitution has withstood for many years. Though now little more than a relic of his former self physically, Robert is yet cheery as he sits in his little room, surrounded by the remnant of his once extensive and valuable collection of antiquities and curiosities.

Robert Dinnie was born at Allancreich, parish of Birse, in 1808. The surname Dinnie can be traced back as having existed in the parish for upwards of 200 years. He attended the parish school of Birse till he was fourteen. When he left school he was a proficient in the art of cock-fighting, had a little knowledge of the English classics, and could repeat the Lord's Prayer in Latin. Soon afterwards he became an apprentice mason, and his scholastic studies were never resumed. All through his life (which has been too busy to allow of leisure for learning), and especially in his latter years, Robert has regretted his educational deficiencies.

After he completed his apprenticeship, Mr Dinnie became a working mason on his own account, sometimes exclusively by himself, and at other times with partners, among whom were several of his sons. His contracting for "jobs" took him considerable distances from Deeside. He was a great favourite with Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie, and for many years was almost constantly employed on his estates. Robert erected the fine shooting lodge at Invermark, and nearly all the houses now standing in Lochlee were built or rebuilt by him, including the Free Church. Almost the last piece of work in which he engaged proved very unfortunate for him, and virtually carried off the few hundred pounds he had gathered. That work was the construction of a stone bridge over the

Effock, a tributary of the North Esk, which runs through a little glen bearing the name of the stream. The undertaking was all but completed, and Mr Dinnie was just on the eve of removing the "combe" from the arch, when the water suddenly rose in consequence of a torrent of rain following on a thunderstorm, and the spate swept before it the whole work of several months. He was urged by those who were with him to get the "combe" taken out before the stream rose, but he would not consent, lest his motive for working on Sabbath might be misconstrued. He rebuilt the bridge at a loss to himself of about £600; and this loss was all the more severe because it was experienced just at the close of a life of toil, when it was impossible for the sufferer to retrieve his position. The work undertaken by Mr Dinnie for the Earl of Dalhousie also included the erection at Invermark of the elegant Gothic Crown (in granite) that surmounts the well at which the Queen and Prince Consort rested and took refreshments after they had crossed Mont Keen and visited Lord Dalhousie in September 1861, when the Royal pair spent a night in Fettercairn. Another memorial structure reared by Dinnie in Glenesk was a cairn-like pile of masonry on the Rowan Hill, near Lochlee, in memory of William Maule, the first Baron Panmure.

Mr Dinnie early began to make himself acquainted with the traditions and history of the districts in which he lived, and was always eager to examine whatever was ancient and curious. His knowledge rapidly grew, and his fame increased within a pretty wide radius, so that he was properly recognised as an authority, and his opinion was freely sought and readily given as occasion required. All the while he was gathering materials for the books he has given to the public, and was collecting curios and rare specimens in archæology and natural history. His collec-

tion of antiques and curios is still of no small value, although Mr Dinnie has from time to time felt compelled to part with many of what were cherished possessions. Many distinguished people visited his "museum," and corresponded with him. He has had in his possession no fewer than six "Ferrara" swords and a dirk marked "Ferrara," which last-mentioned weapon he got in the Lochlee district. His collection of Scotch coins was a very rich one, with many rare specimens. But bit by bit his gatherings have been much reduced during the past ten years, especially since he removed to the cottage he now occupies (which is about a stone's throw from his former dwelling). Here in his little parlour he sits in his armchair, while all around him may still be seen such antiques as a collection of old Scotch measures in pewter; a case containing buttons made between 1700 and 1800; snuff pens (fashioned by Robert himself) of black oak, horn, and bone; a slipper or shoe worn by Mary Queen of Scots; several snuff mulls; parish sacramental tokens—the collecting of which was Mr Dinnie's last work in the way of antiquarian gleanings.

Robert Dinnie did not give any of his writings to the public till he had well nigh reached his sixtieth year. His first issued book was the "History of Birse," printed in 1865 by Lewis Smith, Aberdeen. This is a work of great merit, showing excellent literary taste, and wide and intelligent research. Dr Thomas Guthrie, whom the author met frequently at Lochlee, characterised it as a "work of great labour, interesting and instructive." It has long been out of print. In 1876 Mr Dinnie made his second literary venture with a collection of "Songs and Poems." His other works include "The Deeside Guide," printed in 1880 by W. & W. Lindsay, Aberdeen; "Cauld Kail Het Again," and "Anecdotes of Mr Joseph Smith, sometime Minister of Birse." His last published book,

the "History of Kincardine O'Neil," was issued in 1885, and copies of that work are still to be had from the author or his friends on Deeside. A later book, entitled "Hints to Young Women," was circulated privately. It contains advice against following stupid fashions, and institutes comparisons between the simple attire that maidens woer when the author was young and the showy dresses and bonnets which had come to be in vogue in his later years.

Mr Dinnie has handed over a number of his unpublished poems to Mr W. M'Combie Smith, teacher, Glenisla, Forfarshire (one of his sons-in-law), with authority to publish them at some future time, if that course should be deemed advisable.

Mr Dinnie is altogether a typical Scotchman. In all his productions there is an indication of the humorous turn of his fancy, with an occasional touch of warm sarcasm. These show that he is really one of those men who are incapable of thinking one thing and saying another. As one who knows him says —"Such men are said to be unpolished, so that Robert Dinnie may be set down as a rough, unpolished man in the cant of the world of polished people who can glibly conceal their real feelings." His highly reflective mind and rich imagination, combined with a racy method of discrimination, comes clearly in view in the treatment of his more reflective pieces, and in themes of an antiquarian nature.

### GRANNY'S AULD HA'.

Waes me! thae auld ruins recall to my min'
The cheery auld days, the days o' langsyne;
The years fly awa',
My auld freens an' a',
An' lonely I'm left to mourn and repine.

Deserted an' lone seems Granny's auld ha',
Noo dreary an' sad seems Granny's auld ha',

Wi' the bonnie peat-fire,
The winnock did skyre,
But noo nae a blink to cheer me ava.

Bricht the pale moon peeps o'er the roun' hill,
Sheenin' like siller on fountain an' rill;
But Granny's hearth's dark,
An' nae a clear spark,
An' a' things aboot it seem lonely an' still.

Nae mair a fond welcome I'll get noo ava;
Nor hear some auld tale aboot folk that's awa';
Noo Granny is dead,
The clod o'er her head,
An' tenant for aye o' the last hame o' a'.

The burnies they moan, an' they wimple an' rave,
An' join in a dirge aroun' her lone grave;
An' sadly the breeze,
That hums through the trees,
Soughs o'er the mountain, the rock, an' the cave.

## FAREWELL TO GLENTANNER.

Adieu to Glentanner, for ever fareweel!
An' the mony blythe days I spent in thy beil.
An' noo, I maun leave thee! ah, noo, we maun part!
But I canna leave thee but wi' a sair heart.
Though my livin' was scanty, my haddin' but sma',
Contented an' happy I aye wrought awa'.

Glentanner, I lo'e thee; thou'rt still dear to me,
Although, like an' exile, I'm banish'd frae thee.
O what a sad warld o' sorrow an' dool
Puir fowks hae to meet atween cradle an' mool!
Death only wad flittet me oot o' my ha'
Had they been but livin' that's dead an' awa'

Ilk place an' ilk glen for some ane aye has charms;
But Glentanner alane my auld heart it warms—
'Mang freens o' my youth, I was happy an' glad;
Wi' me they were cheery; wae when I was sad;
I heard but kent voices, kent faces I saw,
Can strangers console me noo whan I'm awa'?

I'll ne'er see the Tanner mair doon the glen creep,
Nor hear its nicht murmur that laid me asleep;
Nae mair in the mornin' frae rock, bush, an' tree,
I'll listen an hear the birds' sweet melody;

Nor see on thy braes the wee wild flow'rets blaw ;
My summer is gane, an' noo I'm sent awa'.

Adieu to Glentanner, for ever fareweel !
I'll aye think aboot thee whaure'er I tak' beil ;
I'll aye see the sun wi' his bonnie bricht beams
Sheen over thy pine-tappit hills in my dreams ;
An' sleepin' or waukin I'll haunt my auld ha'—
A' the comfort that's left me noo whan I'm awa'.

But death comes at last, wha nae ane can withstan',
An' mak's poor fowks as rich as the lairds o' the lan';
Whan we'll a get a dwallin', an' a' get a share,
Whaur nane thinks o' shiftin' their neebor for mair ;
A little wee fauld hauds the great fowks an sma',
An' ends a' distinction whan they are awa'.

## WHAN I WAS A YOUNGSTER.

Whan I was a youngster o' five or sax years,
Wi' a kiltie as short as the Hielander wears ;
My spawls they were naked as whan I was born,
Weel bronzed wi the sun an sometimes something torn.
A touzie white pow like the snaw on Bena'nn,
The hair whiddin' roun' wi' the win' whan 'twas blawn ;
I seldom was blest wi' a stockin' or shoon,
An' bannet nor cap never happit my croon.
But youngsters, like auld fowks, are nae aye content,
On a new penny whistle my min' it was bent :
I dreamed o't at nicht an' thocht o't by day,
An' the bonny sweet notes I thocht it wad play.
But Marywell market, the last o' its race,
Like the last o' oor years, was comin' apace ;
The day cam' at last, an' a blithe ane to me,
I thocht ither fowk, like mysel', were in glee.
I scrubbit my face an' gat on a clean sark,
My toilet, indeed, it was nae mickle mark ;
An' tho' tatter't my dress, my face wore a smile,
The road it was short—about half a Scotch mile.
There were whistles an' whittles, an' pen-guns galore,
An' ginchbread, an' sweeties, an' toys, a great store,
Were laid out to please ilka customer's e'e,
A' wi' the intention to catch a bawbee.
The chapmen were plenty, some roarin' aloud—
"My wares are the best. an' nane half sae gude ;
Here whistles a penny that's weel worth a groat,
I sell them so cheap 'cause I sta' a' the lot."
I soon coft a whistle, an' aff thro' the fair,
To see the queer fowk an' things that were there ;

The spoons and the ladles, the caups and the cogs,
The wobs o' grey hodden and gude Forfar brogues.
An' there wi' the lave was auld Johnnie Lowrie,
Wi' apples, he said fae the braw Carse o' Gowrie;
An' up on the hillock sat Aberdeen Kate,
Wi' haddies an' spaldins, and rowth o' fresh skate;
The melee o' tongues, an' the noise an' the habble
Wad minded a chiel o' the warkmen at Babel;
Some chattin' at Gaelic an' some at braid Scotch,
Some English, some Irish, an' some at hotch-potch;
An' fouth o' Birse bodies, wi' bannets fu' braid,
The rim it was blue an' the nap it was red;
An' wives wi' short kirtles an' wallies were seen,
Wi' frowdies an' ribbons wad dazzled yer e'en;
An' bonnie young lassies a' buskit fu' trim,
Wi' pouches o' fairin' near fu' to the brim.
But the sun soon began to fa' doon i' the west,
An' the dim shades o' nicht were gath'rin' in haste;
Syne young fowks an' auld fowks were leavin' the fair,
Nae thinkin' again they wad never meet there.
Some gaed awa' hame an' some gaed to the Craft,
An' pree'd Janet's ale until nearly half daft;
The Blacksmith an' Cobbler aye better freens grew,
The Weaver said—"Wife, that's fine ale that ye brew."
But puir Will the weaver he gat a sad fricht,
His wife cam' aboot him wi' gude mornin' licht,
Wi' a rung in her neive leish't him aff doon the Clachan,
While the gossips a'roun' were a' teetin' and lauchin';
An' Johnnie the blacksmith, a gude honest bodie,
That day he gaed hame an' he fell owre the studdy;
But Sandy the souter his thrapple was gizzen,
He took a' the neist day to weet his dry wizzen;
An' Jock the piper an' Willie the miller
Drank wi' the Souter as lang's he had siller.
Sin' that day to this there are saxty an' some
O' summers an' winters that's noo gane an' come.
The Marywell Market stood mony a day,
Tho' hoo lang it was there nae bodie can say;
Wi' houses an' yairdies the spat's covered o'er,
Whaur langsyne the pedlars spread oot their braw store.
But ilka thing comes to an en' at the last—
The Marywell Market's ja thing o' the past.

## THE PIPER O' LOCHLEE.

Langsyne there lived ance on a day
A piper in Lochlee,
An' fowks wha heard the tale they say
He played a merry key.

Through a' the glen baith up and doun,
At bridal an' at fair,
An' ilka' meetin' o' renown,
The piper he was there.

An' when across the chanter stick
His nimble fingers flew,
The mellow notes cam' sweet and quick,
While aye his bag he blew.

Whaure'er the piper did appear,
He was a welcome guest,
He quickly dried the fa'in' tear,
Sent sadness aff wi' haste.

But, ah! what mortal could foretell
The piper's future fate,
Or wha divert the fairy spell
Afore it was too late.

Ae bonny summer blythesome e'en,
Close by a birken tree,
Beside Ponskinie there was seen
The piper o' Lochlee.

In haste he struck a merry strain,
An' played a famous spring,
Frae Craigmaskeldie to Millden,
Gart hill an' valley ring.

But ere he wist, the piper saw
A sicht he ne'er had seen—
Nine fairies dress'd fu' trig an' braw,
In gowns o' bonny green.

They landed in a bonny boat,
Whaur frae nae ane could tell.
But close beside Ponskinie pot,
There they drew in their sail.

An' in a twinklin' on the green
They did trip a' fu' brisk,
Sic beauties since hae ne'er been seen
Upo' the banks o' Esk.

But ane, the bravest o' the band,
If braver ane could be.
She tipt the piper wi' her wand,
An' after her ran he.

When ane an' a' into the boat
Wi' haste they did convene,
Syne wheel'd three times aroun' the pot,
But never mair were seen.

The piper's drones, fowk heard them still,
Tho' ne'er a thing they saw;
But fainter grew the soun', until
At last it died awa.

A mystic pass leads to a cave
Whaur mortals canna see;
Whaur ghaists an' fairies haunt and rave,
An' sport an' feast wi' glee.

Whiles on the dreary hours o' nicht,
Ere cocks began to craw;
Fowk heard the piper play fu' bricht,
Aneath auld Bathie ha.'

Baith ane an' a' throughout the glen
Did sair the piper mourn,
An' after days an' years were gane,
Thocht aye he wad return.

Thrice fifty years hae gane their roun',
An' fled sin' he was lost;
But whiles ahint the sun gaes doun,
Some fowks yet see his ghost.

## THE AULD ASH TREE.

O, whaur is noo the auld grey house
That stood for ages here?
The hillock, and the auld kiln barn
That stood back in the rear?
They're gane, but still the auld ash tree
That lang has stood the blast—
Its branches sigh, when winds are high,
Sad echoes o' the past.

O, whaur is noo the auld green loan
Whaur bairnies used to play,
An' gathered daisies here an' there,
On the lang summer day?
It's gane, the ploughman speeds alang
An' leaves nae trace at last;
But still the tree, the auld ash tree,
Recalls to me the past.

Whiles o'er the loan wi' mirth an' glee
The merry weddin' gaed,
An' whiles a doleful company
To bear awa the dead,
Noo a' are gane, the joyfu' mood
An' sorrow's tear at last;
But still the tree, the auld ash tree,
Recalls to me the past.

O, let us grasp the present hour,
Be happy ane an' a',
Nor set our hearts on things we see
So quickly pass awa;
For soon we'll reach that far-off lan'
Whaur we are nearin' fast,
When o'er that bourne we'll ne'er return,
Nor can recall the past.

## DUGALD FERGUSON,

TAPANUI, Otago, was born in 1839 at Brenfield, near Ardrishaig, Argyleshire, his father being a farmer and cattle-dealer. While he was yet a child his mother died, and he was brought up by his maternal grandmother, Mrs Catherine Campbell, Lochgilphead, a well-read woman of good social position. To her motherly affection and Christian training he feels himself ever indebted. Her influence followed him, and helped him to disentangle himself of baneful moral surroundings into which he had allowed himself to lapse. Of her he says—"If there is anything of good in me—such as love of truth and desire for good, I owe it all to her earnest instructions." After receiving the fairly good education afforded in the village school of Lochgilphead, young Ferguson sailed, in 1855, for Australia to take service with a well-to-do

sheep farmer, a relation of his own. Being disappointed in his expectations, he, to use his own words, allowed himself to drift hither and thither for several years as the eddies and currents of backwood station life impelled him, his usual occupation being that of shepherd. In this way he drifted, almost unconsciously, from Australia to Canterbury, New Zealand, and six years afterwards to Otago, where he has elected to remain. Even in Otago his life has been migratory and one of continued physical toil, while every attempt to enter on a mode of life more suited to literary and poetic work has resulted in failure; and now, at the age of fifty-one, he describes himself as weighed down by lack of means and dolor of spirit. Such is his own life-sketch, but his friends know that in his varied career he has manifested undaunted perseverance, and has always maintained his integrity, thus winning for himself, notwithstanding his diffident temperament, the respect and affection of many. Ferguson has on two occasions published in Dunedin, one volume being entitled "Castle Gay, and other Poems." As a poet he shows much facility of versification, in considerable variety of measure. His vocabulary is copious and plastic, and there are many meritorious gleams of poetic power and fancy, showing the genuine inspiration of the muse. His secular poems are largely objective, a few of them are humorous, some of them have a pervading strain of sadness, and many of them breathe the true spirit of the Scottish patriot and the emigrant. It is seen in many of his poems that his heart clings to his native land and to the memories of home with all the fervour of a Scottish Highlander.

To Crinan's banks my fancy flies,
And byegone mem'ries crowding rise—
To Crinan's banks and wooded braes,
Sweet scenes of boyhood's happy days;

For there the lintie sweetly sings,
And there the blackbird's whistle rings,
The mavis wakes the solitudes
Of Auchindarroch's solemn woods.

Her choicest gifts there Nature blends,
And ev'ry changing scene transcends—
The sloping plain, the heather's sheen,
The smiling sea, the plantin' green.
There Crinan winds her waters still
By fringing woods and bord'ring hill,
And Auchindarroch shades the scene,
With stately firs of evergreen.

'Tis there to feel the morning's breath,
Ere yet the dew has left the heath,
And Nature—her night robes unrolled—
Gilds all the purple hills with gold;
With ravish'd eyes to gaze around,
And hear the cuckoo's notes resound,
While soaring high on quiv'ring wing
The skylark's warbling accents ring.

Ye solemn woods, ye shady groves,
Where still my pensive fancy roves,
Far, far from you I wander now,
But for you still my heart will glow.

His Scottish sentiment, however, does not prevent his thorough appreciation of the magnificence and resources of the land of his adoption, which is shown with power in a number of his poems. His religious pieces give evidence of earnestness and piety, and attain a well-sustained level of merit, showing both depth of feeling and strong power of expression —clearly the utterances of a heart chafed with the friction of life's struggle, finding refuge and comfort in the consolations of religion.

### HARD ROWS THE WORLD.

Hard rows the world,
With its freight of toil and care,
With its weary fight of life
That ev'ryone must share,

But this lot is hard to bear,
Who scarce can hold his own,
While misfortunes round him stare
Till he sinks beneath their frown.
Hard rows the world
When once a man is down.

Hard rows the world
When adversity blows keen;
That chills affection's ties,
And leaves mistrust between,
And the loving social scene,
With its cheery hearthside glow,
Compelled by fortune mean,
The poor must oft forego.
Hard rows the world
When its clouds hang dark and low.

Hard rows the world
To the friendless and the poor,
Where virtue, clothed threadbare,
Is slighted as obscure;
And the soul of feeling pure,
From the narrow, churlish mind,
With its proud slights must endure,
By his social bounds confined.
Hard rows the world,
Yet the poor must bear resigned.

Hard rows the world,
But the man to honour true,
Let fortune smile or frown,
Will his even course pursue;
With his bright goal well in view
Strong in the right he'll stand,
Though understood by few,
Still those a chosen band.
Hard rows the world,
Yet will worth respect command.

## THE PLAIDIE.

Awa' wi' yer new-fangled fashions, untidy!
Your Inverness capes I'd no' value a straw;
Gie me, for my ain pairt, a gude Scottish plaidie,
For comfort an' neatness the pride o' them a'.

Hoo weel a man feels when the winter comes cauldly,
An' the winds frae the hills whistle frosty an' raw;
Wi' its warm faulds aroond him he hauds his course bauldly,
Tho' black be the tempest, and wild it may blaw.

It minds o' the clansmen, wi' claymores drawn gleaming
When in battle they meant to gie foemen a fa' ;
When wildly the onset the bagpipes were screaming,
They threw, ere they started, their plaidies awa'.

When a chieftain appears in his grand Hielan' costume,
Wi' sporran an' buckles a' shining sae braw,
Hoo rich e'er his dress be, or hoo much it cost him,
If he hasna his plaid on he's no' dressed ava.

It sets a man aff, an' it fits him sae neatly,
Tho' plain be his looks, or lank-lantern his jaw ;
And dear lassies whisper ahint him sae sweetly,
"What a braw-lookin' laddie ! wha is he ava ?"

It's a richt gracefu' costume, or tartan or plaidin',
And your great-coats an' mantles it clean dings them a'
And never my dress do I tak' sic a pride in
As when o'er my shouthers my plaidie I ca'.

Hoo usefu' it comes to the kind shepherd laddie
When he finds a wee lammie half deid in the snaw,
As he tak's it up gently and faulds't in his plaidie,
While the puir frichted ewie comes bleatin' awa'.

What cloak could ye find to compare wi' a plaidie,
When the dews o' the e'en begin softly to fa',
As ye stroll in the lanes wi' yer lassie beside ye,
An' the faulds o' your plaidie o'er-reachin' you twa ?

Hoo sweet is the scene on a calm stilly e'enin',
Frae the lips ye lo'e best to hear lovin' words fa',
While roond your dear lassie, wi' nae thocht o' sinnin'
The faulds o' your plaidie mair closely ye draw.

It's a heartsome companion in summer an' winter,
When we gang to the kirk or awa' in the snaw ;
An' it's weel worth a ditty to send to the printer,
Wi' it's lang hingin' tassels, baith usefu' and braw.

## ON TEA.

Poets hae sung o' the worship o' Bacchus,
And sullied their muse with a bacchanal's glee,
But blythely the wings o' my fancy I'll practice
In the praise o' the pure herb that grows at Bohea.

Let them sing o' the juice o' the grape they who mind it
To a' their grand wines they are welcome for me ;

Mine be the joy wi' no sorrow behind it,
There's nae fear o' headaches wi' drinking o' tea.

Doctors wi' tales o' slow poison may fash us,
They're naething but gowks, and just tell a great lee;
Ae bev'rage sae harmless to soothe and refresh us,
The milk frae the coo is nae mair sae than tea.

My heart wi' sair trouble, when sinking and weary,
Like a ship in a storm lying hard on its lee,
To richt me at ance, an' mak' me fell cheery,
Just gie me a cup o' weel-flavoured tea.

When soldiers in battle are meant to fecht blindly,
They're treated wi' rum till scarce they can see,
For weel the rogues ken 'twould mak' them ower kindly
For butchering ither by gieing them tea.

Hoo much has the picture the thinking to sadden
A party o' men getting drunk at a spree,
While the contrast against it tends only to gladden
A quiet social gath'ring o' friends at a tea.

On the one view is only confusion and clamour
That often winds up in a senseless melee;
On the other the scene is all good will and amour,
And bricht festive faces a' beaming wi' glee.

While frae evils that spring frae these wild drunken revels
Their vot'ries are seldom or ever let free,
The mind driven crazy wi' fits o' blue devils
Till the puir frenzied wretch to destruction wad flee.

But awa' frae the view o' this picture o' horrors,
Sweet soother o' feelings, we now turn to thee,
Nae sicht here we meet wi' o' conscience-struck terrors,
But pleasure and concord associate wi' tea.

That period sae blissfu', believe me, won't happen,
Where men will, "like brethren a'," learn to agree,
Till a'body harks to guid counsel to luppen,
And pass naething o'er their lips stronger than tea.

## THE TIME IS WEARING ON.

Like the changes on a stage,
With their scenes of joy and rage,
Are the records of life's page
As the time is wearing on.

For manhood yearns the boy,
But hope, still in decoy,
Ever onward points to joy
As the time is wearing on.

And the height of ev'ry aim
Is a dream of wealth or fame,
As if death had not one claim,
But the time is wearing on.

And like children at their play,
So we pass our years away,
Till our hairs are tinged with grey,
As the time is wearing on.

Our poor shrinking forms of clay,
Growing weaker ev'ry day,
Are sure warnings by the way
That the time is wearing on.

But to grasp, and hoard, and grieve
For the treasures we must leave,
Seems our only end to live,
But the time is wearing on.

And the sound of labour rings
As his tool the workman swings,
And no rest the Sabbath brings,
But the time is wearing on.

Whilst the months fly on apace,
And the years join in the race,
Still our phantom gods we chase;
But the time is wearing on,

When the tribes of ev'ry land,
By Jehovah's dread command,
At his judgment seat shall stand;
But the time is wearing on.

Then contempt shall slay the proud,
Mammon's sons will shriek aloud
When they see Him in the cloud;
But the time is wearing on.

But the righteous then will reign,
And the martyrs who were slain
Shall be raised to life again—
Time for that is wearing on.

## ALEXANDER FALCONER

IS one of those to whom literature is a happy relief from the cares of an anxious and absorbing calling—a lady Bountiful of some of the best joys of life; is a good example of the man of distinct literary tastes, who yet does not lose the love of culture, nor cease to delight in the realms of faery and imagination. He was born in Glasgow, and is in middle age. His parents were of that sturdy stock that have made Scotsmen famous in many of the walks of life. Our poet was fond of books, and spent his every penny in buying them. He passed two years of early boyhood in Bute, and he tells us in one of his poems that it was here his mind awoke to the glory of external Nature, and showed the tendencies which after years matured.

> "O dear those summers long
> I spent in Bute, when morn on morn I woke
> To the true-warbled matin song
> That rang from bush of thorn, and larch, and oak;
> Where first my heart and mind were stirr'd
> By genial teachers, and thro' every sense
> My spirit, with its infant eyes unblurr'd,
> Beheld in many a vision grand
> The changing years' magnificence,
> As seen in that fair sea-girt mountain land."

Bidding good-bye to all that was here moulding and enriching his nature, young Falconer became a shop-boy in his thirteenth year in the crowded city. Time passed, and there came a change. During ten years' service behind the apothecary's counter, he discovered that circumstances had laid a yoke upon him which cramped his intellectual growth and play of nature, and as a natural result he grew restive under the yoke. The brilliant essayists of the day were his nightly delight, and many an hour was spent over Milton and Wordsworth and Keats, and, in addition, the poets of the so-called Spasmodic school—then much in vogue

with the younger men—P. J. Bailey and Alexander Smith. How to get one's life to square with one's ideas of life and with one's consciousness of ability, now became pressing questions with him. To compel circumstance to bend to purpose, and to aid in the effort to accomplish what seemed to be Nature's intentions, were henceforth his appointed task and duty.

As usually happens to men in such circumstances, a chance discovery brought him relief. The lanes and wynds of Glasgow, his native city, were more familiar to him than the country lanes of his neighbourhood. This interest became the deciding factor in his career. He believed that it was well to go down to the huts where poor men lie in their squalor and wretchedness, to look on the tragic pathos of the wasting edges of human life in the slums, and to resolve to do something definite towards the mending and brightening of these sad and hideous conditions of society. Circumstances favoured his resolve, and in 1857 Mr Falconer left the counter and became connected with Reformatory and Industrial Schools. For thirty years he has been engaged in this work. After spending ten years in Ireland and England—after winning his spurs, as he says, in outlying parts—he came back to his native city in 1870 to become the head of Mossbank Industrial School, the largest institution of its kind in Scotland. He is still there, ruling his 400 boys with success, and a noble, refined delight in his work of saving the neglected and waif children of the streets.

In those busy years Mr Falconer found some leisure in which to use his pen in prose as well as in verse. He contributed several papers on historical subjects to *Fraser's Magazine*, while under Mr Froude's care ; to the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review ;* and in the early numbers of the *Scottish Review* the reader will

find two extremely interesting papers by him on "Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." Various essays on social and other subjects have also occupied his pen. Mr Falconer is an esteemed member of the Glasgow Ballad Club, and two of his pieces have a place in the volume, from which we have repeatedly quoted, by members of the Club. His poems have mostly appeared in the *Scotsman*, *Good Words*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and other periodicals. These evince much wealth of thought, freshness of feeling, and lightness of touch, as well as the keen insight and the responsive sympathy that enable him to represent vivid and true impressions of life and nature. His songs are as natural and melodious as the warble of the bird or the ripple of the stream.

### O LOVE IT IS BONNIE, WHEN LOVE IT IS TRUE.

The cantiest carle in a' the glen
Was Robin Dinwoodie, the miller;
He had acres and kye, and a housefu' o' gear,
And what he liked best—mickle siller.

O had you but seen him when buyin' his corn—
His pawkie and twinklin' grey e'e!
O had you but seen him when sellin' his meal—
His smirkin' and words unco slee!

Three daughters had Robin—Kate, Lizzie, and Jean—
And married be wad hae them a';
At kirk and at market he minded aye this,
So cannily married got twa.

What brides were sae busk'd or what love looked sae bonnie!
The lassies lang spak' o' Kate's goon,
But awa' wi' sic love, and awa' wi' sic braws,
For Kate had a dotard, and Jean a young loon.

And Lizzie had wooers, but aye she said "na;"
Her hair is the gowden, her een like the blue;
But to Archie, the smith, she has lang made her troth—
O me, if the miller but knew!

At mornin' and e'en', Archie's clinkin' is heard,
And some say the smith's makin' siller;
For wha? the auld wives ask; but naebody kens,
And naebody less than the miller.

And Lizzie is blythesome, and sings cheerilie—
"Aye singin' o' Love," girns her faither.
"O Love it is bonnie, when Love it is true."
"Gae try't, then, the length o' your tether."

Aye, love it is bonnie, when love it is true;
And ne'er look'd a lassie sae bonnie
As Lizzie, when kirkit, a' blushes an' smiles,
A' wishin' her weel, and years mony.

And blyther than ever is Lizzie's blue e'e;
And aye she o' true love is singin';
And Archie ne'er kens o' the day whirlin' by—
In his ear dainty words are aye ringin'.

## TO A BLACKBIRD.

HEARD ON SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

What, warbling on the topmost spray
As is thy wont when skies are clear
In the green month of May,
While all around thee now is drear,
Sullen and grey,
On this most cheerless February day.

Whence that delicious burst of thine,
True-hearted blackbird? I'st a charm
Won from a draught of southern wine,
Luscious and warm?
Say, half-divine,
Wherewith to get thee a fond valentine?

Or is't the note of happiest surprise
At some sure sign of spring—some flower
Hid even from the poet's eyes,
Uncared for even by the biting shower,
That lonely lies
Waiting the breath of the Hesperides?

What need I care? Thou'st given to me
To-day, as here amidst the snow
I hear thy warblings on the leafless tree,
Mountings of heart, a spiritual glow,
A memory
Whose joy shall merrier make my days to be.

Pipe on, sweet birdie, for a while,
And other ears than mine delight;
Pipe on, thou'rt sweet as e'er was Philomel
To lovers' ears, in the still summer night;
Pipe on, and fill
My fancy with bright dreams, and care beguile.

## GOLDEN HOURS.

FOUR SONNETS.

Stay, golden hours, that I may linger long
Amid the memories of a day which seem'd
Divine, and Life was more than I had dream'd,
Or found forth-shadowed in art or song.
For they are consecrate, and from the throng
Of common things I would withdraw them, fond,
Aye resolute to set them far beyond
Time's deep eclipse—Oblivion—and among
Those dear, dear moments that do never die—
Moments transfigured by the Soul's white glow,
Which, poor as many are, all surely know,
And count them landmarks thenceforth, which no sky,
However pitiless, no storms that blow,
Can spoil, safe kept in Love's own sanctu'ry.

Ye stay! and in serenest quietness
I dream a dream of other days. I see
An ancient English woodland sweeping free
In dene and upland, crown'd with fruitfulness;
The red-tiled hamlets nestling soft between,
Aglow in their green pastures. Then, more fair,
Dim chestnut glades where couch the roe and hare,
And fawn and fairy mayhap glide unseen.
And last—a vision of all loveliness
In Art and Nature, with the heroic heart
And gentle manner bearing such sweet part
In the rich splendours of the scene, that I
Moved am to see, beyond words to express,
Romance can ne'er exceed Reality.

No other thought than this could hold the mind
Of anyone who haply chanced to light
As I that day did on a scene so bright,
And in its human aspects so refined
And loyal to the lowly. Half in dream
Saunter'd I o'er the statue-shaded lawn,
White terrace and flower mazes far withdrawn,
Which open'd on a lily-laden stream

That slid in silvery shallows 'neath the trees,
Crooning all day long its own lullabies,
Self-pleased and heedless; while this thought remained,
That still abide among us forms of Worth,
Fair and benignant as e'er trod the earth,
And fit to silence cavils oft arraigned.

Ye fade! Enough, now I have seen again
That pageant of the past, which came and went
That day, as oft the Rout and Tournament
To many a lad did in the same demesne
In the old days, bewildering the brain,
But giving other thoughts and other eyes,
And what he wot not then of—memories
Of sweet bewitchment, that should aye remain
Touch'd with emotion. Yea, and I must turn
To other scenes, can only here sojourn
For a brief moment in Life's wayfaring—
Deeply content to find the mellowing years
Steal no true passion from us, do not bring
Of rapture less, tho' rapture dash'd with tears.

## THE BROKEN TROTH.

On Lammas day he spake a word,
And scornfully he looked at me;
Oh bitter, bitter were the words
He said beside the siller tree!

I couldna speak for very pain,
Sae cruel were the words "nae mair";
And oh my heart it's like to break,
And oh my heart it's sair, it's sair.

And whiles I work, and whiles I spin,
And whiles the loudest laugh I gie—
A' that I may forget my grief,
And ease my heart o' misery.

For a' the sangs that ance I sang
Wi' blythesome heart at e'enin fa',
And a' the words that ance I heard,
Bring back the days that's fled awa'.

I gied my love, my leal-heart love,
And glad was I to keep back nane;
I gied it a', but a' is lost—
Wae's me, my heart is turnin' stane!

## APRIL.

April has come !
And thro' the woodlands, late so dank and bare,
And lone and dumb,
And in the vales and uplands, everywhere,
Breathes the soft zephyr, blows a warmer air—
Bringer of Beauty and of radient Mirth
And full-eyed Hope, thro'out the vernal earth ;
And these sweet airy thoughts, that come and go,
Changing my sober mood to frolicsome,
And gracious sympathies that lively flow.

By every door
And path again beloved forms arise—
No more, no more,
Whistle the icy winds 'neath ruthless skies ;
From favour'd slopes I hear frail bleating cries,
And quick short starts of song, and twitterings ;
And loud the rookery with clangour rings.
O joyous thought ! we glide more near the sun,
And strikes a warmer shadow on the floor,
And all is hast'ning unto Summer noon.

And that pure green—
The daintiest green—that comes but once a year,
Around is seen
In budding grove and hedgerow, glist'ning clear,
And in the dewy-tender grassy spear ;
While the three darling flow'rs, our Childhood's flow'rs,
Woo'd by the passion of the genial hours,
In holm and hollow bloom, and with sweet breath
Make fragrant the west wind, which drives, serene,
The gorgeous, piléd clouds o'er mead and heath.

From shore to shore,
The glancing arrows of the western rain
Sweep lightly o'er
A hundred fields, and thro' the dusty lane,
And city street ; and lo ! o'er hill and plain,
Far-stretching, spans the rainbow, gleaming grand,
As when the patriarch saw it in the land,
Vision and sign celestial ; and o'er all
Bound the bright shadows, over mount and moor,
Joy holding everywhere high festival.

Thro' sunny ways,
Sure prophecies in murmurous minors sound
Of coming days

Of overbrimming joy, when June hath crown'd
The year with her gay chaplet, and resound
The full-leaved regal woods. And he who goes
Slow stepping o'er the fields, and cheerily sows
His handfuls broadcast, hears that humming noise
With welcome; and the lark, 'mid noontide blaze—
Perchance the cuckoo's immemorial voice.

Blow, Western gale,
With fresh'ning lusty strength, and bear afar,
From every vale,
And meadow, and bleak height, whate'er can bar
The blossom wreathéd year! Shine sun and star:
Shine, O! thou silver sickle, clear and fair—
Eve's queenliest jewel—nor our lower air
With storm and havoc charge! So bless the time
Which human hearts leap joyously to hail—
Spring, once more glowing in immortal prime.

## ROBERT CUMMING M'FEE, R.N.R.,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "Random Rhymes,' was born at Saltcoats in 1848. His father was a shipmaster of the little Ayrshire town, which is famed as the birthplace of numerous "sons of the sea." Young Robert was educated at Stevenston, close by, and at Irvine Academy. The striking features of the surroundings—the towering peaks of the Arran mountains, with the waters of the Clyde between; the homely and less aspiring "Knockgergen," and the finely cultivated lands, with their gentle retreating dales—appear to have made a deep impression on his young mind, frequent references being made to them in his works. He went to sea at the early age of fourteen, and was apprenticed to Messrs George Smith & Sons, of the City Line of sailing ships, which traded to the East Indies. Young M'Fee's

advance in his profession was rapid. He received the certificate of competency as master mariner at the age of twenty-one. He joined the well known Anchor Line in 1870, and after commanding several steamers was appointed Shore Superintendent of the Line in 1880, which responsible appointment he still holds. The Lords of the Admiralty lately conferred on him the high honour and distinction of Honorary Commander of the Royal Naval Reserve.

Captain M'Fee, while an ardent and devoted disciple of the Muse, is a man of business as well, and the multifarious duties which daily demand his attention are such that could not possibly be performed by a poet of the "moon-struck" order. The eye which glistens into a "fine frenzy rolling" on appropriate occasions is keenly acute and sensitively wide awake whenever business requirements demand. "Random Rhymes" but mirror forth the man. They are full of vitality and life, and breathe a spirit of energy and activity. The diction is clear and terse—the meaning never obscure. With the author language is not meant to conceal thought. A rollicking humour (as evinced in his contributions to *The Bailie*), a warm, hearty human sympathy, and ever and anon a philosophical reflection, pervade the poems.

Captain M'Fee is at present *par excellence* the sailor poet. But his subjects are varied, and range from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," and proclaim the writer no mere specialist, but an all-round poet. He uses the Doric with good effect, as is shown in his poem dedicated to the memory of Burns, and recited by him on the occasion of his presiding at the annual dinner of the Plantation and Kinning Park Burns Club, which is one of the finest pieces (on a hackneyed subject) ever published. As a patriotic Scotchmen in the best sense, and a true son of humanity in the brood sense, his opinions are wide

and tolerant. Captain M'Fee is a very highly esteemed member of the "Pen and Pencil Club," which comprises in its membership the leading literary, artistic, and musical celebrities of the Metropolis of the West.

## A WANDERER'S REMINISCENCE.

Oh! how oft my fervid fancy pictures scenes of buried years,
As home and happy childhood thro' the vista re-appears;
And, again, I see my parents weeping at the cottage door
When I turned to wave good-bye to them, alas! for evermore!

Oh! methinks I see the cottage now—it seems as 'twere a dream—
With the over-hanging oak-tree, and the little gurgling stream
Coming cold and clear as crystal from among the heathery braes,
And wimpling thro' the garden where I've spent such happy days.

O'er its walls of snowy whiteness the clustering ivy crept,
Where at night the homely sparrows in peace and quietness slept;
And we dared not touch the sparrows whatever we might do,
For mother loved them dearly, and she bade us love them too.

At evening worn and weary from his daily toil and care,
Father took the ingle corner—in the old familiar chair;
I, my brothers and my sisters then would cluster round his knee
And he told us many a story of the land and stormy sea.

He often used to tell us, tho' we were together then,
Such could not so continue when we grew up maids and men;
We might all be scattered far and wide thro' many a changing clime;
And his words they were a prophecy fulfilled in after time.

Yes, we all have left that cottage now, and to the world gone forth,
And some are in the sunny south, some in the frozen north,
While one of us now roams upon the wild and stormy wave,
And the youngest one lies sleeping in some lonely foreign grave.

Now, my father and my mother in the little churchyard lie;
The cottage is deserted, and the streamlet has run dry;
The aged oak has disappeared; and surely it doth seem
That death is nature's real repose— life's but a changing dream.

## ONLY, ONLY LET ME DIE.

Sad and lonely !
Only, only let me die !
Grief like mine is most distressing :
Manifold woes are pressing ;
Stranger to all earthly blessing—
Only, only let me die.

Days so dreary !
I'm a-weary—let me die.
Let me leave this vale of sorrow,
Where I can no pleasure borrow ;
'Tis to-day, as 'tis to morrow—
Only, only let me die !

So benighted !
Hopes all blighted—let me die !
He who loved me, true and earnest,
In a better clime sojournest ;
Dust unto dust returnest—
Only, only let me die !

Life is cheerless ;
Death is fearless—let me die !
'Tis to join him I am praying ;
Daily fretting this delaying ;
Oh ! wherefore am I staying—
Only, only let me die.

Head an-aching,
Heart a-breaking—let me die !
All my earthly ties are riven,
Would this boon to me were given :
Now to meet my love in heaven—
Only, only let me die !

## DRINK.

### A MONOLOGUE.

Mortals, give ear to me,
Touch not yon fatal glass,
But let it pass :
Death lurks within its clear consistency.
Surer than eagle on her prey-bound path—
It harbours wrath to man against the day of wrath.
View him, the drunkard, when you can,
Or when you may ; for every day

And every hour that passes
Shews some unfortunate being in his glasses,
Like vessel over-freighted, labouring on,
A burden to himself, a help to none,
Onwardly reeling, onwardly feeling,
His tortuous way to home.
Observe him well, and think;
'Tis drink, drink; blasting, maddening drink;
The curse of many a noble life,
The bane of many a loving wife.
It fires the brain, it heats the blood,
It drowns the intellect within its flood,
And over man doth roll
A tide of misery, a wave of sin,
That overwhelms the natural good within,
And, which, eventually, damns the soul.
Have you thus gazed upon the man?
A man no more!
The man, a fiend; and sadly ponder'd o'er
The loathèd issue of drink's bestializing bann,
When wild delirium in his eyeballs gleams,
And reason hath her sacred throne resign'd,
While many a hideous shape and ghastly dream
Distorts his vision and torments his mind.
Sad spectacle of woe!
Deep, indescribable despair is pictured there,
From which we can but very vaguely tell
The dreadful sufferings he doth undergo;
Devils, contorted, he sees o'er him bending,
Ascending, descending,
While round him teems a congregated hell;
Convulsively he grasps or tries to shield him
From grim phantasial horrors overhead,
Then panting shrinks; exhausted, sinks
Upon his weary bed.
Tho' drink hath laid him low, yet still he cries,
With thirst insatiate, for it as before.

. . . .

With marble brow, and glassy eyes transfix'd,
In deep unconsciousness the doomed one lies,
While anon, sharp, spasmodic gasps and sighs,
With incoherent mutterings intermix'd,
Burst from his lips, thro' agonizing pain,
As some new horror flits across his brain—
And thus, the gloomiest picture of despair,
His spirit passes, God of heaven knows where.

## YOUR AIN WEE LASSIE.

*She*—Johnnie, you've come back to me—
Your ain wee lassie ;
I've been faithfu' unto thee—
Your ain wee lassie.
Ere ye gaed awa' abroad,
Fishin' for the ling an' cod,
I was at your beck and nod—
Your ain wee lassie.

*He*—Jeannie, I've been far awa'—
My ain wee lassie ;
Whaur the Shetland breezes blaw—
My ain wee lassie.
Mony a nicht, whan at the "line,"
Blinded wi' the saut, saut brine,
Hae I thocht on auld lang syne—
My ain wee lassie.

*She*—Noo, you're back in safety to
Your ain wee lassie ;
What am I to think or do—
Your ain wee lassie ?
I hae grieved for ye fu' sair,
Speer'd aboot ye here an' there ;
Ye war in my ilka prayer—
Your ain wee lassie.

*He*—Jeannie, ye've been guid and kind—
My ain wee lassie ;
Aye to keep me in your mind—
My ain wee lassie.
You're as pretty to my e'e
As an honest lass can be ;
But you're far owre guid for me—
My ain wee lassie.

*She*—I hae got a silken goon—
Your ain wee lassie ;
Buskit it wi' flounces roun'—
Your ain wee lassie ;
An' yestreen, at "Grozet Fair,"
Johnnie, I bocht something there ;
Orange blossoms for my hair—
Your ain wee lassie.

*He*—I'll nae mair aroving go—
My ain wee lassie,

Tak' me, Jeannie, for your Jo—
My ain wee lassie.
Put ye on the orange spray,
Then in silken goon sae gay,
We'll get wed this very day—
My ain wee lassie.

## LILIES PRETTY.

Lilies pretty;
What a pity,
Such-like beauty dies;
Lowly lying,
Blooming, dying,
Purity outvies;

Softly bending,
Sweetly sending,
From each hidden shrine,
Sense surfeiting,
Captivating,
Aroma divine:

Heavenly emblems,
In your semblance,
To the pure that be.
Saith the story—
Kingly glory,
Pales compared to thee.

Oh! what rapture,
Could I capture,
Heart of kindred bloom!
I'd revere her,
Dear and dearer,
To the dawn of doom.

## JAMES F. BAIN,

A PROBATIONER of the Church of Scotland of very high promise, was born at Pitcairley, near Newburgh, Fife, in 1827. On his father removing to Anniston, near Inverkeillor, Forfarshire, James was sent to the Parish School, where he was a very apt pupil, and was brought so far on in classics as to be ready to enter St Andrews College in 1843, where he passed through the usual curriculum with great credit. At college he displayed an ardent love of literature, and became particularly distinguished by his acquaintance with the writers of our country. In the course of his studies he wrote several poetical compositions, which showed he was gifted with the muse, and in his pulpit appearances he afterwards manifested much acuteness of mind and a fervid knowledge of Scripture. Mr M'Bain was licensed by the Presbytery of Brechin in January 1851, and for some time assisted the Rev. Mr Henderson, minister of Collace. Subsequently he had an engagement with the Rev. Mr Weiss, a Christianized Jew, to translate the Psalms of David from the original Hebrew. For this important work he was recommended by Professor Mitchell. He had only reached the 26th Psalm when he was seized by an illness which rendered his removal to Brechin necessary, where, at the house of his father, he died in December 1851. Mr M'Bain was much beloved by his acquaintances and fellow-students for his unobtrusive worth, his goodness of heart, and genuine piety. His religious verses show that he possessed a mind not only guided by intellectual power, but also by the higher power of Christian love. His miscellaneous poems evince the philosophic and reflective mind, as well as the keen observer of Nature, and the power of giving ready expression to his feelings.

## THE ABBEY OF ABBERBROTHOCK.

Hail to thy towers so ancient, stern, and hoar!
Thy pile with awe and wonder I survey,
For thou hast braved six centuries and more
The tempest's rage and Time's slow, sure decay.

And as I gaze, what recollections rise
Of men, and things, and ages past away,
Time's misty veil is lifted from my eyes,
And I the picture of the Past survey.

Methinks I see our old forefathers brave
Rear with laborious hands thy giant pile,
Mould statue, niche, and pillar'd architrave,
The gloomy vault and long sepulchral isle.

Methinks I see amid the concourse blending
Thy lion-hearted founder standing by,
Yeoman, and squire, and chieftain brave, attending
In all the pride and pomp of chivalry.

And when thy dedication peal was rung,
What long carousal shook the midnight air,
When in St Thomas' name the mass was sung,
And mail-clad knights, and surpliced monk were there.

Full many a tale these ancient walls could tell
Of deeds of darkness, done in days of old,
Of crimes of blood—red dye that erst befell,
And many a scene of woe and guilt unfold.

Oft have these walls the mignight vigil seen,
When pious monk, by days and nights of pain,
By fasting, prayer and penance, stern and keen,
Sought with fond hopes the gates of heaven to gain.

When round his head he whirled the gory lash
And smote with many a groan his shrinking side,
Till streamed from every wound and mangled gash
O'er his thin wasted limbs, the purple tide.

In vain, alas! that man should e'er conceive
That Justice may be moved by human woe;
To fear, obey, and humbly to believe
Is all by Heaven required of man below.

And when the meanest of the brethren died,
What pompous grief these noble walls beheld,
There priest, and monk, and abbot, side by side,
The funeral anthem's wailing chorus swelled.

Still thou art dear to every passer by,
Thy desolation speaketh to the heart,
And of time's flight and man's mortality
Lessons of deepest wisdom doth impart.

## THE ROSE.

Daughter of June, bright rose!
'Tis thine the summer hours
To charm with love which knows
No rival 'mong the flowers.

Of Flora's virgin court
Chief ornament and grace,
A maiden of a queenly port,
A bud of royal race.

Flower of the queen of love,
Advanced to favour high,
To blush her forehead fair above,
To aid her ruling eye.

Flower of the poet's vision,
His flaming harp to crown,
Blooming in climes Elysian,
In gardens of renown.

He sees thy garlands freak
The clouds of morn and even,
Thy blush adorns her cheek,
Whose heart is all his heaven.

Thy breath is in her kisses,
Her lips of ripest bloom
Are redolent of blisses,
Thy leaves can but assume.

Thy fame through every clime,
On every wind is flown,
Touching the cheeks of Time
With blossoms not their own.

The zephyr flies to close
The daisy's eyes to rest,

But dies in love's repose
On the red rose's breast.

The daffodils are wan,
Warm tears the violet shows,
Their sighs thy queenhood fan,
Bloom on sole sov'reign Rose!

Like Hope that waits the morrow,
The snow-drop early blown;
Like Faith serene in sorrow,
The lily droops alone.

For love which mocks the tomb,
Whose home is sphered above,
A type of heavenly bloom,
The rose, the rose, for love!

## TO MARY.

I love thee not for beauty bright,
For eyes which dim the Star of Even,
For tresses like the raven night,
For cheeks that wear the bloom of heaven.

I love thee for the smile which brings
Its music from the heaven within,
Like light upon an angel's wings,
In haste a dying soul to win.

The stars in their eternal chime
A requiem peal o'er beauty's hour,
Youth withers at the touch of Time,
Its blossoms autumn winds deflower.

But stainless virtue, truth sublime,
Are flowers of an immortal spring;
And find them an unchanging clime,
Unconscious of the tyrant's wing.

## THE WAYSIDE BLIND.

Lo! by the wayside, with pathetic tone,
The old blind man his misery makes known;
"Good people! look on me! and pass not by
With careless heart and an averted eye;
Pity the blind; relieve their hopeless state,
Afflictions are from God, and mine are great;

I can see nothing of this happy route,
But clouds and darkness compass me about;
Perpetual night my spirit holds in thrall,
The sun is shrouded with a funeral pall;
And all bright things are as the dreams of sleep,
That, vigil dim, in rayless darkness keep;
In vain the regal moon, on cloudless even,
Musters around the starry hosts of Heaven;
In vain the Rose her summer triumph keeps,
The crocus smiles, the dew-fed lily weeps;
And bright eyes making Heaven of mortal life
Shorn of their Empire—round my steps are rife;
Yet winds and waters interlude, the glee
Of Childhood's voice; the linnet in the tree
The lark's exulting carol overhead—
Proclaim that joy and music are not dead."
"Bless God, all people, to whose eyes is free
This World He hath ordained so gloriously!
No earthly light shall mitigate my doom,
A Day-spring, dawning from beyond the tomb
First on these eyes shall flash with vital ray,
In the blest realms of uncreated Day."

## ELISE RAE-BROWN.

MISS RAE-BROWN is the daughter of Colin Rae-Brown, and sister of Campbell Rae-Brown, both of whom have places in this work. She was born in Glasgow, and now resides with her father at Kensington, London; but during the summer months the family came north to their charming residence at Tighnabruaich, in the Kyles of Bute. Her verse is musical and flowing, while her treatment of subjects is a pleasant, though rare, combination of the imaginative and the practical. At the time of Livingstone's death, when she was a very young girl, her first published verses, on that hero, appeared in the *St James' Magazine*. This spirited "Livingstone" poem was quoted

by an innumerable array of papers throughout the world. Miss Rae-Brown has contributed to various magazines and newspapers, such as *The Scots' Magazine*, *The Lady*, *The Fifeshire Journal*, *The New York Herald*, &c. Her allusions to childhood and children are always sweet and natural, while her sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity is deep, healthy, and genuine. Space will only admit of our culling a few representative flowers from her fair garden; but these will induce many to return for more, when her much wished-for volume of new and collected poems appears.

### HER TREASURES.

Here is her little store of things :—
Flow'rs, and feathers, and ribbons, and strings
Of beads, all mixed together ; and here—
Is the little doll she dressed !
But the other day she ran along
Into the garden ; I heard her song
Float like a bird's on the still clear air,
And now—she is far away !

Singing still in another place,
Heaven's sunshine falling upon her face,
Still filling the sweet child eyes ;
But it does not reach us, *that* song she sings,
Though I fancy sometimes that little wings
Brush by me in the dark !
And I almost feel the soft caress
Of her little hands, while I fondly press
The little cheek to mine :

And at times, I hear in the twilight gloom
Light, pattering feet, and this silent room
With sudden music fills.
It may be—for heaven seems so far away—
She is lonely, and misses her toys and play ;
All the pretty garden flowers !

Her heart was so full of love you know,
For the smallest thing ; and she used to go
To sleep with this waxen doll
Folded quite close to her baby breast :
And I never missed as I went to rest
One look at the tiny pair.

So I think if the angels saw her grieve,
In the music's pause, they might give her leave
To open the pearly gates ;
And wand'ring down to her earthly home,
Though we see her not, she may sometimes roam,
Like a little white flow'r of beauty blown
From the fields of Paradise.
Yes ; that is the reason I keep them here,
These odds and ends, and her "dolly dear,"
Just as she laid it down !

I like to fancy the little feet,
Straying awhile from the golden street
In quiet evening hours,
May softly steal in the twilight grey
To the little room, where she used to play,
And her hands with ling'ring touch caress,
Earth's treasured toys again. !

## A RESPONSE.

Yes; I know that life is fleeting,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
But I also know God's angels
Are about us everywhere.

It is we who make the sunshine
Or the shadow of our life,
We who make, or mar, its beauty,
We who make its peace or strife.

Somewhere flowers are always springing,
Somewhere there is always light,
Though we pass them oft unheeding,
Though we miss them in our flight.

For we hurry on so swiftly,
In this busy life of ours,
That we do not see the sunshine,
Cannot stay to pluck the flowers.

Yet the world is full of beauty,
Turn whichever way we will,
Scenes that charm, and sounds that haunt us,
Light and cheer our pathway still

Everywhere, breathes Nature's music,
Grand and tender, deep and low,
Let us pause at times to listen
To the harmonies that flow.

Let us love whate'er is lovely,
Cling to what is pure and true,
We shall find this earth grow fairer,
And our lives grow happier too.

Aye, and though the world be weary,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
We shall find, by searching truly,
Angel foot-prints everywhere.

## SINCERITY.

There is a little flower that blooms
Upon the earth's dark breast,
And those who wear it near their hearts
May deem themselves most blest.

'Tis rarer far than gold or gems:
But, though it sometimes springs
Amid the gorgeous plants that deck
The palaces of Kings,

'Tis found more oft in sheltered nooks
Where lowly hearts abide,
And tended there, with loving care,
Though all may fade beside.

Pure and unsullied are its leaves
Its starry eyes look up,
To catch the radiant light of Heaven
Within its pearly cup.

This flower is named "Sincerity";
And from Earth's choicest, best,
This snowy blossom I would choose
To wear upon my breast.

## SNOWDROPS: A LEGEND.

Tears on the breast of mournful earth they lie,
Scattered by angel hosts, as hov'ring nigh
In the chill radiance of the starry night,
They downward leaned with tender eyes whose light
Darkened in sorrow, for no hint of bloom
Nor blossom lingered smiling through the gloom.
So sad the scene! so desolate! it seemed
A dreary waste where never light had gleamed,

Nor love ta'en root, nor beauteous life had birth,
Ev'n hope's glad wing had soared afar from earth,
And gazing on the silence, hushed and deep,
The Angels marvelled if't were Death or Sleep.

So still, amid the shadows, gaunt and worn,
Sad nature lay ; the flowery wreath was torn
From off her brows, and in its stead appeared
A thorny crown, with dank leaves, dead and seared ;
The night winds pierced her tattered robes and drowned
The mournful cries that smote the air around ;
In darkness—bound, who but would weep to see
Such death in life, such hopeless misery.

The Heavenly visitants their pitying eyes
Raised to the wintry grandeur of the skies
In mute appeal, then swiftly through the night
Sped on their mission to the courts of light ;
Through realms of space where starry splendours swung,
And all the air with silvery anthems rung,
The angels passed, nor stayed their upward flight
Till Heaven itself burst on their raptured sight ;
But ere they reached the portals wide and fair
*Love* framed a fitting answer to their prayer.
Lo ! speeding on, their bright tears fell in showers,
Which, touching earth, the Ice King froze to *flowers*.
"Snowdrops" we call them, but in other years
A legend runs that they were angel's tears—
So pure ! so bright ! from pity's sacred well,
They crystallized in blossoms as they fell.

O marvel sweet ! that woes of earth should wring
From Seraph hearts such balm for suffering !
These frozen gems, these pearls that deck the sod
Bear in their hearts a ray of light from God—
Despair and desolation from the earth
Vanished for ever at their glorious birth !

How pale ! like mem'ry's phantom flowers they gleam
From out the darkness, or a shadowy dream
Of joy that haunts us when all hope seems vain ;
Telling that life shall blossom once again
With summer sweetness, that beneath the snows
There folded lies the rich heart of the rose ;
Beauty, and bloom, and gladness from the grave
Once more their rainbow-coloured wings shall wave,
While tears that fall from pitying *human* eyes
Blossom on earth to *Flowers of Paradise*.

## ROBERT SEDGEWICK MUTCH,

KNOWN as "the sweet singer of Glenapp," and author of many graceful poems, was born at Aberdeen in 1849. His parents removed to the village of Ellon when he was only a few weeks old. Remaining there for about five years, the family left for Glasgow. Our poet received his early education in St Enoch's Parish School, Glasgow, and was trained for the teaching profession in the Established Church College of that city. Mr Mutch is presently schoolmaster at Glenapp, Ayrshire, in which district he is held in much esteem. His artistic capabilities are of a high order, and his valuable services are much appreciated, far and near, at entertainments in aid of benevolent objects. At these, his elecutionary gifts are seen to advantage, his dramatic recitals holding his audiences spell-bound. Mr Mutch frequently contributes verse to the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and to the Dumfries and Wigtownshire newspapers. Several of his poetical productions possess much of the quaint pathos and tenderness of the old Border ballad, while his poems and songs exhibit a cultured taste and pleasing fancy, showing an eye and heart poetically responsive to every grace of Nature.

### SPRING SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Little birdies 'mong the trees
Singing to the passing breeze;
Bonnie brooklet babbling by,
Murmuring gentle lullaby;
Cawing rooks around the wood,
Tell us all that God is good.

Little bairnies 'mong the flowers,
Happy doves in leafy bowers,
Little lambs on sunny hills,
Little rippling mountain rills,
Swallows twitt'ring o'er their brood—
Tell us sweetly God is good.

## THE WINDS.

*Chorus.*

We come from the mount where Æolus reigns
In the midst of a mystic sea ;
We dwell in our caves till our sea king ordains
That we open our gates and flee.

*Solo*—BOREAS.

I blow my blasts where Aurora spreads
Her lights o'er the frozen zone,
And I shriek and howl o'er the iceberg's heads
Till the sea with their wreck is strewn.
I leave the floes to battle with waves
And melt in their seething foam.
When my wings I spread the ocean raves,
Till I sleep in my cavernous home.

*Chorus.*

Ho ! ho ! let Boreas blow ;
At our King's command flies he ;
He reigns 'neath a mount no mortals know
In the midst of a mystic sea.

*Solo*—ZEPHYRUS.

My winds are wooed by the forest flowers
For odours to them I bring ;
From my breath dew falls in evening hours,
And the birds me welcome sing.
I leave Hesperian scenes behind
And to other lands I flee ;
The mariner hails my fresh'ning wind
When 'calmed in the tropic sea.

*Chorus.*

Zephyrus gently thy wings expand,
The woods and the vales wait on thee ;
Thou fliest to visit a wearying land—
The mariner sings on the sea.

*Solo*—EUROCLYDON.

I roar and howl with the thunder,
I laugh with a fiendish glee
When vessels are rent asunder
And tossed o'er my slave, the sea.
I tear in shreds the cloudy pall
That hides the lights of heaven ;
Jove's fiery bolts obey my call,
By ghouls my chariot's driven.

*Chorus.*

Euroclydon rides with the furies of air,
And with him the hurricanes flee
With horrid delight from their haunted la
In the midst of a mystic sea.

*Solo*—AUSTER.

In climes where palm trees wave
Their stately plumes on high,
Where southern rivers lave
Their banks I gently sigh.
I bear within my breast
A warm and gentle glow—
The ocean is at rest
The gales have ceased to blow.

*Chorus.*

To islands that jewel the Ocean of Peace
There Auster has chosen to flee,
To Æolus our king he owes his release
From the midst of a mystic sea.

*Solo*—EURUS.

My biting blast is blown afar
From arid lands and chill,
'Mong verdant scenes I wage my war,
My mission is to kill ;
My pestilential breath I blow
O'er valley hill and plain,
I bring to earth disease and woe,
Death follows in my train.

*Chorus.*

Let him flee to the regions so arid and chill,
And return not to join us again ;
His winds do but blast, his breath doth but k
Death sports like a ghost in his train.

*Solo*—ÆOLUS.

I am king, I am king of the winds that blow
To the ends of the earth and to heaven.
My subjects are slaves, and the ocean's flow
Ne'er back their powers have driven ;
My throne's in a mount, 'tis still unknown
To all save my slaves and me.
I reign over all alone, alone,
And my secret is kept by the sea.

*Chorus.*

We fly to the mount where Æolus reigns
In the midst of a mystic sea ;
We'll rest in our caves till our King ordain
That we loose again our galling chain,
And over the earth we'll flee.

## THE BLUE-EYED MAID.

When lovingly and shyly
Gaze thy blue eyes in mine,
My senses all are stolen
By that sweet glance of thine.
In pity, then, withdraw not
Thy gaze so kind and true,
For all my joys are centred
In thy dear eyes of blue.*

And when thou look'st so coyly,
Thy cheeks like roses glow ;
And all my heart enkindleth
With love that knows not woe.
Thy face can ne'er be cloudy,
While hope makes love flow free ;
Were tears to fall, they'd surely
Pure, precious pearls be.

I revel in the lustre
That beautifies thine eyes,
Where truth and love are nestling,
Twin spirits of the skies.
Beneath thy winning glances
All other beauties fade,
And thus, and thus, I kiss thee,
Thou lovely blue-eyed maid.

## THE TWA SISTERS.

[Founded on an old Aberdeenshire Legend. The second and fourth lines, as in the first and last verse, to be repeated.

Twa sisters lived in a cosy cot,
(Oh, the roses bud bonnie in June)
The young ane said, "Guess ye what I've got
(And the clouds hid the licht o' the mune).

* The first Stanza is a translation from the German

"It's this e'en I met wi' the lord o' the lan',"
An' this is the jewel he put on my han'.

He tauld me he ne'er met a fairer maid,
"Wooin' an' sweet were the words he said."

The elder ane's face grew gloomy an' dark,
An' her een flash'd hate wi' a baneful spark,

For she dearly lo'ed the gay young lord,
But ne'er to her had he spak' a word.

Ae nicht she took her young sister fair,
Whaur the rocks were steep an' the waves loud rair,

She dash'd her doon to the rairin' deep,
"I'll be his bride, an' the sea'll thee keep."

Hame she has sped to her lanely bed,
Her heart was aflame an' her een were red.

The young lord cam' to the trystin' tree,
He waited lang for his Marjorie.

Up frae the cot cam' the sister Jean,
"Wha' waits my lord for in dewy e'en?"

"Say what hae ye dune wi' Marjorie?"
"Our Marjorie's gane far ower the sea."

"Ye tell na the truth to me," said he,
"Last nicht an' eerie cry cam' to me."

"What hae ye dune we' yer sister fair?"
"For, I fear she'll come to me nae mair."

"A curse be on thee as deep as death,'
"For thou'st taen awa' thy sister's breath."

She shriek'd aloud, "Ye say this to me,'
"Ay, I swore she ne'er your bride would be,"

"Gae seek 'mang the waves, for there she's toss'd,"
"By her fair, fair face my love was cross'd."

Down the frowning cliffs with speed he went,
Till limbs were sore, and strength was spent.

The fire flaughts flew wi' a friendly flame,
He heard 'mid the growl o' the waves his name,

An' lo ! at his feet there lay his love,
That instant a shriek was heard above:

"She lives ! My Marjorie lives," cried he,
" Saved by the wind-worn wild oak tree."

He lifted the fair, yet senseless form,
Climb'd up, 'mid the wild and wintry storm,

But Marjorie's sister ! Where was she?
She fand her grave in the deed deep sea !

The lord o' the land wed Marjorie,
(Oh, the roses bud bonnie in June)
An' wherever may be his fair ladye,
*Nae clouds hide the licht o' the mune* !

## JOHN M'TAGGART,

TRAVELLING, or organizing secretary in connection with the colportage operations of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, Edinburgh, was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, in 1845. Having received a fair education at the Free Grammar School there, he was engaged in commercial pursuits, chiefly in Glasgow, till 1878. While residing in that city he was an active and "efficient" volunteer in the 19th Lanarkshire Rifles. He also took a deep and practical interest in religious and literary work in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was for some time honorary secretary. It was in 1878 that Mr M'Taggart's thoughts first found expression in verse, when, from the fellow-feeling that "makes us wond'rous kind," he wrote a lengthy and

deeply pathetic poem entitled "The Wreck of 'The City': or a Tale of the Illwin Sands." Removing to Edinburgh in 1879, our poet was appointed organizing secretary to the Waldensian Pastor's Fund Committee, on the successful completion of which movement he entered on his present duties.

Mr M'Taggart recently published (London: James Nisbet & Co.; Edinburgh: Religious Tract and Book Society) a truly beautiful and artistically printed and illustrated volume, entitled "Our Land: Sketches in Verse." This volume, which contains a selection of his poems and songs, is dedicated to Mr Jas. Alex. Campbell of Stracathro, M.P. for the Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities—an intelligent and liberal patron of modern poets. It is divided into various sections, including "Our Land: its Life, Loves, and Scenery"; "Its Partings and Memories"; "Its Christian Work and Missions"; "Its Jubilee Life and Movements," &c. The verses show that the author is a true patriot and an ardent admirer of his native land, its scenery, and its institutions for the welfare of the people. His sympathy with nature, his love of rural scenes; his knowledge of city life—its joys and its sorrows—is shown in chaste and melodious language, full of delicate and pleasing touches. Some of his shorter lyrics are models of terse expression, while several of the poems entitled "Partings and Memories" are redolent with sweet, graceful, and tender religious emotions, and Christian resignation regarding those "whose lives in higher love endure"—

> Let comfort of the Scriptures bind
> The painful wounds which we receive
> When loving and beloved ones leave,
> And let us pray to be resigned.
>
> Arising from the pleasant past,
> There gradually cometh light
> To press the darkness out of sight—
> Sweet memories which live and last.

## THE HIGHLANDER'S WELCOME.

There's something that moves me, and gives me delight,
Whenever the heathery braes are in sight,
And this is the greeting I get with a smile,
"And now that you're come, you will stay for a while."
At home on the heather, at home on the knowes,
O, there's where the energy, latent, we rouse
Into action so healthful, and proudly declare
There's nothing to equal our own native air.
A welcome as pleasing, as hearty, as kind—
The Highlander's welcome—may all of you find.

And nigh by the heather there's many a spot
Where once was the bield of a cosy bit cot,
With inmates as noble, though rustic their ways,
As many who moved amidst finery's blaze.
The peats on the ingle, the creasy at night—
O those were the evenings of eerie delight.
And often in fact and in fancy I seek
For the cottage of thatch and the play of the reek;
And still by the braes of the heather I'd find
The Highlander's welcome, so hearty and kind.

O braes of the heather! Let ever your sons
Nurse in them the spirit their fathers had once.
They, frugal of habit, though pinching would whiles
Be near with its threats to diminish their smiles,
Would say, as the needy ones something would get,
"We've aye been provided for, sae shall we yet."
In seasons when plenty appeared on their patch,
A king would be fortunate under their thatch,
And glad he would be by the heather to find
The Highlander's welcome, so loyal and kind.

But what, if instead of the welcome, you hear
The Highlanders dirging, "A famine is near!
In vain are our labours on land and on sea,
And baffled, and beaten, and dowie are we."
O Highland and Lowland friends, listening the dirge,
You'll act as the heart beats, and others you'll urge
To join you in kindness to those who are brave—
The daughters and sons of the mountain and wave;
And long by the braes of the heather you'll find
The Highlander's welcome, so hearty and kind.

## ALONG THE SHORE.

A bright and breezy morn!
And, 'neath the azure sky,
Fine fleecy clouds are here and there
Above us flitting by.
Come, love, and see the shining free,
And spend the day about the Bay.

The sea is royal blue,
And horses white are out;
They, speeding, seem a countless host,
By Boreas put to rout.
Come, love, we'll go where breezes blow,
And billows roar along the shore.

Along the shelvy shore
Of rock and pretty stones
We stroll, delighted with ourselves,
And with the monotones
That rise around us from the ground,
And with content our leisure's spent.

The chiselled hills are clear,
For winds have whisked away
The lazy mist, and, grouped, the peaks
Make up a great display.
When setting sheen is o'er them seen,
From sea or land, the scene is grand.

Our earth has many joys;
And those of sky and sea,
And hill and glen, and sounding shore,
To all of us are free.
For busy life, with troubles rife,
There's good in store along the shore

## THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS ANXIOUS MOTHER.

"Why are you watching so eagerly there?
I've noticed you now for hours,
Knitting away with your wiry pair,
Watching the gusty showers—
The day is as wild as it well can be;
Why do you look so oft at the sea?"

"And so you have noticed; I did not know.
Come, Jeanie, and crack awhile;
To-day my heart's where the breezes blow
So wildly beyond the isle,

For my darling boy I'm expecting soon ;
Oh, would that the winds were but quieted doon."

"Ah, Mary, you've yet to make up on me ;
Not one have I had, but two—
That's Johnnie, my son, and James, at sea—
They were wondrously well brought through ;
The fierce and the fitful wind and wave
But brac'd them both to be sailors brave.

"And so with your lad ; and I mind it fine
The time he engaged to sail ;
Though much he did to the sea incline,
He fear'd that his heart might quail
When the hurricane blasts would go flying by,
O'er the fearsome deep, 'neath the scowling sky.

But none of those thoughts will disturb him now,
The service has made him strong ;
To-day he'll face, with a fearless brow,
The waves as they dash along ;
And soon shall your hearth resound with glee
As he tells his tales of the wondrous sea."

But Mary would still at the window sit
When duty was duly done ;
And on, till the lamps in the street were lit,
Would she watch till she saw her son.
Oh, mariner, skilled in the coasting chart,
Have you fathomed a yearning mother's heart ?

## HOME.

Where'er the heart is, there is home ;
And while the world is wide,
And most of it is strange, our homes
Are where our hearts abide—
In land of "greater mountain" and
Of "greater flood" we may
Have many of the cherished charms
Of Clyde and Teith and Tay.

Thus shall the gallant Lanark lad,
And maiden fair of Perth,
Together in their wedded home
Possess a Scottish hearth ;
And when the evening hours are on,
And thoughts are friendly free,
At home, they'll also be at home
With friends where'er they be.

And we at home will think of them,
And be with them at home;
What is a stretch of land or sea
To hearts which fondly roam?
Then cherish all the kindly ties—
The distant can be near—
To mutually sympathise
And minister good cheer.

## JAMES MOFFAT.

THE two following sketches are from "Poets and Poetry of the Lennox" (Dumbarton: Bennett & Thomson), by Donald Macleod—a well-written, entertaining, and carefully-prepared volume, prized not only by the inhabitants of Dumbarton, but wherever Scotchmen are to be found. Mr Macleod, it ought to be mentioned here, is a gifted, attractive, and versatile writer, and an intelligent and painstaking antiquarian, as his numerous published works prove. These include, amongst others, "The Castle and Town of Dumbarton," "The Lake District of Scotland," "God's Acres of Dumbarton," "Reminiscences of Garelochside," several very popular Tourists' Guides to Lochlomond, Oban, the Clyde district of Dumbartonshire, &c.

Mr Macleod informs us that James Moffat, author of "The Clean Hearth Stane" and some fugitive poetical pieces, belonged to an old family—the Moffats of Stoneyflat, Kirkintilloch—and was a merchant in that town. He died in 1853, and was interred in the burying-ground of the parish. "The Clean Hearth Stane," which has been set to music by James Drummond, is a genuine production of the Scottish muse.

## THE CLEAN HEARTH STANE.

When gloomy gloamin' o'er the lift
  Spreads out his dark'nin' cloud o' gray,
An' doors an' winnocks sneckit tight,
  Keep angry howlin' win's at bay.
Then, Jeanie, in our cosie cot,
  Our bairnies roun' us a' sae fain,
Contentment smilin' o'er our lot,
  We sit beside our clean hearth stane.

The blissfu' hours on downy wings,
  Afore we min' flee by sae sune;
An' sweetly, while my Jeanie sings,
  Her wheel gaes roun' wi' cheerie croon.
Douce, drowsie "Collie" o'er his nap,
  Perplext wi' nocht o' grief an' pain,
Wi' Baudrons thrummin' on his back,
  Lies beekin' on the clean hearth stane.

Auld pawkie Brownie tunes his lyre,
  His sair-won fee to bid us min';
An' frien'ly Hawkie, frae the byre,
  Wad fain let on its milkin' time.
The bairnies roun' the ingle cheek,
  Frae minnie syue their luggies claim,
And tentlessly the crowdie sweet
  They draibble on the clean hearth stane.

Let gowkie Fashion's glaiket slaves
  To gaudy, flauntin' cities run,
'Mang grandeur's halls and splendour's blaze,
  Snell winter's cauldrife breath to shun.
Kin' Heav'n to me my Jeanie lea',
  Nae purer warldly bliss I ken,
Wi' bonnie bairnies on my knee,
  Or smilin' roun' the clean hearth stane.

## AGNES C. M'LINTOCK.

AUTHORESS of "The Broken Plough and Other Poems," published by Charles Glass & Co., Glasgow, in 1877, was born in humble circumstances, was brought up 'mid them, and died in them. She was born in either Gourock or Greenock, and was in womanhood a servant in Glasgow. She came to reside in the village of Old Kilpatrick in 1876 or '77. She and another servant girl had been sent there by the Church they were connected with in Glasgow to recruit, if possible, their impaired health. In 1878, after the death of her companion, Agnes removed to Bowling, and almost immediately began to sink rapidly—a prey to the family disease, consumption. Her fate, although sad, had its alleviations. She was ministered to by many kind friends. she had the consolations of the Gospel, she had the good hope of eternal life, she had a well-spring of poesy and good humour in her soul, which refreshed her greatly during her earthly pilgrimage. She had the satisfaction of seeing her poetic effusions in book form, and two editions of it sold, before she joined the majority.

### THE AULD KIRK KNOCK.

The auld parish kirk boasts a four-faced knock,
But each face is the same, no like that o' *some* folk;
Tae ane an' tae a' Time's flicht it doth tell,
As it booms oot the hours wi' its loud tolling bell.

There's only twal hours on the knock a'thegether,
Some o' them we long for, an' syne we dreid anither;
Each hour on the roun' does a study contain,
That we aye mind afresh when the time comes again.

There's wee, sonsy Jeanie cam' tae us at *twa*,
An' at *three* in the mornin' oor Jim slipped awa';

At *four* the next day Willie gaed tae the sea—
That was a sair heart-break tae faither an' me.

There's Tommy, the loon tae the latest wad sit,
An' then in the mornin' he'll no mudge a bit ;
When the knock it chaps *five* he'll threip it's jist *three*—
Sic a pest in the mornin' that laddie's tae me.

When to schule an' tae work I ha'e got them a' oot,
The knock's chappin *ane* ere I'm richt steered aboot ;
In they rush for their dinner wi' hungersome wame,
For thae kind o' horses aye ken the road hame.

I like when the hauns o' the knock come tae nicht,
When the day's bustle's bye, an' a' thing's put richt ;
Then I've time tae sit doon an' get thinkin' a wee
On the days that are gane and the day that's tae be.

But what's in the future we here dinna ken,
Tho' whiles we feel fain tae tak' a keek ben ;
We wad aye like tae see what things will befa'—
Had that for us been gude we'd ha'e kent it an' a'.

How little we think, as the sound we dae hear,
Each hour the knock chaps brings oor last hour mair near,
Though hard 'tis tae pairt frae oor loved an' oor ain,
At the last trumpet's sound we'll a' meet again.

## W. D. WHITE,

AUTHOR of the following verses, was born in Dundee in 1864—his father being a shipmaster. Mr White attended Meadowside Academy and the High School, which he left in 1880, when he went to Nottingham to join his relations, who had preceded him. There he was apprenticed to the lace designing, and, having learned the business, he removed in 1888 to Newmilns, Ayrshire, where he is now employed as a lace designer by the well-known firm of Messrs Hood,

Morton, & Co. He takes a warm interest in the work of the Literary Society and Young Men's Christian Association. He has a strong sympathy with Nature, and prefers the rural life with which he is surrounded to the bustle and noise of the city. Though at rare intervals he contributes neat, thoughtful, and reflective verse to the columns of the *Galston Supplement*, we are informed that he lays no claim to the name of poet, considering it too sacred a name to be applied to anyone who can "string a dozen lines of rhyme together in a manner to be tolerated."

### WHEN AT THY SIDE.

When at thy side, in sweet content,
I pass love's summer hour,
And all my heart, on thee intent,
Feels love's entrancing power,
Ah! then I know how sweet is life,
How fair the earth and sky,
How sweet the song which fills the air
With joyous melody.

'Tis then I hear a whispering
Borne on the evening breeze,
'Tis then I hear the brooklets sing
Among the bending trees;
Then all the earth and all the sky
Their thousand voices raise—
When at thy side, in sweet content,
I pass love's summer days.

### ANTICIPATION.

Where shall I find on earth a kindred soul?
Where is the loving heart who waits for me?
Where is the friend whose love, divine and whole,
Shall help me o'er the voyage of Life's sea?
Still do I wait for one who never comes,
And hope, and hope, with expectation sweet,
Like one anticipating him who roams,
T' return, and claim the long-neglected seat.
O, must I pass through all Life's bitter strife,
Without a love on which to rest my head

When weary with the burden of this life,
When envious of the calmly quiet dead?
O, will she never come for whom I yearn,
And yearning weep, and weeping, patience learn?

## LONELINESS.

Love's summer hour I've lived, and, near at hand,
Creeps on the winter of my loneliness.
Faded the brightness of this sunny land,
And dark'ning clouds obscure its loveliness;
Lost is the song which charmed the evening breeze;
Faded the flower, all drooping but to die;
Turned to sad sighing is the song of trees—
Nothing is beauteous when thou art not nigh.
O Love, my loved one, in this lonely day,
Shine on my life and cheer the winter's gloom.
Then shall I hear again the songster's lay,
Then see again all Nature's quick'ning bloom;
For without thee I cannot find on earth
Aught of its beauty, hopefulness, or mirth.

## WINTER.

The wintry wind is howling loud,
  The days are dark and drear;
My spirit finds in leaden cloud
  A comfort and a cheer—
    For in my heart dark winter reigns,
    I seek her solace in my pains.

The shining sun no joy imparts,
  The birds no message bring,
Nor Nature in her many arts
  Can make my spirit sing.
    I like the darkness and the gloom,
    I like the hornèd winter moon.

I like the bitter, biting blast,
  It bears my weary thought
Upon its wings, until 'tis cast
  Where it can harm one nought.
    In its wild rudeness I can find
    Some comfort for my troubled mind.

Then, welcome coldness, wind, and rain!
  Welcome the gloomy day!

What! shall I seek the sun again
When well I know no ray
Can pierce the darkness that was left
When Life was found of Love bereft?

## WITH HER I LOVE.

Lonely I linger far from her I love,
Lonely I gaze into the stars above;
And, looking forward to the weary years,
My spirit seeks, through eyes bedimmed with tears,
To catch some glimpse of a benignant ray,
Which, speaking to my longing heart, will say—
"I'll live with her I love."

The thought—that in this present life
Of hopes deferred, of anxious cares so rife,
Of purest love unblest, of toils whose end
Are but as failures—seems to me to lend
Some hope that in a life completer far
We'll reap the interest of the years that are
Beset with trials, and which serve to show
That this is not our rest, that here below
We wait the summons to a better land,
In which our life, in complete fulness grand,
Shall find the larger hope that yet will fall
In finished fulness upon each and all;
And, feeling in my soul that this is true,
I gaze again into the heavenly blue,
And catch a glimpse of a benignant ray,
Which, speaking to my longing heart, does say—
"I'll live with her I love."

Content with this, I wander thro' the years,
Content with this, mine eyes, tho' dim with tears,
Pierce the thick veil, and then I see again
The form of her whose parting gave me pain,
Beckoning me on into that heavenly way
To which I strive, and then I'll fully say—
"I'll live with her I love."

## REV. ARCHIBALD DEWAR

WAS born at Pathhead, Kirkcaldy, in 1792, and died there in 1855. He was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and for some time taught a school in Kirkcaldy. Mr Dewar never had a charge. He "came out" under the Independent body, and for short periods preached for all denominations throughout the country. For a considerable part of his life he preached in England. He was a contributor to *Blackwood*, and many other magazines and periodicals.

### A LAMENTATION FOR ZION.

Oh, Judah! the land where religion was cradled,
The birthplace of Him who is holy and just,
My heart heaves a sigh and my spirit is troubled
To think that thy glories are laid in the dust.

Oh, yes, they are gone, they have fled like a vision,
Like a dream of the night or "a tale that is told";
They vanished like smoke in "the day of decision"—
The day long predicted by prophets of old.

Oh, children of Zion! thy cities are wasted,
Thy land is devoured by an infidel horde:
Gone are the pleasures thine ancestors tasted
When marching in companies to worship the Lord.

Jerusalem, the place where the tribes were collected
For solemn devotion, is torn by the plough:
Its sons they are scattered, abandoned, rejected,
Its splendour and greatness—oh, where are they now?

And where now the temple—the pride and the glory
Of Israel's descendants—where can it be found?
Alas—ah, alas!—it is only a story,
It lives—for its structure is razed to the ground.

No sacrifice there, and no incense ascending
From altars of brass or from censers of gold;

But Zion shall triumph—her conflicts are ending,
She still is beloved by the fathers of old.

The period shall come that was long since predicted
By seers and by prophets inspired by the Lord,
When Abraham's children—long, long rejected—
Will trust in that Saviour whom Abra'm adored

Oh, yes, they shall come from the isles of the ocean,
From places afar, to their fathers unknown,
Shall march into Judah, with sacred emotion,
And call all the hills and the mountains their own ;

Shall lift up a standard inscribed with "salvation '
To Him who was slain but now lives evermore—
The Shiloh of old, set at nought by their nation,
The Lord everlasting, whom angels adore.

Shall say—"This is He who is strong to deliver,
Although by our fathers rejected, despised ;
We shall dwell in the cities of Judah for ever,
And triumph and reign o'er the uncircumcised."

## THE WISH.

I wish a heart resign'd to Heaven's decree,
Where'er His providence shall fix my lot,
To feel contented wheresoe'er I be—
'Mong haunts of men, or in a lonely cot.

Oh, for a covert from the sweeping blast
When its tremendous howl is heard on high,
Where sheltered I shall find myself at last,
And only hear it as it passes by ;

And there to meditate on Him who reigns
Enthroned in Heaven, where nothing can alarm,
The great I Am, who every world sustains
By the almighty rigour of His arm.

Retired from tumult, and removed from strife,
In blest placidity the moments fly ;
The mind is soothed amidst the ills of life,
To leave the things of time and soar on high ;

To draw the veil that intercepts our view,
That hangs around the mansions of the blest,
To see that land with passions form'd anew—
That happy land where holy spirits rest.

The righteous there forever shall abide
In perfect peace, secure from every foe;
The God of Holiness their feet shall guide
To blissful streams, where pleasures ever flow.

Oh, for that rest, that bliss beyond the skies,
Where all the ransomed hitherto have gone;
Where hallelujahs ever shall arise
To Him who lives and reigns upon the throne.

To enter there when time with me shall cease,
To dwell in bliss, to strike a golden lyre,
To see the King of Glory face to face,
Is all I wish, is all that I desire.

## JAMES DEWAR,

AUTHOR of the following pieces, was born at Pathhead, Kirkcaldy, and was educated as a surgeon at Edinburgh University under the late Dr Knox and the other Professors of his time. He acted as surgeon on board several whaleships, and was no fewer than seven times across the Atlantic. He was also sometime teacher in St Andrew's School, Dundee, and in various other places throughout the kingdom, and he ultimately became a house-agent in Edinburgh. Mr Dewar frequently contributed thoughtful prose, and verse of a melodious and very pleasing nature, to various magazines and periodicals, and died at Jock's Lodge, Edinburgh, in 1877.

### ELIZA.

When morning star, with twinkling ray,
Gives place to the bright orb of day,
The lav'rock sings with cheerful lay
The songs of love, Eliza.

Though sweet's the lily wet with dew,
Though blooms the rose with gorgeous hue,
There's not a flower, my love, like you—
So sweetly fair, Eliza.

The roses lose their glorious bloom,
The lilies lose their rich perfume,
Nought dispels my soul's gloom
Like thy smiles, Eliza.

Opes there a bud for me so fair?
Blooms there a flower for me so rare?—
Fortune may frown and bring me care,
All love art thou, Eliza.

When morning-star, with twinkling ray,
Gives place to the bright orb of day,
When lav'rocks sing their cheerful lay,
Then come with me, Eliza.

## I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember, the wood-bin'd cot where I was born,
And my little chamber window, lit by earliest peep of morn;
It never came a whit too soon, nor seemed too long a day—
For in those hours of innocence I thought of nought but play.

I remember, I remember, the ancient oak, with spreading arms,
Under whose shade I felt protected, safe from all this world's alarms;
But, alas! maturer years, I find, have no such joys for me,
As when in infant purity I sported round that tree.

I remember, I remember, the little terraced garden wild,
Where each bud and opening flower shed its vernal odours mild;
And also at that garden foot a crystal streamlet murmured by,
Where I went to see reflected the azure hues of summer sky.

And I, too, remember well the features of my mother's face,
Which ever must, with warm affection, bind my heart to that dear place;
But God thought fit to take her ere right I knew or felt her care—
Oh! may He guide my soul to Heaven, then surely I shall meet her there.

# A. K. DORWARD,

A SOLDIER-POET, was born at the village of Letham, Forfarshire, in 1866. Weaving being the staple industry in most Scotch villages then, his parents followed this humble occupation, and the "clickerty-clack" of the loom was the lullaby our poet received in his infancy. His father was for many years precentor in the parish church of Dunnichen, but he died when the subject of our sketch was but a "toddlin' wean." Boyhood's days were passed much the same as those of most village lads—a striking feature being a great love of roaming among the woods and braes around Vinney-side. After a fair education, he left school in 1880, and went to learn the tailoring trade, which proved not at all congenial to his roving disposition. He only remained with his first master about eighteen months, when he removed to Drumlithie, where he resided nearly three years. Here he began first to write verse, but did not then venture to ask for their publication in any newspaper. After a short stay in Dundee, he returned to his native place, working for a time with his first employer. We afterwards find him at Balbeggie, Perthshire, and subsequently at Dunfermline, where he resided during one of the happiest years of his life. In 1887 he enlisted in the 71st Highland L. I. Although as yet only "Private Dorward," he enjoys his military career, having already seen "good bits" of "Ould Ireland" and "Merry England," and writes an occasional "Ode to the 71st." His "Love o' Lang Syne," "Idvie's Woods," "Farewell," and other reflective pieces, however, show that his heart is still in the Highlands and around the scenes of his childhood. He is an occasional contributor to the *Weekly News*, the *Arbroath Herald*,

and other papers. His pieces possess a pleasing rhythm, and he generally sings with good taste, and with considerable effect on ever-popular themes.

### THE BONNIE WOODS O' FYVIE.

Come, my lassie, let us stray,
By mossy bank and whinny brae,
Whaur birdies sweetly chant their lay,
  Amang the Woods o' Fyvie.
Doon by bonnie Denvilair,
We'll breathe the bracin' mountain air,
An' view Dame Nature's face so fair,
  Amang the Woods o' Fyvie.

'Mang scented birks, in sylvan grove,
Whaur birds pour forth their sangs o' love,
Enchanted wi' the scene, we'll rove
  Amang the Woods o' Fyvie.
Doon whaur the Ythan—lovely stream—
Reflects the sun's resplendent beam,
Of future joys we'll fondly dream,
  Amang the Woods o' Fyvie.

Doon by the bonnie Braes o' Gight,
Whaur leafy trees shut oot th' licht,
Come, let us wander till the nicht
  Reigns o'er the Woods o' Fyvie.
Whaur Gight's auld Castle, robed in green,
An' Craigs o' Horror wild are seen,
Come, let us roam, my bonnie Jean,
  'Mang bonnie Woods o' Fyvie.

### OUR JACK.

He used to be sae fu' o' glee,
  Sae cheery, oh, sae cheery!
An' kindness sparkled in his e'e,
  Sae cheery, oh, sae cheery!
But fever laid our comrade low,
Snatched from his cheek health's ruddy glow,
And when he spoke 'twas faint an' slow—
  "I'm weary, oh, I'm weary!"

Soon death upon him laid his hand,
  Sae sadly, oh, sae sadly!
His spirit fled to a better land,
  Sae gladly, oh! sae gladly!

To dwell amongst the bless'd an' free,
To dwell forever, Lord, with Thee,
Through all the long eternity,
  Sae gladly, oh, sae gladly!

"Land o' th' Leal" the pipers play,
  Sae dowie, oh, sae dowie!
With sad, slow step we march away,
  Sae dowie, oh, sae dowie!
Our hearts repeat the melting strains,
As, free from earthly trials and pains,
We lower our comrade Jack's remains,
  Sae dowie, oh, sae dowie!

Three volleys o'er his grave we fire,
  Sae eerie, oh, sae eerie!
The bugles sound and we retire,
  Sae weary, oh, sae weary!
Sad are our hearts as we homeward tread,
Thinking of him now cold and dead,
Who for his Queen and country bled,
  Sae cheery, oh, sae cheery!

When the last trumpet sounds above,
  Sae clearly, oh, sae clearly!
We'll meet the laddie that we love
  Sae dearly, oh, sae dearly!
Where, free from all our trials and woes,
Where love unbounded sweetly flows,
We'll on our Saviour's breast repose,
  Sae cheer'ly, oh, sae cheer'ly!

## NATURE'S JOYS.

Did ye ever hear the lav'rock sing
  His mornin' sang on hie?
Did ye ever hear the woodlands ring
  Wi' the blackbird's joyous glee?
Did ye ever hear the mavis rant
  Frae early morn till late?
Did ye ever hear the lintie chant
  A love sang to his mate?

Was ye ever whaur the burnie rowes
  Amang auld Scotia's hills?
Or wander 'mang the broomy knowes,
  Or by sweet murmurin' rills?
Was ye ever whaur the heather bell
  Spreads oot its leaves sae blue?

Did ye ever court in fairy dell
The lassie that ye loe?

If no', tak' my advice an' gang
To the sweet vale o' Strathmore,
Whaur I hae strayed the hale day lang
In happy days o' yore;
There I've listen'd to the lav'rock's lay
As he sang sae sweet an' clear,
An' wandered ower the ferny brae
Wi' ane that I lo'e dear.

By the burnie's side I've aften strayed
As it wimpled to the sea,
An' thro' the glen at gloamin' gaed
Dame Nature's sweets to pree.
Then come, my lads, to the heather braes,
To the corrie, craig, an' glen,
There let us spend the summer days
Far frae the haunts o' men.

## WILLIAM GIFFORD,

SECOND son of the late well-known Captain John Gifford, was born at Limekilns, on the Forth. After passing through all the grades of seamanship, Mr Gifford reached the high position of Extra Mastership under Government Examination and also government certificate for steam examination. He saw much active service when the Danish war was at its height, as well as during the Crimean Campaign, and after eighteen years of almost incessant toil he relinquished the profession. Having represented for some years several collieries in Fife, he removed to Leith, where he became a very active labourer amongst the city arabs and lapsed masses. He also contributed prose and verse to a number of periodicals, and wrote a good

deal on the subject of education previous to and during the controversy over the Educational Act of 1872. Mr Gifford is a gifted platform speaker, and possesses a rich full-toned voice, capable of filling the largest hall.

In 1874, the eminent divine, Dr Johnstone of Limekilns, under whose ministry Mr Gifford had been brought up, died, and considering the great influence the Doctor exercised on many public questions, it was considered that his works should be preserved in a memorial volume. This laborious duty was undertaken by our poet, was successfully accomplished, and was published by Wm. Oliphant & Coy., Edinburgh. It was very favourably reviewed by the home and colonial press. Space, however, fails us to enumerate his many literary productions—serious, satirical, and humorous—including several other memorial volumes, tributes of affection, collections of his articles and sketches on educational questions which brought him into correspondence with eminent educationists, and others. As a poet he has mostly hitherto only been known as the author (under the initial "G") of numerous thoughtful poems, melodious lyrics, and well-sustained ballads partaking of much of the old-style flavour. All his compositions are fluent and facile, and are characterised by comprehensive and graceful fancy. We give the following specimens of Mr Gifford's style and thought.

### OCEAN.

On ocean I gaze—see its dark billows roll,
Fierce lashed by the tempest, yet high soars my soul;
I stand 'mid the wars 'tween the great sea and heaven,
While spare shrouded crafts through the madness is driven.

On ocean I gaze—see its wild foaming wave
That now rolls over those once tender, once brave;
Watch the mad driven spray, gleaming far o'er the lee,
That dashes o'er dreamers 'neath the foam-crested sea.

On ocean I gaze—look far down through the deep ;
Methinks I see loved ones lie rocking asleep,
Tossed 'mid the waves of their dark heaving bed,
That sway the vast grave of a brave, mighty dead.

On ocean I gaze—hear the craft's timbers creak ;
She bends to the breeze as it kisses her cheek :
She springs like a bird o'er the broad ocean bound,
'Tis the ocean beneath—'tis ocean all round.

Now, gazing on ocean, how peaceful its breast,
On its bosom no war, its waters at rest :
Where hurricanes swept 'tis an unruffled wave ;
Like ocean is man, from his birth to his grave.

## DEATHLESS.

Vitality is longing to be free ;
The body lies like helpless wreck at sea,
'Mid driving foam and gale ;
Earth tries, but can no more its votary cheer ;
Great portals of unknown hang open near
The worn-out, shivering sail.

Mortality a dark, grim sky doth see,
In anger looming ; while, o'er dreaded lee,
Death's breakers, racing foam,
The battle's great ! Amid the war we trace
The soul, glimmering in sunk eye, and face,
And anxious to get home.

Hush ! lightly breathe ; the earthly part is dead ;
From out its eyes the gleam of life has fled—
A Being, yet a breath,
Escorted, guarded by Angelic train
To its great home. Will it come back again ?
It must ; He conquered Death.

Here sorrow's children sad, care-laden mourn,
Once o'er the darksome, great, dividing bourne,
Earth's Shackles burst, and free,
What's spirit flies. Far, hidden from our view
Its rest, Fancy fain yon heavenly blue
Would penetrate and see.

Faith sees enthroned the ransomed sinner's King,
Arrayed in light, and myriads round Him sing,
As upward the soul flies ;
Faith sees saints glorified, streets golden tread,
Their souls again to their Great Maker wed ;
What's spirit never dies.

## LIFE ONLY IN LOVE.

Bravely all life's evils facing,
Helen sat in wounded pride,
In her fancy fondly tracing
All he said while by her side.

What he told her she had cherished ;
But he cometh back no more—
Absent he, Love's life has perished,
Like a bark on rocky shore.

Gazing still ; Hope sadly straining ;
Eyelids weary, heart betrayed—
" Life is hopeless 'neath love's waning,
If he come not," sighed the maid.

Weep, O heart ! sad life lone dying,
Love has given place to woe ;
Weep, O heart ! sad life fast flying,
When love s candle's burning low.

What are mortals isolated
From their like, but a vain show ;
But when pure and truly mated,
'Tis a heaven begun below.

Life unloved, like maiden weeping,
Sadly racks its restless breast ;
Longs to go to endless sleeping—
Blot out self, and be at rest.

Ah ! Life's life is what we make it,
As we pass o'er hill and plain ;
From ourselves its cue we take it,
And we weave our joy or pain.

Weavers all ! Life's web we handle,
Never dreaming how we spin ;
Short the thread is if we dandle
It o'er treach'rous sea of sin.

Wayfarers ! Life's tide is hasting
From your tenements of clay ;
Soon must stop this constant wasting,
Lovers ! then hope's gone for aye.

## THE LAST MAN.

In reverie alone stood he,
Viewing destruction vast;
No men to weep, as o'er the deep
Drove broken sail and mast.

Last man, he saw, as Death did draw
O'er him its dark, deep veil,
All fair things rift, floating adrift,
Without a helm or sail.

Monk-like he stood—earth sank through flood,
Floods rose to yawning sky,
All without form; 'mid wreck and storm
Alone stood he to die.

With a weird eye he viewed the sky,
Saw floods seething in foam,
Saw transient flash, earth's tragic crash,
And heaven's falling dome.

Lone stood he there—death everywhere—
Earth's oldest, youngest son;
Last mortal he, who lived to see
Mortality's race run.

Wond'rous career! Earth's only seer
Had no one he could greet;
Life, time, night, day had passed away
'Neath his imperial feet.

Time struck no more on dismal shore,
Sun did not earth caress;
All compeers gone, he stood alone,
A king in peerlessness.

Momentous fate! the opening great
Of what was timeless all,
To hear and see—for aye to be
Immortal! eternal!

## THE MYSTIC.

He was not of you, him ye could not know;
He saw vast worlds sweep through unruffled air,
Enjoyed their life amid unbroken light;
He sipped the sweets which flowed from imageries

His fancy framed. Ye, grovelling, scrambled near
To where he was; ye wondered, pitied him
For what ye weakness named. While ye did lie
'Mid misery and woe, he traversed far
The glorious infinite, and converse
Held with what was nought to you. Ye called him
Selfish when, in wonder wrapt, near where ye
Breathed, he saw in rapturous ecstasy
Celestial lights, of which ye nothing knew.
And yet 'tis but a step to the Unseen.
As in a dream, he trod the paths of earth,
And dearly loved it for the sake of Him
Who died for those who rebels were.
While ye were groping for the way, he saw,
Felt, loved the pleasures of Infinity.
'Mong flowers he loved to dwell, for hours would watch
Their life; he spoke of them as symbols sweet
Of Heaven's love, as shadows faint of those
That bloom in Paradise, and, glowing, twine
Their beauteous, gentle forms around and o'er
The bowers of bliss. The murmurs of the brook
Were to him songs; oft would he sit beside
The stream, wrapt in himself. The river's dash,
The deep's dark-rolling waves—through these he gazed,
Saw lovely forms that once had been as gay
As you. Beyond yon heavenly blue he soared,
Aloft, wrapt in the thunder-cloud. His soul
Was free; through space he soared, passed mighty worlds
Saw suns unknown to earth revolving, clad
In glory of volcanic flame. Ye knew
Him not. Life without death was his—true life
Can never taste of death. He saw afar,
Remote, a triune glory veiled. The bounds
Of what is known he passed, and reached the home
Of love, truth, and light. Once favoured was he;
Saw a flickering spark of earthly life
Near where he was; it struggled hard to soar
To heights sublime, pure, and serene; he saw
It reach the highest mountain-peak of earth,
It for a moment glittered in the light
Reflected from yon unknown Orb—then sank
To rise no more. Its birth was death! Ye wept,
Because it was of you. Like circles great,
Which circle in, and from, and to themselves,
Eternal, endless is Thought. Ye pitied
Him! He tried to love you and your jollity.
Above, afar, are light and love; around,
Beneath, are woe and death. Ye knew him not!
Near God he lived, and he was not of you.

## DONALD MACDONALD,

AUTHOR of "Will o' the Wisp Flashes," a selection of stories, sketches, essays, and poems, was born in 1846 at Thurso, Caithness—his father and mother being both natives of that place. He attended the parochial school until he was twelve years old, and then went as apprentice clerk to John Hay, who was factor for J. G. T. Sinclair, now Sir Tollemache Sinclair of Ulbster, where he remained two years. He was afterwards clerk to the late Donald M'Kay, Thurso, at that time one of the largest farmers in Scotland. In 1867 he joined his family, who had meantime removed to Dundee, where he obtained the situation of book-keeper and cashier to Charles Parker & Son, Ladybank Foundry, the senior of the firm being at the time Provost of Dundee. In this position he remained about thirteen years, and then started business for himself as mill furnisher and machinery agent. This he carried on for two years, during which he had a lengthened sojourn on the Continent, visiting places in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. On his return he was six years employed as cashier and book-keeper to a Dundee firm, after which he again began business on his own account as a commission agent.

Mr Macdonald began to write verses over twenty years ago, several poems being published in the Dundee *Weekly News*. For some eight or ten years thereafter he wrote occasional pieces—poetry and prose—chiefly to the *People's Friend*, in which the series of "Fellows I Have Known," "A Search for Common Sense," "The Courtship and Marriage of T. Tomkins," and the poem "Wishing for the Moon," &c., appeared. "Rory Muggs" was a prize story in the *People's Journal*. He

also contributed tales and verses to the *Caithness Courier*, and wrote several "Farces," which were acted by amateur companies on various occasions. He studied the Popish controversy, and gained the £10 prize offered by the late Dr Duff for the best essay on "The Claims of the Popes to Supreme Temporal Sovereignty." For about ten years he almost entirely gave up literary work, only contributing occasional letters on current topics to the newspapers. The admirable "Lectures by Old Blogg," and several of the clever stories in the volume we have referred to, were written recently, as were also a number of poems in that work. In both his prose and poetry Mr Macdonald displays literary ability of a high order, and his imagination and humour appear to be as spontaneous as they are rich and happy. Keen observation of men and manners is shown in his sketches of "Fellows I Have Known," while his "Joe Wood," in the style of Hood, is considered little inferior to anything the great humourist ever wrote. He can dress up wise saws in the most grotesque and quaint garb; while his reflective verse is neat and pleasing. It is clear that his forte is humour, combined with a vein of satire, which he makes judicious use of in the most diverting manner by treating of the weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of his fellows.

### JOCK M'GEE: A TALE.

A'body kent big Jock M'Gee;
A burly son o' toil was he—
By trade a joiner, but he could
Dae ony kind o' wark in wood;
Was baith cartwright and undertaker—
Wheelwright tae, and cabinetmaker;
Nor wad he stick if he were sought
Tae pent a sign or build a boat.
But still a'e muckle faut had he—
Sometimes he wad get on the spree.
He wadna stop until he found

Himself completely run aground—
Then penniless upo' the shore
O' lake Repentance he'd deplore
His miserable lot, and swear
He'd never pree the gill-stoup mair.
But to begin my tale—A'e nicht
Whan Jock was juist aboot the heicht
O' a'e gran' spree—he'd drinkin' been
In company wi' Joe M'Queen,
Doon intae Luckie Mousie's den.
Their freendship they were pledgin', when
The hour arrived which puts a stop
To drinkin' in a public shop.
Aince oot intae the open air
They baith began tae rage and swear
Against Mackenzie's Act ; the law,
The Parliament, an' Queen an' a'
Received their share o' drucken spleen—
They got their reddin'-up, I ween.
Upo' the subject baith had got
Sae eloquent an' madly hot,
That ere they had gane far thegither
Each had forgot aboot the ither ;
An' whan the Steeple Kirk was reached
M'Queen still fumed, an' sware, an' preached
Juist the stane wa's, for he had lost
His freend before the street he crossed.
Jock, whan he found he was alone,
A street pump sat him down upon,
Expectin' soon his chum t' appear.
He looked about him far and near,
An' waited lang, but ne'er cam' Joe,
Till wearied he resolved tae go.
An' staicherin' aince mair tae his feet
He fand he'd got nae better beat
But mak' for hame. He reached the door
An' fand it barred : a chill cam' ower
His frame, for now remembered he,
When last nicht he was on the spree,
Betty, his wife, kicked up a row—
Ca'd him a dirty, drucken sow ;
An' at him her twa big fists clenchin'—
Wi' epithets we daurna mention ;
Swore upo' aith by a' that's blue
That if the neist nicht he was fou
He'd bide ootside, for she wad lock
The outer door at ten o'clock.
Sae, poor man, Jock was in a swither
What tae dae—to knock or whether
He'd bide ootside till mornin' licht ;

But then it was a frosty nicht,
An' he wi' claes was nae weel happed,
He screwed up courage, an' he rapped.
A noise he heard, an' looked aboon,
There at the window, in nicht-goon,
Was his gude-wife. In wrath she cried—
"Wha's knockin' there?" Poor Jock replied—
"It's me—yer husband—ope the door
An' lat me in this a'e nicht more."
"Husband! husband indeed," quo' she;
"It's ye i'st—drucken Jock M'Gee?
Get aff, man, far frae oot my sicht,
Ye winna cross this door the nicht."
In no guid mood was Jock, I trow,
But desperation seized him now.
"Gude-bye for ever, then," cried he,
"Nae mair alive ye will me see;
My bluid be on yer guilty heid,
The morn ye'll get me hame stiff deid."
"Then I'll be pleased," said dame M'Gee,
An' weel rid o' a beast like ye;"
An' instantly drew in her heid,
The window closed, an' gaed tae bed.
Jock ne'er looked back; wi' a' his speed
He ran. Upo' the dreadfu' deed
Resolved was he, an' a' the way
These words he micht be heard to say—
"I will dae it—yes, I'll dae it—
She'll mebbie in the mornin' rue it;
My body dreepin' frae the sea
Will be a gran' revenge for me."
Meantime he reached the wimplin' burn,
An' loupin' ower it, took a turn
Straicht for the precipice, whaur he
Proposed to leap. The roarin' sea
Loud sounded in his ears, but still
His purpose firm remained. "I will,"
He muttered, as upo' the brink
At last he stood, nor did he shrink.
Wi' a'e bold spring, oot ower he reeled
An' landed in--a tatie field!
A piece of ground which slanted doon
Unto the sea, while high aboon
On either side steep rocks did rise.
Tae ane it wad ga'e nae surprise,
Wha kent the place, tae hear that Jock
Mistook this for anither rock,
An' mair especially, too,
The nicht bein' dark, an' he bein fou'.
On makin' sic a desperate jump,

He strack the ground wi' fearfu' thump,
Which dang him senseless on the spot.
But shortly he some better got,
An' by-an'-by wis lookin' roond,
An' wonderin' hoo he wisna drooned.
"I see it now," at length he cried—
"I jamp, an' didna ken the tide
Wis back." Then graspiu' tattie shaws
Wi' baith his hands, "Whate'er befa's,
Here will I bide," he said: "here bide
Until comes in again the tide.
I'll by the *tangles* here haud on,
Until the sea has ower me flown."
Determined full his threat tae keep,
He soon fell ower in drunken sleep.
The news neist mornin' quickly spread,
That Jeck M'Gee had been found dead.
This proved, by luck, untrue, although
For many weeks he was laid low
Upo' a bed o' grief an' pain.
Before he did his strength regain.
Wi' lyin' oot he got a cold
Which took upo' his banes a hold,
An' he rheum-pains had to bear,
Which vexed him lang and racked him sair.
But, as folks say, there ne'er was yet
An ill win' but blew good wi' it,
Sae unto Jock this awfu' nicht
A blessing proved—he got a fricht
Which spained him frae the drunkard's cup.
He drank nae mair, clean gave it up,
An' lived a douce an' sober man
Till end o' his allotted span.

## JOE WOOD.

Joe Wood, he was a carpenter,
A straight-edged man of rules;
A cold once seized upon his chest,
And a thief upon his tools.

He called his wife in through the panes,
And tho' much pained, he kissed her;
She placed a blister to his chest,
And for her pains he blessed her.

Next day he found his pain removed,
H tool-chest likewise gone;
"Tis plain I cannot plane," he 'plained,
"For planes I now have none."

To quench his grief and drink relief,
He drank a pint of gin ;
His wife she thought a screw was loose,
When he came hammering in.

"You're on the beer !" she quick exclaimed ;
"Not so," said Mr Wood,
"But being in so great a strait,
I've got a little screwed.

"You know I have no compass now,
Tho' compassed round with care ;
My square is also stolen away,
And hence I'm off the square.

"I ne'er again shall see my saw,
Nor mend your chairs and stools ;
Oh, may the thief be braced to bits
Who chiselled all my tools.

"I am indeed a hard-ruled man,
If I ain't ruined, *axe* me ;
To think I cannot cramp a frame,
Cramps all my frame and racks me.

"And now I sit upon the bench,
And on my panels gaze ;
No rays of hope within me rise,
Another pint to raise.

"To dream of being a gentleman
I henceforth must forbear
For if I cannot drive a nail,
I cannot drive a pair."

## RETROSPECTION.

How sweet in life to cast
A retrospective glance ;
What fond remembrances we find
Fast flooding in upon the mind,
Of scenes and sports which once
We loved to share,
Enjoyments rare,
Now numbered with the fleeting things that were.

Blest childhood's happy dawn,
Of all our days the best,

When round a father's knee we play'd,
Or on his loving bosom laid
Our little heads to rest;
When first we heard,
With brightening eyes,
About a happy land beyond the skies.

Our school and playmates near;
The schoolmaster so kind,
To whom we lisped our A B C,
And thought that none so wise as he
In all the world could find.
How rapidly,
Before mind's eye,
These youthful scenes in bright succession fly.

But now those days have passed
Like dreams with morning light;
And scenes more stern our minds engage.
Yet though around us storms may rage,
Still onward let us fight,
And play our part
With stedfast heart,
Till from life's stage we shall at last depart.

## ANTHONY MITCHELL, M.A.

No one can doubt that, with the current of change that is transforming the Scotch Universities, undergraduatedom is expanding. The expansion is evidenced in the development of a literary tendency among students; and Mr Anthony Mitchell is a typical example of this tendency. He is, or rather was, one of an energetic band of students in Aberdeen University, who have done much for the oldest Scotch academic magazine—*Alma Mater*—or who have not fallen short of the literary traditions of a University that counts among her sons George MacDonald and Walter Smith.

Born in Aberdeen in 1868, Mr Mitchell migrated with his family to the village of Insch, when he was eight years old, and two years later to Port Elphinstone, Inverurie, made memorable by the author of the "Mitherless Bairn." In 1882 he went to the Aberdeen Grammar School, and it was here that he began his literary efforts, by contributions to the School magazine. Mr Mitchell was an excellent scholar, especially in classics, and in 1886 he entered Aberdeen University as fourth bursar. During his second session he joined the editorial staff of *Alma Mater*, and continued on it till 1890, when he graduated with first class honours in classics, besides carrying off the Dr Black prize and the Seafield Gold Medal for Latin. In the summer of 1889 he spent two terms at Cambridge, but turning his thoughts to the Church in 1890, he entered the Theological Hall of the Episcopal Church of Scotland as first Walker Bursar.

Although Mr Mitchell's work was known to a small circle in the University, it was not till the spring of 1890, when he revealed himself in a dainty little booklet entitled "Tatters from a Student's Gown." Here he is seen in all moods and measures—"merry, wise, quaint, grim, one by one, or all at once." To the purely academic reader the fine imitations of Scott, Swinburne, Byron, Chaucer, and Tennyson, which open the book under the titles of "Hora Naturalhistorica," "Hora Moralphilosophica," "Hora Mathematica," "Hora Anglica," and "Hora Græca"— are perhaps the most enjoyable items. They are very clever indeed, and show what is perhaps Mr Mitchell's strongest point—humour. In the "melting mood," he is not perhaps so strong, but his humorous verses are far above the average of current work of the kind. As might be expected, Mr Mitchell can wield the "mither tongue" with ease. His "Legend of the

Maiden Stone of Benachie," which has taken the fancy of poets long before Mr Mitchell, will compare with any of the many ballads on the subject, but is too long for quotation here.

## THE MEENISTER'S GWEED BLACK COAT.

The meenister wantit a new black coat,
An' the tailor tae honour a customer gweed,
Sat shapin' an' stitchin' baith early an' late
Wi' the finest o' claith an' the stootest o' threid;
An' in less than a week,
Fu' glossy an' sleek,
'Twas ready the maker's gweed name tae promote,
An' wi' grave an' wi' gay,
For mony a day,
The preencipal topic o' a' conversation
Was the meenister's new black coat!

The meenister's face was as reid an' as roon'
As the hairst meen that peeps ower the tap o' a hill,
His waistcoat wad hadden a sack fu' o' meal—
For he drank something stronger than water or yill;
Yet nane wad aloo
That he ever was foo,
Tho' they thocht noo-an'-than he'd a gey hantle o't;
"But *that* flee," said a',
Winna stick tae the wa'"—
An' the bodie was hadden in high veneration
Because o' his gweed black coat!

The meenister's sermons were feckless an' dry,
An' sent a' the gweedly tae sleep i' their seats;
While the younger an' graceless the time wad employ
Wi' smirkin', an' daffin', an' passin' o' sweets.
For an' 'oor by the clock
Aye the meenister spoke;
Wha sleepit or hearken't he cared nae a groat;
An' a' body thocht
Things war as they ocht,
An' trowed him a richt ane tae mak' an oration,
Because o' his gweed black coat!

Alas an' alack! on a day it befell
That his reverence was lyin' richt sickly an' ill;
An' the doctors that cam' said he'd rise nae again,
Tho' they plied him wi' pheesic, an' droogt him wi' pill,

It was as they said
An' ae day he was laid
In the mool; an' then fowk's tongues waggit a lot;
But whaure'er he has gane,
There is ae thing I ken—
Nae cheenge was made in his destination
Because o' the gweed black coat!

## THE DYING GLADIATOR.

My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
A great, dark cloud is gathering o'er me!
Cold are the rays of the mid-day sun,
And dark is the river that flows before me!
Gone is the strength that late upbore me,
My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
A great, dark cloud is gathering o'er me!

My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
Life and its hope have almost failed me!
Others the prize i' the fight have won;
This poor arm hath little availed me!
Darkness and death have last assailed me.
My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
Life and its hope have almost failed me!

My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
The waves of the dark river Stygian chill me!
Grim is the ferryman beck'ning me on,
Yet a strange new peace begins to fill me!
The wounds and the shame no longer thrill me.
My soul's aweary. I am foredone.
The waves of the dark river Stygian chill me!

## THE WORLD IS BUT A BLEACHING GREEN.

The world is but a bleaching green
For fools to air their folly,
Where countless sights are daily seen
Less gay than melancholy.
Some hang their folly high in air,
Some on the ground contented,
And he who stops to laugh and stare
Himself is more demented!

He is a fool who takes a "no"
For answer from a maiden,
And weeps and sighs alone, with woe,
And sorrow heavy laden.

A fool the maiden too who shall
Fail to secure her quarry;
But he's the greatest fool of all
Who dares the maid to marry!

The rich fool sickens at his wealth
And wonders why men love it;
The poor one wastes both time and health
To scrape a little of it.
Each old man doth his folly prize
As much as child from school,
And he alone is nearly wise
Who thinks himself a fool.

### LINES.

I would not pray for length of years—
To feel my eye grow dim,
And drink the last dregs of the cup
Now trembling at the brim!

For high renown—a little while
In men's report to be;
Then leave my name to reap the fame
That death denied to *me!*

## ALEXANDER WATSON,

SON of James Loch Watson, quarry manager, Ayr, was born at Dales, Stevenston, Ayrshire, in 1835, and died at Ayr in 1877. While we may justly claim him to be one of the minor poets of his native land, and one of that very large group whose inspiration seems to have been kindled at the bright flame of the genius of Robert Burns, he is unknown in the sense in which a poet's gifts usually become known—from the publication of his works. He had only a scrap now and then in the "poet's corner" of the local press,

and as his manuscript got scattered broadcast amongst friends it was a difficult work to set about its collection. However, in 1886, a selection of all that could be found of his manuscript was printed for private circulation. This little work did not by any means contain a tithe of the pieces he had written, nor even, it is said, his best efforts in the field of poetry and song. By those, however, in the "auld toon" who knew him, and his genial, kindly disposition, his poetic gift was freely recognised. In the following extracts we cannot but note the truly patriotic ring in "Good Night, Comrades," which has been set to music by Mr Hamilton Nimmo. No one who knew him intimately could deny his possession of a true poetic nature, and to this was added a deftness in the use of the pencil both powerful and artistic.

### GOOD NIGHT, COMRADES ALL.

Good night, comrades all, good night,
Drill is o'er and hearts are light;
Homeward now with merry stride—
Haste, haste, we to the old fireside.
Hallowed home, oh Scotia dear,
Nought hast thou from foes to fear;
Heaven defends the true and right,
Good night, comrades all, good night.
Good night, comrades all, good night.

Good night, comrades, we shall be
True to Queen and Liberty—
True to these old heath-clad hills
Deep furrowed by a thousand rills.
Defence and not Defiance be
Our motto, let the nations see
That British hearts link right with might,
Good night, comrades all, good night.
Good night, comrades all, good night.

### THERE'S NAE WEE WIFE.

There's nae wee wife like my wee wife,
I watna wha she be;

There's nae wee wife like my wee wife,
She's gold—she's life to me.

She's nae like mony wives I ken,
Wha heed the kintra's clash ;
For her wee bairns, her house, an' me,
Are a' the body's fash.

She scours an' daurns an' scrubs an' fechts
Frae mornin's dawn till e'en ;
Her only care's to mak' us richt,
An' keep us tosh an' clean.

Wee taums she tak's, wee taums betimes
An' nae doot sae dae I,
But losh, ye ken, wee dark cluds flit
Across the fairest sky.

It's weel it's sae, it's guid to pree
The sour as weel's the sweet ;
This ae great law in Nature hauds—
We maun hae caul' an' heat.

## MY AIN CHARMING JEAN.

In yon wee snaw-white cot far adown in yon dell,
Whaur the lone hummin' bee seeks the wild heather bell,
Whaur the wee Robin Redbreast sings sweetly at e'en,
Bides the joy o' my bosom—my ain charming Jean.

Her young heart's as pure as the crystalline fountain
That flows frae the side o' yon heath-covered mountain ;
An' her features an' form are perfection, I ween,
While love divine beams frae her matchless blue e'en.

When the gowden sun cow'rs yont the cluds o' the west,
When the sweet chantin' lav'rock has gaen to his rest ;
When the wee starnie's bricht an' the siller mune's seen,
Oh awa' then I hie me to meet wi' my Jean.

'Neath yon auld willow tree whaur the blackbird sings cheerie,
I've aft met, an' will meet, my ain guileless dearie ;
For there, 'neath its whispers, I've won that sweet heart,
Which nought but the grave from this bosom can part.

## CURLING.

Ye may bounce ower yer billiards, grow great ower yer gowf,
Or craw crouse ower yer cribbage in some cozy howf,

Ye may whimper for whist an' for loo ye may grane,
But for me let me curl wi' the auld channel stane.

In cauld winter when hoary King Frost reigns supreme,
An' has silenced the sang o' ilk burnie an' stream ;
When the bauld babblin' brook has nae story to tell,
Let me aff an' awa' to the pond at Rozelle.

There the whirr o' the stane, an' the whisk o' the cowe,
An' the jokes an' the shouts set my heart in a lowe ;
It's a potion, a tonic, a cure for a' ills,
Doctor John Frost, believe me, supplies the best pills.

Hear the skip shouting winningly, "Lay me ane there,
Noo juist be ower the collie, I'm wantin' nae mair,
Noo watch her, noo nurse her, noo boys help her awee,
Weel play'd sir, weel play'd sir, oh she's ower, let her dee."

What words half sae cheering "It's a perfect pat-lid,"
Or "Man you're a player, but losh it's ower gude,
A great shot, sir ! great shot, sir !" rings ower the pond,
"You play like a book, sir !" the echoes resound.

"Tak' an inwick on that, or an outwick on this,
Noo mak' sure o' yer stane, I don't want ye to miss,
An' to do it what pleasure a kingdom is won,"
When "Hoora!" shouts the skip, "you have played it, my son."

Yes, gae bounce ower yer billiards, grow great ower yer gowf,
Or craw crouse ower yer cribbage in some cozy howf ;
Ye may whimper for whist an' for loo ye may grane,
But let me to Rozelle wi' the aul' channel stane.

## JAMES HENDERSON,

WHO, owing to his gift of melodious versification, and his undoubted possession of tender affections, has been called by high authorities the Whittier and Hemans of Scotland, is entitled to a high place among our more thoughtful minor poets. He is the author of a beautiful and deeply

reflective volume of poems entitled "Glimpses of the Beautiful" (Glasgow: Henderson & Co., 108 West Regent Street). Mr Henderson was born in Stirlingshire, in 1824, on the banks of the dark winding Carron. His parents were both removed by death ere their son had little more than passed the years of childhood. The resources left to him were of the most meagre kind, making education and advancement matters of no small difficulty. The years went by, however, and found him in Glasgow, at the age of twelve, engaged in the extensive works of a distant relative, who later on was a highly esteemed Councillor and Magistrate of the city. Under his guidance our poet laboured, and learned that much was to be gained by righteous aims and efforts—that life was indeed worth living—a condition of things that his earlier years and experience had painfully led him to doubt. We are informed that he can recall nothing outstanding in his mind and feelings at this time beyond a love of Nature, which has been through life his absorbing passion. The joy that the seasons brought to him, as they circled through the years, was, and has been, unspeakable. Loving Nature, it was perhaps to be expected that he should seek to give expression to such love as the birds and the winds and the waters do, and so he has sought to sing. But scarcely less has been his abhorrence of the wild ambitions and wars of the world. In his time carnage has ruled and reigned. The wars of Napoleon were closed at the period of his birth, but these were followed by continuous feud and bloodshed in India, by renewed revolution in France, and by other terrible conflicts on the continent of Europe. China was invaded repeatedly and subjected to dreadful chastisement; America deluged with blood; Russia farther in arms contending against tremendous forces, giving and receiving awful sacrifice and suffering; and yet again, on the Continent, Prussia and France contend-

ing in direst conflict. This leads us to refer to the fact that when our poet writes on the subjects of war and peace he does so with strong fervour—clearly, vigorously, and with the right ring—

"The storms that ride on wintry seas,
And raging mock control,
Are emblems of the passions wild
That stir the human soul;
For feelings fierce in billows dread
Flow like an angry flood,
O'erwhelming nations near and far
In storms of fire and blood.
But yet, alas! are harps attuned
To laud the frenzied strife,
And anthems sung by many a tongue
That reck nor love nor life?

"War is a fiend of hideous form,
A demon fierce and wild;
Peace is an angel robed in light,
All beautiful and mild!
One is the harbinger of dark
And desolating wrath;
One makes a paradise serene
To blossom round its path!
One ever wears a boding frown,
That brooks no look benign;
But Peace can claim in sacred love
A high and saintly sign!"

Mr Henderson's poetical productions have always found ready admission into newspapers and periodicals; and in 1848 a number were gathered and issued in a volume, which was received by the press with expressions of the warmest appreciation, and prophecies that the author would in time write such things as the world would not willingly let die.

In 1849 Mr Henderson went to India, and was resident for some time in Calcutta. He returned, but went back again for a brief period on two different occasions, forming connections there which have continued through the intervening years. He has long been settled in Glasgow, and remembering ever amid the cares and concerns of business, and cherishing with exceeding joy the beauty and blessing of the works of

creation and providence, he has sought to give expression to such joy in words of worship and songs of praise. He had given over thoughts of issuing a new volume, but allowed himself to be persuaded by friends, with the result of the publication in 1890 of "Glimpses of the Beautiful." These "glimpses" are neither feeble, flickering, nor faint. They are clear as they are cheering and winning. His verses are full of imaginative beauty and refined thought, neatly, melodiously, and sweetly expressed, and brimful of love and peace. Gentleness of nature and fervid piety are also characteristics of Mr Henderson's muse, although his denunciations of every form of oppression are strong and convincing, and overflowing with thrilling sympathies. His aim is always to bring nature's perfections before the mind's eye, and he does so with elegance of versification and fine poetic sensibility. As one of his critics says—"The truest lover of poetry may read his productions with pleasure and profit."

### TIME HASTENS SPEEDILY.

Time hastens speedily, stealing away,
Noiselessly, greedily, day after day;
Years it is banishing, fly one and all,
Hours that are vanishing none may recall!

Sorrows importunate sad hearts must bear,
Seasons unfortunate, trouble and care;
Pleasures inviting us soon cease to flow,
Moments delighting us come but to go.

Life may pass drearily, darksome as night,
Life may go cheerily, happy, and bright;
Weepers and revellers wend to their doom,
All, all are travellers on to the tomb.

Yet may we fashion fate holy and high,
Mercy compassionate ever is nigh;
Nigh to unfold to us visions of light,
Nigh to uphold to us strength for the right.

Fortune may frown on thee, poisoning life's cup,
Fate may look down on thee, never give up;
Ne'er be undutiful, kneeling to sin,
Thou art the beautiful destined to win!

Hope still is proffering joys to be thine,
Virtue is offering treasures divine;
They who are meritors soar up on high,
Heaven's inheritors, heirs of the sky!

Deeds that are glorious strive after still,
Ever victorious, vanquishing ill,
Cherish humanity, hallowed and fair;
Envy and vanity shun as a snare.

Eyes looking scornfully heed not nor hate,
Pride must go mournfully early or late,
Speaketh one tauntingly, calmly endure,
Thinking not vauntingly, deeming thee pure.

Counsels of holiness ponder and prize,
Ever in lowliness list to the wise;
Ope thine ear gratefully, hear what they teach,
Heeding not hatefully lessons they preach.

Who are the precious ones ranked o'er the rest?
Who are the gracious ones, noblest and best?
Highest and holiest surely are they,
Meekest and lowliest, loving alway.

Virtue brings thrillingly joy to the breast,
Therefore bend willingly at her behest;
She shall bring light to thee, darkness shall cease,
Dissipate night to thee, giving thee peace.

Working increasingly, day after day,
Loving unceasingly, go on thy way;
Then thy last breath shall be free from all strife,
Then, then thy death shall be better than life.

## HAST THOU AN EYE WOULD PIERCE THE GLOOMS THAT HOVER.

Hast thou an eye would pierce the glooms that hover
Above thy gaze amid the mists of time!
Hast thou a heart would lovingly discover
The revelations of the world sublime?

Lift up thine eye, for lo ! are bending o'er thee,
Celestial forms upborne on angel wings,
And visions fair unfold their joys before thee,
And dazzling gleams of glorious thoughts and things !

Amid the shadows that surround our being,
Lighting their shade, eternal sunshine streams ;
Amid the transient things that fleet, and fleeing,
Leave us alone to brood o'er blighted dreams,
Strange voices whisper tales of thrilling story,
Falling on ears attuned to virtue's tones ;
Prophetic hopes foretell perennial glory,
Mingling their music with the mourner's moans.

An inner life lives in the vast creation,
And sweetest springs within the being flow,
These the rewards of holy contemplation,
These the delights the good alone can know.
Let but thy soul walk in the way of duty,
Treading the paths the good and true have trod,
The loving eye shall ever gaze on beauty,
The pure in heart look on the face of God.

## THE HIGHLAND HILLS. THERE ARE SONGS OF MIRTH.

The Highland hills. There are songs of mirth
And joy and love on the gladsome earth,
For Spring in her queenly robes hath smiled
On the forest glade and the woodland wild :
Then hie we now from the haunts of men,
To the lake that sleeps in the mountain glen ;
To the happy homes of the dancing rills,
That flow with joy from the Highland hills.

The Highland hills. It is summer now,
And the song bird sits on the leafy bough,
And the wild deer roams where the heath-bell blooms,
And the branches wave to the winds their plumes,
And the plover pipes, and the curlew cries,
And the lark sings sweet to the azure skies,
And the breezes blow, till the echo fills
With gladsome tones in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills. In the day's bright dawn,
When the flowers awake on the dewy lawn,
And the eagle screams as he soars on high,
From his craggy nest to the deep blue sky,

Our feet may tread where the heather blows,
Where the torrents dash, and the streamlet flows,
While grandeur wild to the heart instills
A deep delight 'mid the Highland hills.

The Highland hills. When the noonday smiles
On the slumbering lake and its fairy isles,
We'll clamber high where the heath-flower waves,
By the warrior's cairn and the martyrs' graves,
And gladly muse, in the bright days prime,
On the days of old and of ancient time ;
And the heart unknown to the care that chills
Shall glow with love in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills. In the twilight time,
To their heath-clad crests may our footsteps climb,
And gaze on the land and ocean far,
Till evening lights her fairest star ;
And the parting day brings peaceful rest
To the mists that sleep on the mountain's breast ;
While beauty's spell on the spirit thrills
With joy and love in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills. There are palm-tree bowers,
And spicy groves with their balmy flowers,
Where Araby's children love to roam,
And away in the Indian's sunny home
But dearer far is the storm-beat strand,
And the rugged shores of our own loved land,
Where nature reigns as her fancy wills,
In the mountain glens and the Highland hills.

## WHEN THE LIGHT OF DAY WAS DYING.

When the light of day was dying,
When the winds of eve were sighing,
When the dews of night were falling,
Thus a mother mused, recalling
Happy days of mirth and gladness,
Pensive hours of grief and sadness,
Tones of childhood sweet and cheery,
Preludes to a parting dreary,
Laughing eyes and rosy lips,
Dimming down to death's eclipse.
Hark ! her whispers breathing low
Memory's notes of plaintive woe :—

Sweet was the Springtime with buds and with beauty,
Fair was the Summer with sunshine and flowers,

Autumn had treasures for labour and duty,
Well went the seasons and glad were the hours.
Close to our bosoms a bright flower we cherished,
Chill came the blasts at the fall of the year,
Blighted our blossom—it withered and perished,
Leaving us lone in the Winter so drear.

Cold in the coffin we laid it with weeping,
Hushed and at rest in its solemn repose,
Soon to awake and arise from its sleeping,
Fairer in light than the lily and rose.
Seedling of beauty! the springtime is nearing,
Time's dreary Winter is passing away,
Light from the realms of the blest is appearing,
Soon shalt thou bloom where no blossoms decay.

Memory to us is a joy and a sorrow,
Backward we glance, and are gladdened to see
Looks that were winsome to us every morrow,
Smiles that were bright as the brightest may be.
Why were they lent us a little time only?
Why did the darkness come down on our hearth?
Hours that were sweetest without thee are lonely,
Hours thy were glad with thy music and mirth.

Gentle and loving thy ways were beside us,
Guileless and winning thy prattle and play,
Joyful we deemed that no ill could betide us,
Wandering with thee in life's wearisome way.
Still unto thee were our day dreams returning,
Hopeful and happy, we pictured thy years,
Deeming the while of no parting and mourning,
Thinking no thought of bereavement and tears.

Child of our love! though a dark cloud came o'er us,
Weak were our hearts to despair or despond;
Thou hast but gone through the river before us,
Entered the region of beauty beyond.
Soon shall the years of our pilgrimage, ended,
Find us, at last, where the weary would be,
Mingling for ever where bright throngs are blended,
Peaceful and holy, and happy with thee.

Thou wert a sunbeam to brighten and cheer us,
Thou wert a star to illumine our way,
Thou wert a vision still lovingly near us,
Thou wert our treasure by night and by day.
Meet it is now that with grateful emotion,
Gladly we own thee a gift that was given;

Bending submissive in deepest devotion,
Prayerfully praising the Father in Heaven.

Thus existence coming, going,
Like the ocean ebbing, flowing,
Bringing now abounding gladness,
Changing now to scenes of sadness,
Seeks to lead us onward, ever
To the home beyond the river,
Where the scenes are ever vernal,
Peace abiding, joy eternal.

## THOMAS BLAIR.

THE subject of this notice was born at Cluny, in the parish of Auchterderran, Fifeshire, in 1813, and died at Dundonald, three miles from his birthplace, in 1888. Though he over-passed the threescore years and ten by several years, his youth gave tokens of weak health, probably the result of his occupation. He took advantage of his enforced idleness to improve his education, and obtained employment at Kirkcaldy superintending the shipment of gas coal. Many years after this he, along with his brother James, acted under the Marquis of Waterford in exploring for coal in Ireland, and subsequently taught a school at Crossgates, and was in charge of a co-operative store there and finally at Dundonald. He was always studious in his habits. His letters, being prepared with elaborate care, were greatly relished. He began a semi-fictitious story called "Peter Heldin," chapters of which he used to read at the fireside of Blair's Cottage, where the family lived. It was when comparatively late in life that he added to his accomplishments the writing of

verses. He had been always fond of music, playing the violin and singing with acceptance, sometimes his own music to the words of another. The writer cannot recall the time when he first essayed verses, but remembers some lines which were written in 1846 expressive of the sense of the absence of two younger brothers who were at St Andrews College, running thus :—

O, sair are ye missed at your mither's fireside,
Though nane says the things that he feels,
Yet oft does the eye in its longings deride
What the tongue thus so faintly conceals.

You're missed at grey dawn round the fire where we met
When the first meal of morning was boiling ;
We miss slumber's echo of "Time enough yet,"
Bespeaking unrest from night toiling.

We miss the quick tread of your steps on the floor,
Your motto was much in short time ;
We miss your translations of Rome's ancient lore—
To us, as to others, sublime.

It was not long after this he wrote what he called "A Night-Cap Elegy" (for which he composed music), a mock heroic lay embodying a bit of family history :—

A night-cap of unrivalled strength,
Kilmarnock named, young Bob once bought,
And eke he wore, until at length
He took a wife, and new cap sought.
Then left his home, with wife to roam—
The nicht-cap then was left with Tom,
That it might share a brother's care,
And comfort give to sleeper lone.

Amid the slumbers of the night
'Twas oftimes cast upon the floor,
Though not in passion's direful suite,
But fervid nightmare's burdened snore.
Through years of toil it did beguile
The lonesome hours, but now, alas !
Like door-step stone, 'tis worn and gone,
Or run like sand-grains in the glass.

In stately ruin you may trace
A semblance faint of former days,
And scan in age's furrowed face
Some smiling bloom that youth displays.
But portrait rare can ne'er compare
With comeliest grace that erst has been;
Nor can old cap show, like a map,
Its texture, woven well, I ween.

And now in cherished nook are laid
The fragments of a noble form,
Shorn of its youth and bloom—a shade—
Unfit to cope with sleeping storm.
Its memory dear we do revere,
And this shall be the parting strain,
For doughty bield all else must yield—
We ne'er shall see its like again.

His pieces, which were many, came to him with a spontaneousness that afforded satisfaction to his heart, especially when in the long evening of old age his sense of hearing was so dulled that he no more heard the sound of his own voice. His Christian faith and strong affection for his surviving brother's relatives sustained his spirit in brightness and gladsomeness to the end.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S ASPIRATIONS.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down on roses below;
I ask not my portion here, seek not my rest,
Until I shall find them on kind Jesus' breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy—
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

## JAMES LAW BLAIR,

BROTHER of the subject of the preceding sketch, and of William, noticed in the Ninth Series, was born at Cluny, Auchterderran, Fifeshire, in 1826, and died at Blairingone, Dollar, in 1881. The family consisted of nine brothers and one sister, of whom William is the youngest, James Law, or as he was invariably called Law, was the next, and Thomas was the oldest but one. Law and William entered college in 1846, at St Andrews, and the Divinity Hall at Edinburgh in 1850. In later years the two brothers were not far apart, as Law resided at Ramshorn, where his widow and family still live. The writer has before him a note-book, part of which is filled with a student's diary, and the remainder is made up of many lyrical effusions, grave and gay, songs of love, and sorrow, and separation, on a wide variety of themes. There was a true poetic instinct in him which seized hold of every special occasion and gave it setting. Some of his pieces were written at College, though by far the most were poured out of his heart during his tenure of office as a schoolmaster at Kinnesswood.

### THE VACANT CHAIR.

What mystic dreams of childhood's home
  Have clustered round the hearth
Where fancy still delights to roam,
  'Mid scenes of joy and mirth;
Though minstrelsy oft charms the hall,
  And hearts seem happy there,
The silent tears anon will fall
  Where stands some vacant chair.

The spring flowers smiled, the leaves were green,
  Bright dew-drops decked the dawn,
And nought but summer bliss was seen
  On forest, field, and lawn;

Our home was then a gleeful home
Of youth and beauty fair,
Till winter's surly blast had come
And left one vacant chair.

Familiar steps approach the door,
And voices soft and sweet
Flit round in dreams, fresh as of yore,
And face to face we meet.
That treasured name, oh! breathe it not—
'Tis sacred; none will dare
Unveil it, while some hallowed spot
Still claims that vacant chair.

Few, battling 'mid life's hopes and fears,
Toss'd in the giddy throng,
Or doomed to dry an exile's tears,
But sing some pensive song;
Though hearts are gay, some sigh or sound
Will cloud the brow with care,
When memory flings its shadows round
And fills the vacant chair.

Some bleeding hearts lost sires bewail,
Some, sons or daughters dear;
As forests in the autumnal gale
Sigh each revolving year.
But spirits, winged by grace divine,
To kindred souls repair,
Where joyful bands in glory shine,
Where comes no vacant chair.

## LITTLE LAUGHIN' LASSIE.

Laughin' lassie, wi' the spring,
Let me soar on Cupid's wing,
While to thee this song I sing,
Little laughin' lassie.

I can hear the laverock sing,
Liltin' high on dewy wing;
Warblers make the forest ring,
Little laughin' lassie

Fairer than a summer flower,
Bloomin' 'neath its kindly bower,
Thou art still at every hour,
Bonnie laughin' lassie.

Thy rosy cheeks an' raven hair,
Bosom white an' brow sae fair,
Never dim wi' clouds o' care,
Bonnie laughin' lassie.

Will ye climb yon sunny brae,
Just to spend the summer day,
Pu'in' flowers wi' me sae gay,
Bonnie laughin' lassie.

Learn the wounded heart to heal,
Learn to please your laddie weel,
An' wed thee to some cannie chiel,
Little laughin' lassie.

## SPEAK KINDLY O' MY LASSIE DEAR.

Speak kindly o' my lassie dear,
Tho' she has grieved me sair,
Tho' she has caused the burnin' tear
To stamp my cheek wi' care ;

For summer shines in her bright e'e,
An' heaven is in her smile ;
She's life an' health an' joy to me—
Love, in a world of guile.

Her heart is pure as yonder star
That marks the midnight way,
But dimly, in the distance far,
Is seen her smilin' ray.

Oft in the balmy summer night
She soothed my sighing breast ;
Her smiles were a' my heart's delight,
An' lulled my cares to rest.

Speak kindly o' my lassie dear,
Tho' she is torn frae me ;
My love is warm, my heart's sincere,
And only sighs for thee.

## MY SILLER PREEN.

It's no' the loss o' warld's gear
That mak's my heart sae sad an' sair,
But I hae tint a guid auld frien',
My bonny, bonny siller preen.

The cushet cooed its e'enin' sang,
The woods wi' liltin' warblers rang
O'er Cluny braes, whaur late yestreen
I strayed, an' lost my siller preen.

The Cluny callants cam' to speir,
What gars ye sigh an' look sae blear?
I smiled and said, "'Twas here, I ween,
Gaun up the hill I lost my preen."

It cam' frae—ah! I daurna tell;
Frae ane leal-hearted, like mysel';
An' aft upon this heavin' breast
It lulled my troubled dreams to rest.

Then fare-thee-weel, my siller preen;
Nae mair wi' you I'll rove at e'en—
Nae mair ye'll clasp this tartan plaid,
That wraps me in the gloamin' shade.

Fast frae my sicht may false frien's fa',
Like lost preens may they slip awa';
But gie me aye some sonsie chiel
Whase heart is warm, an' kind, an' leal.

Then ne'er the loss o' warld's gear,
Can ever mak' me sad an' sair;
Sae lang's I hae a faithfu' frien',
That's better than a siller preen.

## PATRICK FEA SINCLAIR,

A REFLECTIVE and melodious writer of verse, was born at Leith Walk, Edinburgh, in 1840, and is presently a commission agent, residing at Joppa, Portobello. From his earliest years he has been a student of poets and poetry, although he has not been himself a voluminous writer of verse. Scarcely a week passes, however, without his pen being busy with

newspaper letter writing, mainly in defence of the poor and the oppressed. Mr Sinclair is also an accomplished yachtsman, and has for long both taught and been of timeous assistance to amateur sailors.

### NOBLE, NOBLER, NOBLEST.

Noble the man whose life-blood flows,
Dies grasping still his stronger foes ;
The soldier dies where death seems life,
'Midst noble victims of the strife.

More noble who, in deep despair,
His fellow-men his only care,
Remains upon the quivering wreck,
Duty there—dies upon his deck.

Most noble he, whose days once bright,
Calmly beholds his coming night,
Looks on the wreck of all that's dear,
Trusts God, denies himself a tear.

### IF I WERE YOU.

"If you were me, and I were you,
I'd show you then what I would do ;
I'd bend the fates unto my will,
If I were Jack instead of Jill."
So spake a maid, with eyes like night,
Who longed with men to join the fight—
To join the chase for gold with men ;
Her proud mouth said, "I'd show you then."

I slept, and dreamt there was an oak,
And underneath a voice that spoke—
"If I were you, and you were me—
You the flower and I the tree—
I would defy the winter's storm,
No gale should bend my stalwart form ;
But only a flower I must remain,
Hide from the wind, bow to the rain."

And a river, confined by its narrow shore,
Heard afar the ocean roar—
"If I were you, and you were me—
You the stream and I the sea—
I'd tear the rocks from their solid bed,"
The river, leaping and foaming, said.

The hurricane broke ere the night was sped—
The flower was there, but the oak was dead ;
And the sea recoiled from the iron shore,
But the river flowed on as it flowed before ;
The man succumbed to a man's hard yoke,
His burden was great and his spirit broke ;
The maid's dark eyes flashed bright as of yore,
Her burden was light, and her burden she bore.

## ONLY FOR GOLD.

Look at my eyes, are they not bright ?
Look at my teeth, are they not white ?
Look at my face, am I not fair ?
And besides all this, just look you there
At my " business qualifications."

I'm all for sale, just as you see,
But gold alone can weigh with me ;
" Manly youth and beauty "—trash,
To let them weigh *at all* is rash—
Shews no " business qualifications."

No use, I tell you, mooning here,
Allow me now to make it clear ;
Have you two thousand pounds a year ?
That is the price of me, my dear,
With my " business qualifications "

Ah me ! ah me ! has it come to this ?
For gold, to man you'd *sell* a kiss ;
For gold, you'd live a living lie,
Ah no ! my fair one, sooner *die*—
Curse " business qualifications."

But one may come with manly form,
Gain your respect— your heart by storm,
Then gold will seem so mean a thing,
You'll wed that man, just for the ring—
Poor " business qualifications."

## LIVE NOT FOR SELF.

The less a man for self doth live
The happier will he be,
And every hand stretched forth to give
Takes back the greater fee.

And he who hears another's grief,
And takes it for his own;
No matter what his creed may be,
Has better, greater grown.

## CHARLES FREDERICK OSBURN BLACKBURN,

WHO, at the time we write, has not yet left his "'teens," is one of the most promising of our present-day bards. Mr Thomas Jordan, in a sketch of this gifted young author in the *Perthshire Magazine*, commends his poems on account of their "simple and intrinsic melody." "They are," says Mr Jordan, "as touching and affectionate to the trained instinct as many of Heinrich Heine's earlier ballads, and as vehement and warm-spirited as Shelley's most popular themes" Mr Osburn Blackburn was born at Edinburgh in May 1870. His father was then an outfitter, and, like his only son Charles, was a favourite of the muses, as we shall yet have occasion to show. At the time of his father's death the son was only two years of age. On attaining his sixth year he was sent to Newington Academy, where he proved himself a very diligent and intelligent pupil, manifesting, says Mr Jordan, "capabilities of an undoubtedly precocious disposition. In 1878 he bade adieu to the Academy, and fell in with the masters of Saint James' Episcopal School. . . . Here he commenced the building of his literary fame. Almost immediately following the conclusion of his ordinary services he would sit in an obscure portion of the room, and indite the pictured contents of his imagination on any waste scraps of paper to be found." After making good progress and

gaining several important prizes, our poet became employed as a clerk in an upholstery warehouse, his present position being that of junior clerk in a large sanitary establishment. His caligraphy is certainly the finest we have come across in our experience, and he has gained many prizes for penmanship, including a handsome silver cup, for which there were 400 competitors. Mr Blackburn's first poetical effusion was entitled "The Better Land," composed at the age of twelve. Many of his juvenile verses were written for several of the well-known London Christmas and birthday card publishers, and for several years he has frequently contributed poems to the columns of the *Weekly Scotsman*, *Weekly Mail*, *Pen and Pencil*, *Reformer*, the *Perthshire Magazine*, *Scraps*, &c. Several of his poems have been wedded to very appropriate music by Charles Drysdale Beswick, a rising young musician. Mr Blackburn is himself an excellent vocalist, and sang in St Peter's Episcopal Church Choir for eight years. Our youthful poet possesses a mind that can appreciate whatever is beautiful in nature, and he invariably expresses his feelings with apparent ease, rich melody, and tender sweetness. His sensibility is acute, and his keen perception is visible in many pleasing and delicate touches. The reach and style of his poetical thought may be estimated from the following selections:

## TINTINNABULATION.

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis the sound of Christmas bells,
Dulcet music, scales of sweetness, harbinger of joyous knells;
Ding dong music in the steeple wafting in the holy year:
This is tintinnabulation, ring and clatter reigning near.

What is tintinnabulation? Chords of music in the air,
Rung from finely fashioned steeples in the pale moon's misty glare;
Dulcet music in the belfry, interlude to carolled hymn,
This is tintinnabulation, old year out and new year in.

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis the note from country steeple,
Sounding sweetly o'er the ocean, slow descending on the people;
Keynote to a Christmas anthem, harmony to New Year strains:
This is tintinnabulation, with a sound of sad refrains.

What is tintinnabulation? What is music at the best?
Echo of a seraph anthem in a golden land of rest;
Or a harpstring gently fingered by an angel robed in white;
This is tintinnabulation in the twilight land of night

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis the sound of New Year peals,
As it floats across the valley and upon the ear it steals;
'Tis a flute-note nobly mingled with a clatter from the steeple,
This is tintinnabulation mixed with carols from the people.

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis a sweetly swelling chime,
Added to a ding-dong prattle and a harmony of rhyme;
Or eight ropes pulled tight together, yielding bell-tolls sweet and pure;
This is tintinnabulation, sounds which never but allure.

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis the ringing to and fro
Of the bells within the steeple showering sweetness o'er the snow;
Showering sweetness on the snowfields in the stilly winter night;
This is tintinnabulation, steeple bells and jingling flight.

What is tintinnabulation? 'Tis the echo of the notes,
Rising high above the mountains as it ever onward floats;
'Tis the ding-dong from the belfry, or the buzzing from a steeple;
This is tintinnabulation showered gently on the people.

## EASTER MORN.

Choirs are singing,
Church bells ringing,
Over mountain, hill, and mead;
Buds are blowing,
Streams are flowing—
Truly He is risen indeed.

Bells are pealing,
Joy-notes stealing
On their ever heavenward way;
Telling slowly,
Pure and holy,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Hymns are swelling,
Good news telling
Of the Saviour, whom 'twas said—
He had risen
From the prison,
And the stillness of the dead.

Winds are sighing,
Birds are flying,
Trilling forth a merry lay ;
Sweetly singing,
In their winging,
Jesus Christ is risen to day.

Buds are blowing,
Streams are flowing,
Through each mountain, hill, and mead,
Choirs are singing,
Bells are ringing,
"Truly he is risen indeed."

## MOTHER AND BABE.

Sleep, sleep ye under the sun,
Sleep my little one soon ;
Guard her, angels, when day is done,
Under the light of the moon,
Under the light, the eventide light, the glorious light of the moon.

Sleep, sleep ye under the stars,
Sleep my little one now ;
Sleep with the light on Heaven's bars,
Guard my young infant's brow,
Guard my young infant, my pretty young infant, my loving young infant's brow.

Sleep 'neath moons that know no forgetting,
Sleep at the end of day ;
Sleep with the even stars all of a-setting,
Though they are far away,
Though they're away, far, far away, though they are far away.

Sleep, sleep with moons that are waning,
Waning and waxing too soon ;
Sleep with the sunset over thee gaining,
Sleep at the nightingale's tune ;
Mother says sleep now, mother says rest now, sleep at the nightingale's tune.

## "CANZONETTE."

Think of the love St. Valentine brings you,
Think of the solo the nightingale sings you,
Alone on the trees in the glade,
Where sunshine and shadow ne'er fade.
What is a lover's heart beating so strong?
What is a short day that ever seems long?
Only a little while, only a part
Of the sweet golden sunshine that kindles the heart.

. . . . .

Think of the song the summer-time brought you,
Think of the sweet notes the nightingale taught you,
In the glade many years long ago,
When the sunshine had melted the snow.
How the beating of hearts used to bring you delight,
And short days were like accents to long summer night;
A little while perished, a little while past,
And the sweet golden sunshine lay dead in the blast.

## OH, KINDNESS IS A WORD WE LOVE.

Oh, kindness is a word we love,
  A balm to soothe each tear;
The guiding star in heaven above,
  To lead us through the year.
If all were kind how well the world
  Would smoothly sail along;
No troubles to our hearts be hurled,
  Our life one sweet, clear song.
Oh, kindness is a world we bless
  In times of grief and pain;
The thought of many a true caress,
  Brings kindness back again.

Oh, kindness is as sweet as love,
  As pure as love is sweet;
It breathes a blessing from above,
  And leads our world-worn feet
Where happy scenes and flowerets are,
  Where memories used to meet,
Ah! kindness is the guiding star
  That lights the pale blue sea;
The very touch of loving hands,
  And kindly words expressed,
Has power to spread to other lands,
  And nestle in the breast.

If kindness died, ah then, ah me,
The misery and gloom ;
No star above the summer sea,
And life beyond the tomb.
The very birds would cease to sing,
The river idly roam,
And all around would cease to bring
A God-sent joy to home.
Oh, kindness is a word we love,
A balm to soothe each tear ;
The guiding star in heaven above,
To lead us through the year.

## JAMES INGLIS.

THE Hon. James Inglis, Minister for Public Instruction, Sydney, was born at Edzell, near Brechin, Forfarshire, in 1845. His career has been a chequered one, full of vicissitudes. His "forbears" are a well-known family in the North of Scotland. His grandfather was the Rev. David Inglis of Lochlee, whose hospitality and learning were famed far and wide, and are recorded in "The Land of the Lindsays" and other books. His father, the Rev. Robert Inglis, of Lochlee and Edzell, was one of the sturdy heroes of the Disruption, who during the evictions of the "forties" rendered his name a household word amid the annals of the "Ten Years' Conflict." James was the sixth son in a family of thirteen, and was reared in the healthy atmosphere of a Scottish manse. The old minister was an enthusiastic agricultural reformer, and, with the help of his boys, worked a large farm as well as ministered to the people in sacred things.

James Inglis got the rudiments of his education at the Free Church school in the village, and at an early age

was sent up to the Normal Training School in Edinburgh. In 1862 Mr Inglis was chief prizeman in the Watts Institution and School of Arts, Edinburgh, taking first prize and medal in five out of seven classes. In 1864 he was a prizeman in Professor Aytoun's class in the University, and, after a creditable University Arts course, he went out to New Zealand to relations who were Canterbury squatters, where he spent some years in "roughing it," and went through the usual colonial experience in wool-shed on the station, on the diggings, and generally completed his wider education in the ways of the world and the experience of men. His brother, the Hon. A. B. Inglis, a member of the Viceroy's Council in India, had by this time attained a distinguished position in Calcutta, and sent for the younger brother to try his fortune in India..

We gather the foregoing details from an interesting biographical sketch in the *Sydney Mail*, in which it is further stated that Mr Inglis soon made a favourable impression amongst the sporting fraternity of indigo planters, and to this day "Maori," the *nom-de-plume* under which he wrote most of his sporting sketches, is pleasantly remembered among the "happy hunting grounds" of Bebar and the north-west. His "Tirhoot Rhymes," published by Wyman & Co., Calcutta, in 1868, is a collection of rollicking hunting songs and rhyming sketches, and has had a large circulation among the planters and civilians all over India. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Pioneer* and the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, and subsequently his "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier" (Macmillan, London, 1878), was looked on as one of the successes of the season, and was republished at once in cheap form by Harper Brothers, of New York. In India Mr Inglis received the thanks of the Government for valuable reports on the "Fish and Fisheries of

Bengal," for famine work in connection with supplying the famishing Nepaulese with rice in 1874, besides which he had much and varied experience in other fields.

At various times Mr Inglis has visited Egypt, Abyssinia, Persia, Afghanistan, Burmah, and other parts of the East, and has a good acquaintance with most Eastern languages. In 1878 he left India shattered in health to recruit in Australia, bearing a roving commission from the *Pioneer* as special correspondent. For more than a year he was manager and editor of the *Newcastle Morning Herald*, and was banqueted when he left that city to become secretary to an insurance company in Sydney. He was selected in 1880 by the Government of India to represent them at Melbourne as Executive Commissioner, where he did good service, and received substantial thanks for his able and exhaustive report on Indo-Australian trade. Seeing an opening after the exhibition, he started as tea and general East Indian merchant in Sydney, and, with his usual energy, became his own traveller, showing his samples in every town in the colony, and penetrating also into every place of importance in Queensland, New Zealand, and Tasmania. Not neglecting his literary gifts, he at the same time occupied his leisure moments, and dispensed his stores of information, by lecturing in a popular and attractive style on various subjects in aid of deserving charities and institutions, so that he soon became as great a favourite on the roads in Australia as he had been among planting circles in India. In 1880 Messrs Macmillan published another volume from his pen, entitled "Our Australian Cousins"—an instructive, attractively written, brilliant, and exciting work of sporting recollection, scenic description, and practical and straightforward criticism, independent of the "winds and waves of public opinion." At the general election of 1885 he responded

to a strong and influential invitation to stand for New England, and was returned at the head of the poll, and at once made a favourable mark in Parliament.

Mr Inglis has been a colonist since the age of eighteen, and his knowledge of colonial social manners and customs, politics, and institutions is therefore extensive. In "Our Australian Cousins" he says:—"In New Zealand I was by turns a cadet on a sheep run, gold-digger, travelling agent and general utility-man, turning my hand to what first presented itself, for I was young and ardent, and willing to work and did work hard. In India I was for twelve years Indigo planter and manager of large estates. Since I returned to the antipodes, I have been journalist, traveller, special correspondent, newspaper manager, and am now secretary of an insurance company. I claim therefore as a traveller and an observant man to know something about the colonies."

Amongst Mr Inglis' other works, "Our New Zealand Cousins," and "Tent Life in Tigerland," ought to be noted. The last mentioned is his latest volume—a large, beautifully got-up and splendidly illustrated work, published in 1888 by Messrs Sampson Low, & Co. The sub-title is "Sporting Reminiscences of a Pioneer Planter in an Indian Frontier District,' written from old sporting journals, at odd hours, as a recreation amid the worries and distractions of business and political life. Its hearty reception, both by the critic and the general reader, was such as fulfilled the hope of the gallant, genial, and accomplished writer, that his endeavours to give a faithful picture of planter life in India might help to remove misconceptions, and enlist the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen for those brave and kindly pioneers of peaceful conquest who were doing so much to uphold the high honour and fair fame of the dear old motherland in the far-off Eastern dependency, so

full of interest and mystery, and which is still so little understood by the mass of average Britons at home. The volume is an entrancing, thrilling, and instructive one, notwithstanding the fact that it, and much of his other literary work, was accomplished, as he says, "late into the night, after an active day's duty, when both hand and brain were somewhat jaded."

The selection we give are from the volume of "Tirhoot Rhymes," which is dedicated to his fellow-planters. The verses in this work were mainly written for friends, although several of them appeared in various papers and magazines at home and abroad. Although Mr Inglis would object to our calling him a poet, we find in many of the pieces true poetic fire as well as pathetic tenderness. His career has been a stirring, active, and adventurous one, and he has imparted a poetic and romantic tint to the somewhat unpolished generalities of remote station life, with its unrestrained freedom, and happy-go-lucky adventures. His humorous pieces are liquid, easy, and full of droll images and laughter-provoking equivoques. Although Australia has become a healthy, happy home to him, and this after he had been given up by his medical friends "as almost a hopeless case," his heart still "warms to the tartan," and not a few of his more reflective and tender pieces unmistakably evince the leal-hearted Scotchman. While he has "taken root" and flourished in a foreign country, and is ever loyal to the land of his adoption, time has not dulled his loving memories of "Auld Mither Scotland."

### FATHERLAND.

The fire-flies dance beneath the shade
  Of the fragrant *Chumpa* tree,
And the evening song of the Hindoo maid
  Comes swelling o'er the lea.
The weary sun, his radiance hides
  Behind a crimson band,

And through my Fancy now there glides
Fond thoughts of Fatherland.

The twilight hour I loved so well,
The fragrant heather bloom ;
The bulrush and the blue harebell,
The golden yellow broom.
The thistle, bold ; the daisy, fair ;
The hills so stern and grand,
Towering like giants in the air,
The hills of Fatherland.

The little church, the tombstones grey,
Where dreary pine-trees moan ;
Where mourners come to weep and pray
O'er loved ones dead and gone.
The hazels, where the merry stream
Ripples o'er golden sand ;
The northern stars that dance and gleam
O'er dear old Fatherland.

I hear the distant hum of bee ;
The lowing of the kine ;
The cushat in the holly tree,
Where coral berries shine.
The faint, far boom of waterfall
Deep in the forest land ;
The shepherd's shrill and cheery call
In far off Fatherland.

The simple psalm ascending soft
In solemn strains to God ;
The earnest, sad, imploring prayer,
That He might ease our load.
Again, my father's voice I hear,
Close by his side I stand.
And now come stealing on mine ear
The songs of Fatherland.

And still, fond Fancy multiplies
Those memories of yore ;
And visions, sweet, before me rise
Of days that are no more.
Familiar faces smiling are,
I stretch an eager hand ;
But grasp—a void—for ah ! I'm far
From friends and Fatherland.

## JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

Oh, bright are gems on a queen's snowy brow,
And sweet are the flow'rs that on mossy banks grow ;
But brighter by far, and sweeter to me,
Is the kind couthie glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

As some beaming star in heaven's blue dome
Kindly lights up the pilgrim's weary way home,
So my heart's lighted up, and my steps bound with glee,
When I feel the kind glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

When I'm weary and worn, despairing and sad,
What is't lights my eye ? makes my brow clear and glad ?
Makes my heart bound with joy, gay, gladsome, and free ?
'Tis the sweet winning glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

She's fairer to me than the sweetest wee flow'r
That ere bloomed in beauty, on bank, or in bow'r ;
Oh, to gain but her love ! I could lay down and dee
For one tender glance o' her bonnie blue e'e.

Give the miser his gold, and the warrior fame,
The friendless a friend, and the nameless a name,
The mean raise to greatness, but oh ! give to me ;
Only one loving glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

May her brow aye be clear, and her glance ever bright,
Her bosom aye happy, her heart ever light ;
May sorrow and care far, far from her flee ;
May a tear never dim her bonnie blue e'e.

And when her sun sets on that glorious shore,
Where parting, and sorrow, and sin are no more—
With my whole soul I pray that the last glance may be
A glance full of peace in my Jeannie's blue e'e.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

Loudly swells the wailing pibroch
O'er the heath and down the glen ;
And from out the frowning archway
March a troop of stricken men :
And a pale face at the casement
Looks with fixed and stony stare
At the sword, and dirk, and target,
On the coffin which they bear.

Brave Macdonald ! ever foremost
In the fierce and deadly strife ;
His trusty claymore ever gleaming
Where the thickest blows were rife.
The grand old Chieftain, lion-hearted,
Lifeless, lies upon the bier,
And the soul-inspiring slogan
Ne'er again will reach his ear.

. . . . .

O'er the bridge, and through the bracken,
Winding slowly round the hill ;
Through the one street of the Clachan
Wails the solemn pibroch still.
O'er the steep and rocky pathway
Slowly moves the funeral train,
Where the silver birch trees whisper
In a mournful, saddened strain.
And the wild wail of the bagpipe
Mingles with the mountain blast,
And the weird and gloomy pine-trees
Solemn shadows o'er them cast.
Wild and haggard are those faces,
Slow and weary is their tread ;
But each thinks of deadly vengeance,—
Vengeance for the slaughtered dead.

But even, while the sad procession
Reach a lone and narrow glen,
Silently are closing round them
Fierce Red Ranald and his men.
Crouching, crawling through the heather,
Closing slowly round their prey :
Suddenly they raise the war cry,
Rushing down in fierce array.
But the little band of heroes
Softly laid their burden down ;
Then each clutched his gleaming dagger ;
While the deep determined frown
On each brow spoke more than volumes—
Spoke of matchless chivalry :
With their lord they oft had conquered,
O er his body now they'd die.

. . . .

Like a rushing, swollen torrent
Came the savage clansmen on ;
Like the blast among the pine-trees,
When the branches bend and moan,

Like a rock in troubled ocean,
Fiercely dashing back the spray;
Stood the stern heroic mourners,
Like a lion brought to bay.
And the clear and ringing war cry,
And the shriek of dying men,
And the clash of crimsoned weapons,
Broke the silence of the glen.
Then the little phalanx wavered,
Fighting every inch of sod;
Yet they faced the hated foemen,
As their souls returned to God.

. . . .

Wanes the fierce unequal combat,
Dead they lie amid the gorse;
Till, at length, the last Macdonald
Falls upon his Chieftain's corse:
And the base and cruel Ranald
Left them lying where they fell;
While the heath and quivering blue bell
Gently tolled their funeral knell;
And the dreary night wind rising,
Moaned a solemn dirge-like strain;
And the broom shook off its tassels,
To efface the bloody stain.

. . . . .

Where the heath's a deeper purple,
Where the swarthy hazels grow;
Where, amid the whispering bracken,
Solemn night winds softly blow.
Where the melancholy plover
Builds her solitary nest,
There the loyal brave Macdonalds
Round their master quietly rest.
'Neath the grey and mossy cairn,
Where the nodding blue bells wave;
Beside the crooning, wimpling burnie,
There you'll find the Chieftain's grave.

## THE ROVER'S SONG.

Hurrah! for a life on the stormy deep!
Hurrah! for the dancing wave!
Where the gallant and true have gone to sleep,
Far down in the mermaid's cave.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the whistling wind !
Hurrah ! for the roaring gale !
For the track of foam we leave behind,
Like a ghost in the moonlight pale.

We laugh when the waves are mountains high,
Our bark like a phantom form ;
Through the wrack and the tempest on will fly,
Hurrah ! for the howling storm.
Once more, 'tis a raw and gusty day,
Then up with the blood red flag
We sweep on our unsuspecting prey,
Like an eagle from its crag.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the battle cry !
For the gleaming sword and pike ;
For the heart to battle, win or die,
For the steady hand to strike.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the bright red gold,
For the gems and jewels, rare ;
For the goodly spoil in our vessel's hold,
Which the Rover's bride shall wear.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the slippery deck,
For the shout, the curse or the prayer ;
Pull ! pull away ! from the shattered wreck,
Heed not the yell of despair.
Fill up the wine, the blood red wine,
From the fields of sunny Spain ;
Drink to the storm and dashing brine,
We're kings of the heaving main.

Once more Hurrah ! What do we dread ?
What care or fear have we ?
We drown the thought of the silent dead
In the shout of victory.
No coffin or clod, or velvet pall,
Give we to the hungry wave ;
But a hammock, a flag, and a cannon ball,
And a cheer o'er the Rover's grave.

## WHAT CHANGES SAIR HAE TAKEN PLACE.

What changes sair hae taken place
Since I hae left my hame,
A chield has come i' the minister's place,
A chield wha scorns the gude auld pace,
A chield wi' unco little grace

An' fient a hair o' shame.
Wi' specs upon his cockit neb,
Alang the street he'll pass,
An' thinks to shut up better men
Wi' the jawbone o' an ass.

Sae self-conceitit is the thing,
You'd think he ne'er had sinn'd ;
He's but, as Tam Carlyle wad say,
A puffed-up bag o' wind.
His een'll open by an' bye,
(Altho' he's gie short-sichtit)
When Vanity, by God's gude grace,
Is frae his conscience dichtit.
Sae lat the craetur blaw awa',
Toom Bowie's loodest sound,
Young cocks are crawin' nicht an' day,
Auld anes can keep their ground.

## WILLIAM ALLISON M'LACHLAN, M.D.

WAS born at Renton in 1849. He received his early education at the Alexandria Public School, and afterwards entered the University of Glasgow as a student of medicine, graduating in 1874. After practising for a time in Tarbolton, Ayrshire, he settled in Dumbarton, where he holds several public appointments. Amongst these may be mentioned—Medical Officer of Cardross Parish, Examiner of Army Recruits, and Acting-Surgeon of the local Volunteeer Artillery Corps. In addition he enjoys a large private practice. The doctor has for a good many years past been a frequent contributor of poems to several periodicals. We gather these details from Mr Macleod's "Poets and Poetry of the Lennox," in which several of Dr M'Lachlan's poems have a place. These evince a pleasing interblending of the sympathetic with

the vigorous, neatness of phrase, and freshness of imagery. In the year 1887, and for a year or two prior thereto, Dumbarton, in common with other shipbuilding centres, suffered severely from dull trade. To mitigate that suffering the Benevolent Society distributed cooked rations daily to the necessitous, and thereby earned the prayerful thanks of many who were on the verge of perishing for lack of food. The following poem refers to an incident in connection with the distribution of the charity :—

### THE BAIRNIES' DINNER.

Wha's aucht the bonnie bairnie, sae timid on the street?
That stauns a wee bit frae the throng, while caul and numb's her feet;
Her bonnie hauns are chill an' blue, the tear draps frae her e'e,
While waitin' for her dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

Oh, sweet's the bonnie bairnie's face, and gowden is her hair,
An' a the claes that keep her warm tell o' a mither's care;
Her wee bit form is aye sae trig as daily her I see,
While she's waitin' for her dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

Some o' the bairns o' rougher form can staun the wintry blast,
But this wee lass in nature's mould in finer clay is cast;
An' when the eastern win'blaws snell, she seeks the dyke's kind lea,
While she's waitin' for her dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

Oh, bonnie bairn, wee tender bud, the winter's caul an' chill;
Oh, is there naught within thy hame thy wee bit wame to fill?
Has mither sewn her e'en hauf blin', and worn her strength for thee?
That you're waitin' for your dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

Oh, my bonnie wee bit bairnie, the day will brighter turn,
And thy heart be filled wi' gladness, though in sorrow now you mourn;
For the years will quickly pass along, an' a maiden fair you'll be,
Though now waitin' for your dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

Oh, there's blessings on the head that planned, and on the heart that sought
To bring some comfort to thy life that's now wi' sadness fraught,
An' thy bonnie sel' will lisp thy prayer for them, until ye dee,
That provided the bairnies' dinner at the Arms o' Helenslee.

## CATHERINE M'NEE.

I have seen the eastern mountains
  Greet the sunbeam's early ray;
And the darkness glimmering vanish
  At the breaking of the day.
I have heard the feathered warblers
  Wake the woodlands with their song,
And the echoes catch in passing,
  And its sweetest notes prolong.
These have pleased the passing moment,
  But my heart was still with thee—
Thou bonnie flower o' Ardoch,
  Lovely Catherine M'Nee.

I have seen thy cottage dwelling
  Nestling 'mid the woodland bower;
And have heard the lark loud piping
  Oer't at morning's dawning hour.
I have seen it in the evening,
  As soft shadows round it fell,
When you meet me at the old bridge,
  Where we our love did tell;
But thy voice is ever silent,
  Though I long and yearn for thee—
Thou bonnie flower o' Ardoch,
  Lovely Catherine M'Nee.

I have watched the moonbeams sleeping
  On the Clyde at close of day;
And have heard a wild bird singing
  At still een his vesper lay:
While the flow'rets in the gloaming
  Their soft sepals I've seen close;
And the dew-drops trembling, clinging
  To the petals of the rose.
These have wiled the passing moment,
  When I wandered far from thee—
Thou bonnie flower o' Ardoch,
  Lovely Catherine M'Nee.

I have seen a sweet bud blossom
  And unfold a lovely rose,
While it shed its fragrant sweetness
  Where the zephyr gently blows:
But I've seen the fair flower blighted
  'Ere it blossomed half its day,
And, sickening, droop upon its stem,
  And quickly fade away.

Such thy fate, my bonnie rosebud,
Early blighted, leaving me
Mourning for the flower o' Ardoch,
Lovely Catherine M'Nee.

## GEORGE T. S. FARQUHAR,

CANON of S. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, was born in 1857 at Pitscandly, near Forfar. His father, the Rev. W. Farquhar, M.A., was Episcopal clergyman of Forfar, and his mother the proprietrix of Pitscandly. After attending a preparatory school in Edinburgh, Canon Farquhar proceeded to Trinity College, Glenalmond, where he remained for seven years. Before leaving, in 1875, he was awarded the Buccleugh Medal as head of the school in classics. After this he matriculated at Keble College, Oxford. Here he won the first classical prize of his year in the College, and after winning honours of the second class in classical moderations, he proceeded to his B.A. and M.A. degrees. On leaving the University he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of S. Andrews in 1881, and served for a year as curate at his father's old church in Forfar. In 1882 the subject of our sketch was ordained priest by the present Primus, and served for a year as curate at S. Mary Magdalene's, Dundee. In 1883 he was appointed assistant priest, and in 1886 canon and precentor of S. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, where he still remains.

Mr Farquhar has been an occasional contributor of verse to the columns of the *Scottish Guardian*, *Perthshire Advertiser*, and the *Perthshire Constitutional*.

He has also written articles in the "Foreign Church Quarterly," and has published a sermon on "The Position of the Episcopal Church" (1885), and another on "Canon Liddon" (1890). In the latter year Messrs S. Cowan & Co., Perth, published a neat volume of "Sonnets," by Mr Farquhar, with introductory verses by Bishop Wordsworth, who hails "our bard" as one "who sing'st so sweetly." In a concise preface the author explains the nature of a sonnet and its essential rules. He refers also to the Shakesperian sonnet, on the model of which several in the volume have been composed. We quite agree with Canon Liddon, who said of these "sonnets" that "they are admirable," and we consider with the Archbishop of Dublin that Mr Farquhar has "quite caught the spirit of the sonnet." Whether on the beauties of nature or reflections on the inner life, they possess a deeply meditative pathos—subtle thought as well as keen sensibility. They are characterised by unity, compactness, finish, and very pleasing rhythm, and while vividly impressive in effect, most of them are at the same time lofty and simple in their construction.

### MY AMBITION.

When I have tried from wasteful sloth to rise,
  Afraid lest all my life should pass for nought,
  And when to do some fruitful act I've sought,
The World has spread her charms before mine eyes:
And "Lo! walk in th' aspiring steps," she cries,
  "Of those who, by my long experience taught,
  Resounding glory to themselves have bought
And found my favour their sufficient prize!"
But, when I hear these promises of Earth,
I doubt the source whence they derive their worth,
  And thus, with other hopes inspired, I pray:—
"Lord, take some little word or deed of mine
And through it cause thy radiant beams to shine,
  To aid a brother on his heavenward way!"

## BLINDNESS AND VISION.

Say whence is this, that no new quickening thought
  Has stirred for months the deadness of my brain
  To inspiration, but along the plain,
Dull road of commonplace my mind has wrought?
Why now does Nature shew herself as nought,
  And darling music play to me in vain?
  Why comes there now from Life nor joy nor pain?
Ah, why have I in vain their secrets sought?
Nay rather, whence is this that, by no will
  Of mine at all, sometimes a common thing
  Transforms itself before me, though I miss
The point of change, and, while I watch in still
And silent expectation wondering,
  Puts on a glory—tell me, whence is this?

## A MESSAGE FROM THE OCEAN.

I stood upon a Scottish mountain top
  To-day: far off upon th' horizon's bound
  Ocean appeared, seen dim from one high mound,
Where lonely Nature spread her stunted crop
Of bush and grass. Awhile I chose to stop,
  When, lo! a sea-gull winged its way and found
  That inland spot: I saw it view the ground,
And to the earth with the waves' message drop.
Then low I spake:—"E'en so it is with me;
  I, too, am girdled by the boundless main
  Of God's infinity: to me has come
A message from my strange encircling sea
At times and stirred the pulses of my brain:
  Then, though I feel, words fail and I am dumb!"

## "LOVE'S CROWN."

Friends ask to-day wherefore I no more sing,
  Nor for so long have sought to ease my heart
  Who strove erewhile to win by homely art
Those sweet reliefs harmonious numbers bring.
And 'twere enough to answer: "When the wing
  Of thought is folded, how can one impart
  To speech the needful, lofty sweep, or dart
To regions where the voice inspired will ring?"
But lo! to thee the dearer cause I'll tell
Why now no more old longings in me swell,
  Nor wistful strivings force me into song.
For, since we left the Altar, every hour
Shows plainer that thy wedded love has power
  To soothe the yearnings, which were once so strong.

## MUSIC AND I.

Most like, when I must leave my home, this earth,
I'll fall from out men's thoughts, as does a stone
From out their sight when in the sea 'tis thrown ;
Or vanish like the smoke upon the hearth.
But, if unlikely chance should yet give birth
To future memories of my life, alone
I will not have them name me, let them own
Along with me mysterious Music's worth.
For we have lived so fondly, she and I,
So sweet her voice to me, I scarce can think
She'll charm another thus when I'm no more.
Ah, one Adagio !* No need to try
And come more close upon the shining brink
Of Paradise, till God those bowers restore !

*i.e.*, that of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 22.

## MENDELSSOHN'S 25TH SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

I am in safety, this delicious eve,
From all the tumults and the petty cares,
Which vex that man, who carefully prepares
Mere mass of earthly riches to achieve.
Lo ! through the open casement I perceive
The rustling foliage fanned by languid airs
And how the evening sky of summer wears
Those lucid hues the dying sunbeams leave.
While thus I gaze into the liquid West,
My heart with a sweet sadness is oppressed :
The days of yore in vision are appearing !
Ah ! wherefore have ye vanished in the past ?
Could love itself give you no power to last ?
Farewell ! we all some mystic shore are nearing.

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